

COSMOPOLITAN

June, 1956 • 35¢

Special Beautiful Women Issue

- ✓ The Most Beautiful Women in America — and the World
- ✓ A Miracle of Ugly Duckling into Swan
- ✓ Sexual Problems of Beautiful Women
- ✓ The Tragedy of Young-Girl Suicides
- ✓ Preview of the 1956 Bathing Beauties
- ✓ Intimate Profile of Elizabeth Arden, the World's Leading Beauty Authority

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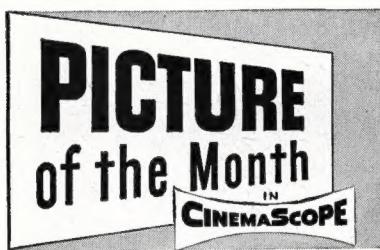
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Hollywood's ever-increasing and ever-welcome custom of filming explosive stories right where they explode is especially bountiful in the case of "Bhowani Junction," filmed by M-G-M in Eastman Color and CinemaScope in Pakistan.

"Bhowani Junction," you'll doubtless recall, is the railway town where John Masters set the seething scene of his best-selling Book of the Month. There, today's India clashes with age-old taboos. And there, M-G-M has starred Ava Gardner in her most ravishing and demanding role to date—that of the golden-skinned "chee-chee," the Eurasian half-caste whose tangled love-life mirrors the many conflicts surging across this exotic land.



Stewart Granger plays one of the three vastly different—and violently differing—men into whose arms the chee-chee is hurled in the torrid course of her search for the one love strong enough to blot out her past and bring her happiness for the future.

Across teeming market-places, temples sacred and profaned, across breath-takingly vivid vistas, the romantic suspense mounts from moment to moment and from man to man. Will the chee-chee charmer's quest end with the proud British officer? Powerfully played by Granger, he is a man of some scruples and many contradictory desires—a riddle of a man caught by his own passions in the middle of a mystery. Will she stumble on a purer love in the hovel of the native firebrand? Will she find her mate and herself in the disturbed adoration of the handsome Eurasian adventurer who is as much bronze flesh and hot blood as she herself?

New heights of adventure and new heats of romance hold you spellbound at "Bhowani Junction," where strangers kiss and lovers sometimes kill, where midnight terrorists lurk and violence overtakes a woman's runaway emotions.

Our thanks to producer Pandro S. Berman, director George Cukor, writers Sonya Levien and Ivan Moffat—and to the abiding, brooding beauty of India herself. They've all made very sure that M-G-M's "Bhowani Junction" is off the beaten track—in a very special, very rewarding class by itself!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "BHOWANI JUNCTION" in CinemaScope and Color starring AVA GARDNER and STEWART GRANGER with Bill Travers, Abraham Sofaer. Screen Play by Sonya Levien and Ivan Moffat. Based on the Novel by John Masters. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by George Cukor. Produced by Pandro S. Berman. An M-G-M Picture.

Cosmopolitan

Vol. 140, No. 6

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Special Beauty Issue

ADVICE TO A ROMAN BEAUTY—1 B.C. <i>Ovid</i>	20
BEAUTIES WHO CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY <i>Thomas J. Fleming</i>	22
PICTURE ALBUM OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN <i>T. F. James</i>	26
SEXUAL PROBLEMS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN <i>Maxine Davis</i>	42
MODERN SCIENCE AND THE BEAUTY BUSINESS <i>Hildegardie Fillmore</i>	46
JON WHITCOMB'S PAGE—AMERICAN BEAUTY IN PARIS	50
HAVE A NEW FIGURE BY SUMMER <i>Donald G. Cooley</i>	53
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SATURDAY NIGHT BATH?	57
1956 BATHING-SUIT BEAUTIES <i>Photo Essay by George Barris</i>	58
DUCKLING INTO SWAN <i>Photo Essay by Kathryn Abbé</i>	62
ELIZABETH ARDEN—THE WOMAN <i>Richard Gehman</i>	68
WHAT THE BEAUTY SALON CAN DO FOR YOU <i>Elizabeth Honor</i>	74

Fiction Festival

SEVEN SHORT STORIES PLUS A COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL 81

Non-Fiction Extra

THE TRAGEDY OF YOUNG-GIRL SUICIDES *Aldous McMan* 78

Features

WHAT GOES ON AT COSMOPOLITAN	4
STEVE ALLEN'S ALMANAC	6
LOOKING INTO PEOPLE <i>Amram Scheinfeld</i>	8
THE BEST IN RECORDS <i>Paul Afelder</i>	10
THE COSMOPOLITAN SHOPPER <i>Carol Carr</i>	12
WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE <i>Lawrence Galton</i>	16
YOUR COSMOPOLITAN MOVIE GUIDE <i>Marshall Scott</i>	18
DIRECTORY OF CAMPS, SCHOOLS, AND COLLEGES	127
"MAN TALK" ABOUT WOMEN	132
LOOKING INTO JULY	132

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All cover red shades of Coty "24" Lipstick

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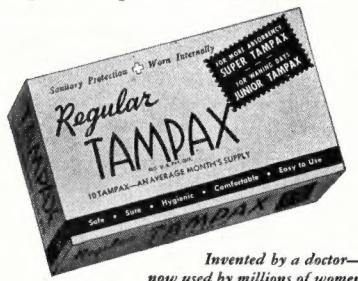


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What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

We unearth clues to what makes a wife wonderful

A desperate man some days ago wrote us a letter importuning us to suggest how he could tactfully encourage his wife to get an overhauling at a charm school. "I'm no daisy myself," he added, "what with sometimes not shaving over the weekend, and falling asleep over the newspaper, and yelling at our two kids. But in ten years of marriage we've fallen into some kind of rut. Maybe this is selfish, but I've got to start feeling my wife is still a woman before I can get back to treating her like one."

Before answering this unsettling communication, we set ourselves to finding out what men thought was wrong with their wives. We got nowhere. No man, we learned, likes to sound off on what he doesn't like about his wife—except possibly to his wife, in emotional terms that bring fire to her eye and a steely determination not to change an iota, and it's all his fault anyway. Whereupon we hastily shifted our ground to what a man *likes* about his wife—and reaped a bonanza.

Behind every man's "like" we caught glimpses of what most men wanted their wives to be, and what they thought of other women. Here are some of the revelations:

"My wife occasionally ignores necessities and splurges on clothes. Lord preserve me from the woman who is always making a dress out of two hairpins and three kerchiefs, and then brags about it until it sounds as though you couldn't support a dog, let alone a wife."

"My wife kids me out of my depression when something goes wrong at the office and I come home in a rotten mood. Before I know it, I'm laughing. She'd be perfectly right if, instead, she said, 'I've had just as tough a day as you, so what right do you have to come home feeling depressed?' But she doesn't. Thank God!"

Breakfast Without Bobby Pins

"My wife makes up and combs her hair before breakfast. No glamour stuff—just a clean face and some lipstick. It gives my ego a lift. When we have overnight guests some of the women come to breakfast looking like they've just survived a shipwreck."

"My wife doesn't fall into the comic-strip routine of saying the things that all women are expected to say about their husbands. I'm not just her husband to her, I'm an individual."

"My wife keeps a lot of things concealed from me. Like face cream. And pin-curls. Believe me, that must be quite a feat. I can't see where 'knowing everything' about your wife makes a better marriage; it just takes away all the glamour. The beautiful woman I see at our Saturday night dances is still the neighbor who dropped in for coffee Saturday noon with a greased face, baggy pants, and plastered-down hair. She's ruined the illusion she aimed for, as far as I'm concerned. My wife never does."

Fun Before Efficiency

"Lots of things, like housework, don't always get done around our house. I'm glad. My wife knows what we're living for—enjoyment of our children and each other. I hear that lots of women feel a household must function with the efficiency of an I.B.M. machine and to hell with whether it cuts out the fun. I'd rather have my wife sacrifice the getting things done angle."

"My wife knows what type she is. She sticks to her own style. That goes for clothes and the way she wears her hair and even the way she talks. She wouldn't get a poodle haircut just because every other woman might be getting one. I don't know much about psychology and symbols, but probably my subconscious had something to do with my falling in love with her type. I wonder if she knows this?"

"My wife has a swell figure. I know she diets because our family doctor is regulating her diet. But I can't see where she does it. Most women talk diet all the time and are too fat. I'm too fat too (I'm going to start dieting) but I wish women would either diet or not. But quit talking about it."

"My wife couldn't be driven to a local ceramics class even at gun-point. Or to any of the other popular 'self-improvement' courses. It's okay if you *like* ceramics. But my wife happens to like tennis and playing songs like 'Frankie and Johnny' on her old ukulele. If anybody asks her if her backhand is improving, she's apt to tell them she's not planning to go up against Pancho Gonzales. That's my girl."

On second thought, maybe we won't answer our desperate man's letter at all. We'll just send him a copy of this issue of *COSMOPOLITAN*. He can leave it around the house in conspicuous places.

—H. LaB.

Doctor develops home treatment that

rinses away blackheads

in 15 minutes

by Claire Hoffman

A leading New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw enlarged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexions made cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. In the case of two older women, I saw flabby, sagging skin tighten and wrinkles flatten and fade. . . . After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment one of the most important beauty discoveries of the century.

Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed whipped cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens pore-caked grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissued off, a delightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent called *Argilla* dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, its suction action draws on waste matter in the pores . . . In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "filler" actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean—really clean—and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astringent—a facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores that leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer—feels fresher and more alive!

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks . . . but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week—or every second week—will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*, *Queen Helene Medicated Masque* and *Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent*. The three items are sold as complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98 plus tax. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks—and self-esteem!



See Blackheads "Wipe Off"

After a Single Queen Helene Skin and Beauty Treatment



Look! See them come off on your cleansing tissue—and without squeezing or digging!

1 First apply *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*. This liquefies instantly on your skin and softens pore-caked dirt with its rapid emollient action. You tissue off all but a thin film which prepares your face for the masque.

2 Now smooth on the *Queen Helene Medicated Masque*. As the absorbing agent, *Argilla*, in this plastic-like cream makes it harden into a masque, its powerful drawing action gently pulls out blackheads and other pore impurities.

3 After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse off the masque with lukewarm water. It dissolves in seconds. Then apply *Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent*—a special penetrating antiseptic that helps close emptied pores, tones up your complexion, and gives protection against dirt and bacteria for hours.

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RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

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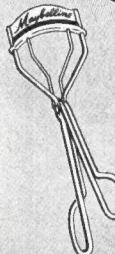
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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY



A firm believer in the importance of beautiful women, Steve likes to have quantities of them on his television show, "Tonight." Here he trades jokes with a bevy on the studio beach.

Steve Allen's Almanac

Our columnist declares war on the myth of the beautiful model, mourns the passing of the Leading Lady, and meditates on how many times you can fall in love

I don't know the men who dictate trends in the field of fashion, but I think they have perpetrated a deception on American women. They have promoted a feeling of inadequacy, I believe, in the woman who does not look like a model—who does not, in other words, look too thin, aloof, anemic, and sexless. That last word may come as a shock to those who regard the great American fashion model as the very embodiment of sex appeal, but I am prepared to stand my ground. The model (generally speaking, of course) is pretty, sweet-looking, and feminine, but as regards basic attractiveness to red-blooded males she rates far below what I shall identify as the *beautiful woman*. The word "woman" I intend here to mean someone physically and emotionally mature; and, relatively speaking, age has nothing to do with maturity. I have known some females in their teens who were naturally womanly and I have known some women in their forties

who had never become more than girls.

Now a girl is only attractive to a boy, and eight times out of ten if you look carefully at the husbands or boy friends of models or their counterparts you will find they are boyish chaps, collegiate at heart regardless of their years. The complete man, I submit, is more attracted to women like Ingrid Bergman, Irene Dunne, Greer Garson or Deborah Kerr.

I have nothing against models personally, you understand. In fact, some of my best friends . . . etc., and all that. What I protest against is the fact that the American woman is being given a false impression of the American man's ideal of beauty.

And while we're on this general subject I might as well go whole hog and say that I believe the present crop of actresses are not, as a group, as attractive, in the complete sense of the word, as those of the thirties and forties were.

The Greta Garbos, Jean Harlows, Myrna Loyes and Madeleine Carrolls of yesterday had either a great talent or a rich charm that passed for talent; but today's young ladies (with few exceptions) seem either pretty girls with little dramatic ability or talented actresses whose physical attributes are such that they would have been limited in other days to the playing of character roles. Bette Davis, Gloria Swanson, Katherine Hepburn, and the rest of their group have always been women with a flair, distinctive women. Today's crop are either adorable little creatures or Actor's Studio-type dedicated souls; good luck to them all, but what ever happened to that glorious creature, The Leading Lady?

If you're a beautiful woman and want to look even better, accept all movie offers but turn down television offers. Hollywood lighting and photography can make even your Aunt Emma look glamorous, but the harsh eye of the TV camera adds about twelve pounds and five years to an ordinarily good-looking woman. People who meet Mrs. Allen invariably say, "Why, you're gorgeous. Looking at you on 'I've Got a Secret' I always thought—I mean, I had no idea—." Jayne can never make up her mind whether to be glad about the in-person compliments or sad about their implications. Some actresses refuse to do live TV altogether, will make only filmed appearances. Can't say I blame them.

Recent Hollywood trends toward realism notwithstanding, one detail of raw-life always has, and evidently always will escape the movie-makers. I refer to the cosmetic advantages available to actresses in all places and in all times. They can be cave-bound in 1 million B.C., fleeing Genghis Khan across the Eurasian desert, or panning California gold in the rush of '49, but they always seem to be provided with a pile of lipsticks and mascara, and they always seem to have been able to ferret out an exclusive hairdresser. I'm not complaining, really. I guess we just insist on the Beautiful Woman and hang the cost.

A lady writes to ask, "Have you been in love, *really* in love, more than once?" Certainly. The romantic notion that we can fall deeply in love but once is not only false on the basis of easily observable facts but can be very harmful. When you lose a lover you may suffer a great deal but you can pin your hopes for a happier tomorrow on the definite knowledge that the one you lost was not the only one available to you. Holding to this false belief is actually supremely egotistical. It is saying that you are so special that only one person in the world can make you happy. Of course there is something wrong, too, with the individual who

"falls in love" every few months, but unless you marry at the age of sixteen you may quite possibly fall deeply in love three, four, or five times during your life.

College boy wants to know "Was it fun kissing Donna Reed in 'The Benny



Columnists Eddie Condon, Nick Kenny help welcome Columnist Allen to *Cosmopolitan*.

Goodman Story?" Well, I'll tell you. Ordinarily, kissing Miss Reed, or my wife Jayne Meadows, or any of the other young ladies I have kissed before the cameras, would be extremely pleasurable. But the presence of the cameras, plus cameramen,

directors, assistant directors, soundmen, and what-have-you takes just about all the "fun" out of it. To enjoy a kiss you have to be able to concentrate on it and put everything else out of your mind. Hollywood or TV osculation, it saddens me to report, is pretty much a business detail.

The man who first called New York "the melting pot" was cleverer than he was accurate, in my opinion. Denver, Chicago, Cleveland, Seattle, Phoenix—these places are melting pots but New York is not. If a Greek comes to New York he often remains very much a Greek. An Irishman in New York takes unusual pride in being Irish, thrills when another Irishman is elected mayor, and is extremely conscientious about wearing green ties and attending parades on St. Patrick's Day. No American Jew is quite as Jewish as the New York Jew. For the Negroes there is Harlem, a brownstone jungle the borders of which are as well-defined as those of an Indian reservation. America itself is a melting pot, but nowhere, I think, to such a slight degree as in New York.

Why doesn't somebody put on the lingerie market an undergarment called a *Freudian Slip*? THE END

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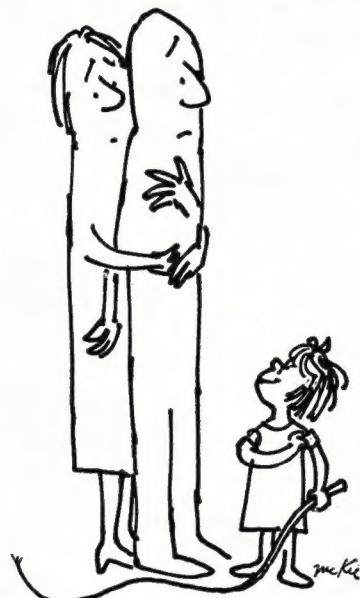
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LOOKING INTO PEOPLE

Do Children Bind Parents, College Pays Off, Scofflaw Snobbery, and Lips That Touch Liquor

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD



the lure of bullfighting does not lie, as most people believe, in its pageantry, dare-deviltry, danger, and gore. Actually, says Dr. Hunt, the bullfight is stirring because it is a Freudian symbolic enactment of the always present, but unconscious, "Oedipal" battle between father and son for sexual supremacy. It's like this: "At first the son flaunts his courage and manliness; then he is attacked by the larger and initially more powerful [bull] father; and finally, after a series of encounters, he dominates and defeats the father." Perhaps, Dr. Hunt suggests, men who become matadors are especially strong in their subconscious antifather feeling. "Sooner or later a matador will come to the analyst's couch," he adds hopefully, "and then we may have a fuller knowledge of this." (Meanwhile we queried a Spanish cabdriver friend of ours whose brother-in-law is a matador. He said, "Eso es mucho toro.")

Do children bind parents? Although children often do hold a marriage together, they are also frequently the cause of broken homes, according to Thomas P. Monahan, Philadelphia Municipal Court's domestic relations expert, who found that—taken alone—divorce statistics lie. In conducting a survey of homes broken by divorce or separation or maintained amid great conflict he found that the basic difficulties frequently arose from or revolved around children. In another study Professor Judson T. Landis (University of California) found that children of broken marriages were better adjusted than children of parents who were unhappy but not divorced.

Bullfight insight. *Aficionados* may see red when the psychoanalysts get going on bullfighting. In the opinion of analyst Winslow R. Hunt (New York)

Scofflaw snobbery. Whether people violate a law depends greatly on the "class" of the person who leads the way. Psychologists Monroe Lefkowitz, Robert R. Blake, and Jane S. Mouton watched the reaction of pedestrians in downtown Austin, Texas, to the *Wait* and *Walk* corner traffic signals when no cop was around. Whenever a well-dressed, "high-class" person was the first to start walking in defiance of a *Wait* signal, many more pedestrians followed than when the first violator was poorly dressed and looked like a "low-class" person.

Spelling and personality. Are you a very good speller? Oddly, if you're a woman it may mean you have self-confidence and social poise, whereas if you're a man, it may mean just the opposite. At least, that's true of college students tested by Professor Jack A. Holmes (University of California). Comparing personalities with spelling scores,

he found that among the coeds, the best spellers were the more intelligent, efficient, confident, and independent, although they were not as good mixers as the girls who were the worst spellers. But among the male students, the best spellers tended to be the least self-assured and poised; the worst spellers for the most part were more at ease in social situations, enjoyed life more without worrying about its meaning, and didn't feel any great need to be intellectual or "dedicated."

College pays off. If there's indecision about your son's going to college,



consider this: On the average, a college education pays back ten times the \$9,000 investment. Over a lifetime the average college graduate earns about \$100,000 more than the man who stopped with high school. But one-fourth of college graduates are exceptions; they earn less than the average high school graduate who didn't go to college.

Lips that touch liquor. Once a power in U. S. life, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union today is an "organization in retreat," with many changes in its membership and policies, according to sociologist Joseph R. Gusfield (University of Illinois). Studying W.C.T.U. reports and the views of its leaders, he concludes: While the organization originally was made up largely of upper and middle-class women who fought drink as primarily "the curse of the working classes," it is now mainly composed of working-class women who see drink mostly as the "curse of the middle and upper classes." Also, whereas total abstinence was once proclaimed the path to economic and social success, and being a "bone dry" carried prestige, it's getting to be the reverse. One W.C.T.U. leader said sadly, "People now have the idea that we ladies who are against taking a cocktail are a little odd." Another lamented that girls no longer dare proclaim, as they once proudly did, "Lips that touch liquor will never touch mine." The group has suffered a steady loss from its ranks of society women and wives of professional men, business executives, and public officials.

THE END

Telephone Man Helps Save Five from Tidal Waters

**Quick action prevents
tragedy when family
is marooned in hurricane**

Hurricane winds of 110 miles an hour were creating a tidal wave when the telephone operator at Block Island, Rhode Island, received a call for help from a family marooned in a cottage.

"I was in the telephone office," says installer repairman Robert A. Gillespie, "when I heard of the call. I'd been through hurricanes before and I knew they might be in real trouble."

Quickly enlisting the aid of two men who were outside the building, he drove his company truck to within 400 feet of the isolated cottage, as near as the high water would allow.

"We could see that three poles led toward the cottage," says Bob Gillespie,



HELPING HANDS—The spirit of service of telephone men and women is shown not only in the dramatic situations of fire and flood and storm, but in the everyday affairs of life. Thousands of times every day, and through the long hours of the night, the telephone and telephone people help those who are ill or in trouble or confronted by some occasion that needs a skilled and willing hand. Just having the telephone close by gives a feeling of security and of being close to people.



AWARDED MEDAL—Robert A. Gillespie, of Block Island, R. I., was awarded the Vail Medal for "courage, endurance and ingenuity" in helping to rescue five people. Vail Medals, with cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

"so we took handlines and a rope from the truck. We secured one end of the line to the first pole and waded to the second pole. There we tied up our line and kept wading to the third pole."

But they were still thirty feet away from the marooned family when they got as far as the rope would go—thirty feet of dangerous, rushing water.

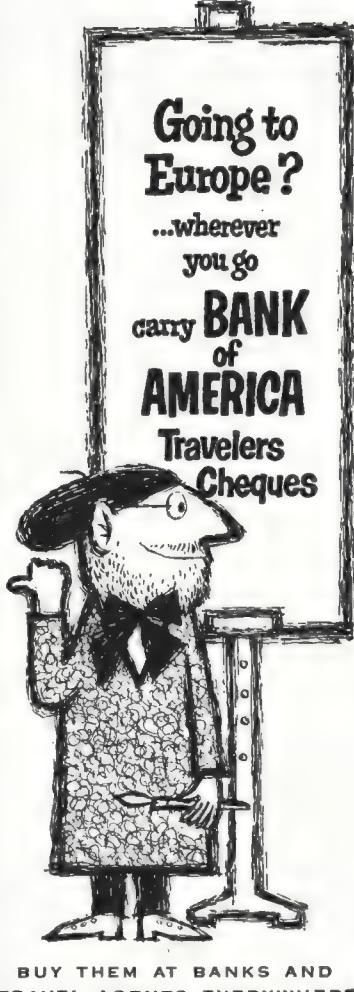
Bob Gillespie's companions safeguarded the ropes while he fought his way alone to the cottage.

He made three trips through the rising tidal waters. First he carried a small boy to the comparative safety of the forward end of the rope.

Then, with considerable difficulty, assisted two women; and a man and another boy. And finally, though almost exhausted, he guided the entire group along the all-important rope life-line that led to high ground and safety.

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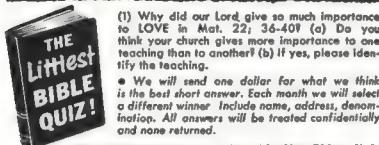
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Singing for joy are pupil Julie Andrews, professor Rex Harrison and adviser Robert Coote, stars of Broadway hit "My Fair Lady." The original cast recording will delight home listeners.

"My Fair Lady"

BY PAUL AFFELDER

Musical English lesson. Nothing in years has hit Broadway with such a joyful impact as "My Fair Lady," the musical version of George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." One of the most literate shows since Gilbert and Sullivan, it uses undiluted Shaw for its dialogue, and has extremely witty lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner and grand music by Frederick Loewe. "I Could Have Danced All Night" and "On the Street Where You Live" are sure hits, closely rivaled by "The Rain in Spain," "Wouldn't It Be Loverly," and "Get Me to the Church on Time." As Professor Higgins, Rex Harrison can't sing a note and doesn't try; yet he delivers a song with real punch. *Julie Andrews* is well-nigh perfect as the flower girl who becomes a fine-speaking lady, Stanley Holloway is marvelous as her bibulous father, and Dennis King's son Michael contributes a warm, romantic-style voice. (*My Fair Lady*. Columbia OL 5090. \$4.98)

Tenor's spectacular. To many present-day collectors Enrico Caruso is little more than a legend. If they happen to

have any of the 240 recordings he made, they are probably tucked away in some closet because they'd sound pretty tinny and scratchy on modern phonographs. Quite a few LP anthologies contain Caruso recordings, but there's never been a really comprehensive collection. Maybe RCA Victor was waiting until the day when it could present virtually scratch-free re-pressings. If so, that day has come, and with it a three-disk plush album containing forty-six numbers, a wonderful survey of this great tenor's art from 1902 to 1920. (*Caruso*. RCA Victor Set LM 6127. 3-12". \$19.98)

Busy fingers. If it's got a keyboard, Billy Maxted can play it—at least, so it seems from his first solo disk, "Hi-Fi Keyboards." It's a one-man quartet of piano, celeste, keyboard glockenspiel, and doctor-up, tinny piano all at once, with a solid rhythm background. He does it, of course, with multiple tape recordings, and the effect is often novel, both in originals like "Casey Jones Boogie" and "Hell's Bells" and in the six old-time medleys.

(Hi-Fi Keyboards. Cadence CLP 1005. \$3.98)

Another quadruple-threat artist is **Rita Moss**, who backs her clearly enunciated, mirror-smooth singing with piano, organ, and bongo drum, again achieved by multiple dubbing. Her style is simple and direct, but she knows how to create a relaxed listening mood. (*Introducing Rita Moss*. Epic LN 3201. \$3.98)

Definitive Fifth. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, long considered an essential foundation for any record collection, has probably been committed to disks as often as any other standard symphonic work. Until now, however, there hasn't been an interpretation that has been completely satisfactory. Each conductor has felt he had to do something individual. Now, at last, **George Szell** and the Cleveland Orchestra have come up with the closest thing to the ideal version of the Fifth that we're likely to get. It's vibrant, crisp, exciting, and eminently right. Coupled with it on this welcome recording is a thoughtful, well-proportioned performance of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony." (Beethoven: *Symphony No. 5 in C Minor*; Schubert: *Symphony No. 8 in B Minor ("Unfinished")*. Epic LC 3195. \$3.95)

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Britten: The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra—Dorati (Mercury)

Franck: Three Chorales for Organ—White (Discuriosities), Asma (Epic)

Haydn: Harpsichord Concerto in D Major; Trumpet Concerto in E Flat Major—Heiller, Eskdale (Vanguard)

Liszt: Les Preludes; Schumann: Symphony No. 4 in D Minor—Paray (Mercury)

Mendelssohn: Piano Music (Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, Rondo Capriccioso, Variations Serieuses, etc.)—Gianoli (Westminster)

Mozart: Symphony No. 36 in C Major ("Linz") (rehearsal and performance)—Walter (Columbia, 2-12")

Prokofieff: Symphony No. 5—Rodzinski (Columbia), Koussevitzky (RCA Victor)

Ravel: Daphnis et Chloe (complete ballet)—Munch (RCA Victor), Ansermet (London)

Schubert: Octet in F Major—Vienna Chamber Group (Vox), Vienna Konzerthaus Octet (Westminster)

Wagner: Tristan und Isolde (complete opera)—Flagstad, Furtwängler (RCA Victor, 5-12")

Weill: The Threepenny Opera—Lenya (MGM or Telefunken) THE END



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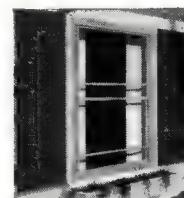
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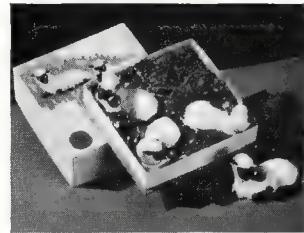
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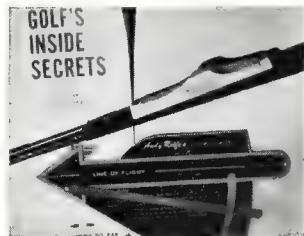
BY CAROL CARR



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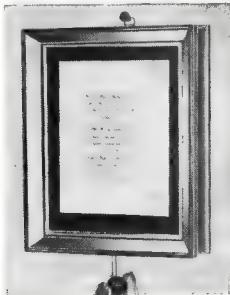
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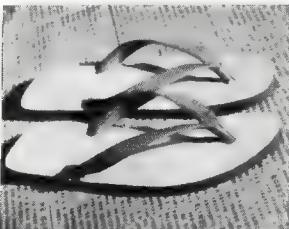
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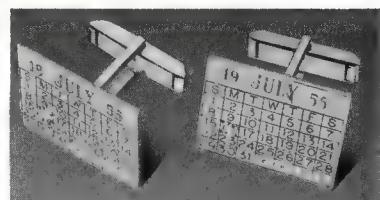
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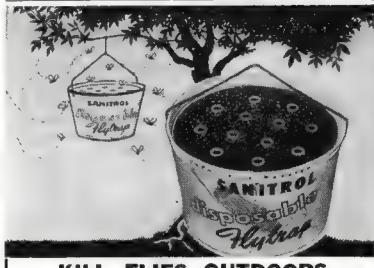
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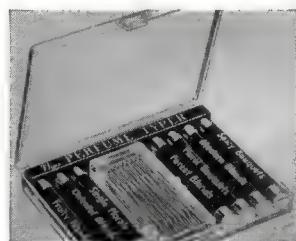
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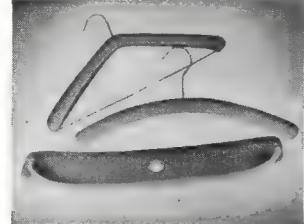
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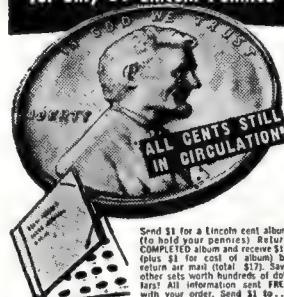
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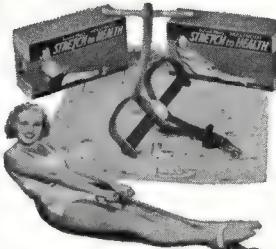
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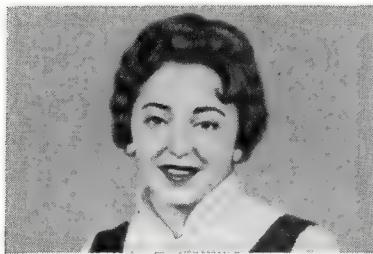
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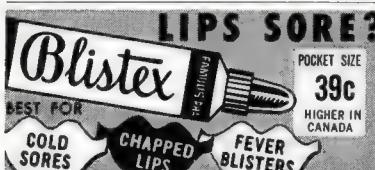
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WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

Allergy Alleviation

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

No drug yet known is a panacea for allergy. Yet this year, and particularly this summer, many of the sixteen million Americans who suffer from hay fever, asthma, hives, eczema, poison ivy, and other allergies can look forward to an easier season, thanks to two drugs, prednisone and prednisolone. First made available a little more than a year ago, they are proving to be the best weapons at hand for the alleviation of allergies that fail to respond to other treatments.

Prednisone and prednisolone (also known under various trade names such as Meticorten, Meticortelone, and Sterane) are man-made steroid compounds—similar to the body's natural hormones, cortisone and hydrocortisone. The new drugs, however, are three to five times more active and powerful. Their greater potency makes them far more effective—in some cases they work where cortisone and hydrocortisone offer no help—and they produce fewer undesirable side-effects such as fluid retention in the body.

According to reports presented by leading allergists at a recent meeting of the American Academy of Allergy, the two new drugs in their first year of use: extended the lives of many asthmatics on the critical list; cleared breathing for many hay fever victims during last year's season, the worst in five years; effected dramatically rapid clearing of many cases of hives; and brought relief to victims of severe eczema, contact dermatitis, and dangerous pulmonary emphysema.

Of a large group of hay fever patients who had not responded well to cortisone or hydrocortisone during the 1954 season, 75 to 90 per cent found greater relief from sneezing and sniffing with the new treatment during the 1955 season.

“My patients finally got off nose drops,” reported one allergist enthusiastically.

The new drugs dramatically shrink nasal polyps, the hard-tissue protuberances that often develop in the noses of hay fever victims and are sometimes present to complicate asthma.

Severe asthma in fifty patients who were not helped by cortisone or hydrocortisone was brought under control by small doses of prednisone; thereafter, control was maintained despite gradual elimination of the drug.

The majority of over one hundred patients with various allergies such as hay fever, bronchial asthma, eczema, and contact dermatitis preferred prednisolone because of its prompt action and few side-effects.

The new drugs, of course, do not eliminate the need for a more basic solution to the problem of allergies. The causative substance should be found, if possible, and avoided, if feasible; if the substance is unavoidable, the allergic person should be gradually desensitized to it. But prednisone and prednisolone are of great value because they provide relief where other measures have failed; and, now that reports of their first year's success are in, more and more doctors will be prescribing them for allergy alleviation.

Latest on acne. Small daily doses of stilbestrol, a synthetic female sex hormone, produced good results in a recently reported British study with forty-three patients of both sexes. The drug was given daily by mouth for twenty-one days and helped clear the skin in three out of every four cases without any serious side-effects. Another finding: later relapses often can be avoided if the drug treatment is followed by ultraviolet irradiation.

No stitches. Accidental wounds, and even surgical incisions, can be closed without sutures by a new tape. Not only does the tape reduce pain, it also shortens healing time and reduces scarring. Resembling cellophane tape, it is a polyester film coated with nontoxic glue.

It is used first to draw skin edges together, then to hold them until healing takes place. The tape is slightly elastic to allow some motion and is perforated to permit air to reach the wound. It falls off spontaneously on the fifth day and can be reapplied if necessary. The new technique has been used successfully in two hundred patients; in one hundred who had wounds of the type that usually leave scars, the scars were reported to look 50 per cent better than they ordinarily would.

When phlebitis, a painful, stiffening, and swelling inflammation, occurs in a superficial vein in the leg, phenylbutazone is often helpful. Previously used in arthritic conditions, the drug was tried in

more than one hundred patients, many of whom had not benefited from other treatment. In most cases, the phlebitis was associated with varicose veins; in others, it was part of Buerger's disease; and in some cases, it followed fluid or drug injections into the veins needed because of other conditions. Despite differences in cause, phenylbutazone brought remarkably uniform relief, with rapid disappearance of the inflammation. Used for one week at most, the potent drug caused no major unpleasant side-reactions. The treatment is simple, allows the patient to remain ambulatory, and requires no local measures.

In psychomotor epilepsy, a new approach to treatment is giving good results. Unlike other types of epilepsy, the psychomotor form produces disturbances of consciousness *without* convulsive movements. The patient does not fall to the ground unconscious but, instead, goes through a period of amnesia lasting minutes to hours, during which he behaves automatically, with movements of which he is unaware. In a group of thirty-one patients who had not responded previously to sedatives, anticonvulsive drugs, or combinations of them, twenty-six showed improvement when given a combination of Mebroin, an anticonvulsive drug, and chlorpromazine, one of the new tranquilizing agents.

To give ear protection while swimming to people who have perforated ear drums or other ear problems, an acrylic seal has been made with the same techniques as are used in making dentures. An impression of the ear and outer portion of the ear canal is taken; then a semisoft acrylic cast is made which locks into place and becomes a complete and self-retaining seal that bars entry of water into the ear. The casts have been used successfully even in post-operative cases.

A lump in the throat can come from many causes. In some cases, according to a recent medical report, the trouble may stem from osteoarthritis of the cervical (neck) spine. X-rays may reveal the spinal condition, and relief for the throat problem may follow simple measures to help the osteoarthritis.

In angina pectoris, a promising new treatment makes use of a combination of two drugs. One is PETN, which has been used by itself previously; it has the ability to dilate the coronary artery and help increase blood flow to the heart muscle. To it is added rauwolfia, a tranquilizing drug. In a recent study, tablets of the combination were unusually effective, and a large percentage of patients were able to return to work.

THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

HER RICE BOWL WAS NOT BROKEN-

Ahn Wha-sil was found by a Korean railroad, her mother and father missing . . . her stomach swollen with hunger. How many days and nights she had tried to look out for herself, how long it had been since she had eaten and what, Dr. Oh, examining her a week after orphanage admittance, never found out. He didn't even know if good care could save her, if it was not already too late.

Last month a television photographer, taking movies of Dr. Oh's CCF Orphanage, was intrigued by Ahn. He writes, "Our only way of talking was to smile at each other. We became close friends. She hung on my coat sleeve throughout my filming and was such a pert, happy imp. Her warmth easily penetrated the bleak Korean winter. It was difficult to believe that the poor, sickly, emaciated little thing Dr. Oh had examined



ined was this happy, lovable child. And to think it was only by a slim chance that she was lucky enough to be one of the few among hundreds to be picked up that day."

There are still 35,000 homeless refugee children in South Korea—neglected, friendless and wretched children. Korea is no longer on the front pages and it is so hard to get help for them.

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Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT



Outstanding Picture to Come

Moby Dick—Herman Melville's great novel of the one-legged Captain Ahab's obsessed pursuit of the great white whale, Moby Dick, has been made into a most impressive film by producer-director John Huston. Showing a DeMillean disregard for time, trouble, and money so long as his imagined ideal be achieved, Huston has gone about his task with a zeal and determination worthy of Ahab himself. He transformed the Irish fishing village of Youghal into a replica of the whaling capital, New Bedford; constructed three white whales of surpassing ingenuity (two of which presumably are still floating

about the ocean somewhere, having broken away from their moorings with a true Moby Dick perversity); bribed native whalers of the Madeira Islands; fought ship-wrecking storms. The net result is a striking, powerful motion picture.

Gregory Peck, doffing his Gray Flannel Suit, is a fine figure of an Ahab, his face split by a livid scar, stumping the deck with his whalebone leg. Orson Welles makes an impressive, brief scene with his delivery of the famous Father Mapple sermon, and Leo Genn and Richard Basehart help keep the film on its tempestuous course.

(Warner Bros.)

The Best in Your Neighborhood

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—One of the great epics of history has been made into an exciting picture in which the hordes of warlike extras do not completely obscure the human drama of the youth who thought he was a god (Richard Burton), his jealous father (Fredric March), and his son-obsessed mother (Danielle Darrieux).

(United Artists)

ANYTHING GOES—Superlative Cole Porter tunes and the talented quartet of Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, and Jeanne Marie make this a frolicsome piece of fluff.

(Paramount)

CAROUSEL—Trilling a delightful Rodgers and Hammerstein score, this tale of

the love of carnival barker Billy Bigelow and shy Julie Jordan makes a beguiling film in 55-mm CinemaScope. Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones are the lovers. Cameron Mitchell, Barbara Ruick lend excellent support. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE COURT JESTER—Danny Kaye, aided by a troupe of midgets, a suit of magnetized armor and Glynis Johns, sets things aright for an infant king whose throne has been usurped, in a fast and funny lampoon of knights-in-armor epics.

(Paramount)

GABY—There is great charm in this story of young love in blitztime London, with Leslie Caron enchanting as a war-

orphaned French ballerina and John Kerr as her paratrooper lover. (M-G-M)

THE HARDER THEY FALL—A no-punches-pulled blast at the seamier side of the boxing racket shows an inept giant being built up for the big gate and the hard fall by an unscrupulous manager (Rod Steiger). Humphrey Bogart is ideally cast as the press agent for the man mountain (Mike Lane). (Columbia)

HELEN KELLER IN HER STORY—Winner of a special Academy Award, this is the inspiring story of one of the world's great women, whose faith, courage, and perseverance rendered blindness impotent. Miss Keller plays herself beautifully. All proceeds realized by de Rochemont will go to the American Foundation for the Blind. (de Rochemont)

JUBAL—No rustler ever made life rougher for a cowboy than does the predatory wench played by Valerie French in this superior Western, set in Wyoming's Grand Tetons. Glenn Ford is the cowhand, Ernest Borgnine the wench's unlucky husband, Rod Steiger a villainous cowhand Iago. (Columbia)

LOVERS AND LOLLIPOPS—This simple, charming story by the makers of the delightful "Little Fugitive" wanders all over New York City, creating a camera portrait of the town as it details the courtship of a young widow and a lonely engineer, with the only complications coming from the widow's seven-year-old daughter. (Trans-Lux)

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT—An excellent film has been made from Sloan Wilson's best-selling novel of life in Ulcer Gulch (New York's advertising-broadcasting world) and success-obsessed exurbia. Gregory Peck wears the suit; Fredric March, Jennifer Jones, Lee Cobb head the superb supporting cast. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS—This is a tense retelling of one of the most fantastic secret intelligence operations of World War II, in which the British Navy confounded the Germans as to our invasion plans by floating a dead man bearing a mass of misinformation into the Nazis' hands. Clifton Webb does exceptionally well as the British officer in charge. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS—Let dancer Cyd Charisse hold rancher Dan Dailey's hand and there isn't a roulette wheel can stand against them. This pleasant, musical confection also boasts "guest stars" Lena Horne, Frankie Laine. (M-G-M)

OKLAHOMA!—This musical comedy classic by Rodgers and Hammerstein doesn't really need the mechanical magnification of the Todd-AO screen and

stereophonic sound. Its story is fresh and charming, its music magnificent, its lovers—Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones again—attractive and in good voice. That's a-plenty. (Magna Theatre Corp.)

PICNIC—William Holden as a muscular drifter sets off all sorts of emotional fireworks among the women in this fine film version of William Inge's Pulitzer Prize play. Kim Novak is the prettiest girl in the town; Rosalind Russell, a marriage-hungry schoolteacher; and Susan Strasberg, Kim's kid sister. (Columbia)

THE PRISONER—Alec Guinness is superb as a Catholic Cardinal undergoing relentless "brain washing" in a Red satellite country, and Jack Hawkins as his tormentor is equally brilliant. (Columbia)

THE RACK—A taut, question-raising courtroom drama, this trial of a much-decorated hero who cracked under Communist pressure in a Korean prison camp is a story straight out of yesterday's (and possibly tomorrow's) headlines. It is expertly played by Paul Newman as the hero, Wendell Corey, Edmond O'Brien, and Walter Pidgeon. (M-G-M)

RICHARD III—Not all students and admirers of Shakespeare will hail this version produced and directed by Sir Laurence Olivier, but only a pedant

would deny its impressiveness as spectacle, the coherence of its interpretation, or the suppleness of Sir Laurence's acting of the title role. Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and talented commoner Claire Bloom are in the cast. (Lopert Films)

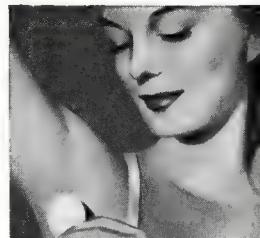
THE ROSE TATTOO—Anna Magnani won—and richly deserved—the 1955 "Best Actress" Oscar for her tempestuous performance in this slightly overwrought Tennessee Williams comedy-drama. She overshadows Burt Lancaster, the truck driver who hopes to replace the dead husband she idolizes. (Paramount)

THE SEARCHERS—An exceptionally fine Western directed by the great John Ford, this follows the grim, relentless, action-crammed search by two avenging Texans (John Wayne and Jeffrey Hunter) for the Indians who slaughtered the relatives of one of them and made off with two young girls. (Warner Bros.)

THE SIXTH OF JUNE—Love creates almost as much havoc as does war in this dramatization of Lionel Shapiro's novel of World War II. Robert Taylor is an American Captain, Richard Todd a British Colonel, and Dana Wynter the Colonel's lady whom the Captain loves. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE END

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Advice to a
Roman Beauty
One B. C.

Editor's Note: Witty, sophisticated, intelligent, Ovid (43 B.C.—17 A.D.) was the favorite author of the Roman ladies in an age when Rome was the center of the civilized world and her women wanted to think, look, and act the part. Ovid, with an ironic eye for female (and male) foibles, had advice for them on everything, from the art of dress to the art of love. The following admonition on beauty, which holds eminently true in 1956, was written by Ovid in the year 1 B.C.

I will teach women how they can inspire love.

I start by the cares of the body: the well-tended vineyards give abundant wine; on a cultivated soil rise vigorous crops. Care will create a pretty face; a pretty face neglected will be lost. If in bygone days women did not take all these precautions with their bodies, it is because men in those days neglected to care for theirs. As for me, I congratulate myself on being born only now.

Neither burden your ears with these expensive stones the black Indian (Ethiopian) gathers in the green water, nor show yourselves weighed down by garments sewn entirely with gold. This ostentation by which you try to attract us often makes us flee. It is the simple elegance that charms us.

Do not let your hair be untidy. The hairdresser's hand adds beauty or withdraws it. There are many ways to style your hair: a woman must select the one that becomes her most and, above all, consult her mirror. Fluffy and loose hair suits one; the other will tighten hers in combs and curls. A casual hair-do also becomes more than one woman who seems not to have combed her hair since yesterday although she has combed it just now. Art imitates chance.

How helpful nature is to your charms, you who have so many ways of repairing its ravages. We men get bald, unfortunately, and our hair, lost by age, falls like the leaves of the tree shaken by the Aquilon. A woman dyes her white hair with herbs from Germany and gives it artificially a tint more becoming than its natural color.

Choose among the colors with care, for all are not becoming to all women; black suits a dazzling white complexion, while white becomes brunettes.

Fastidiousness Is Essential

I was on the point of warning you that a strong odor of goat does not belong under your arms and that your legs must not bristle with hairs . . . but this would be the same as recommending you not to let your teeth get black or not to neglect washing your face every morning.

Photo by Erwin Blumenthal

But do not allow your lover to catch you with your boxes spread out on the table: art beautifies the face only if it is invisible. I do not advise you, either, to use—in front of other people—the mixture of doe marrows or to brush your teeth in public. These preparations will give you charms, but the demonstration is unpleasant. So many things shock us while they are being done and please us when they are done.

Nevertheless I do not forbid you to have your hair combed in their presence so as to show it loose on your shoulders. But then beware of bad temper, and do not have your hair redone and undone time after time.

A woman who has poor hair should put a sentinel at her doorway. My unexpected visit was once announced to a woman, and in her excitement she put on her wig askew. What a horrid thing: a bull without horns, a field without grass, a bush without leaves, and a head without hair.

Minimize Your Faults

Yet rare is the face without fault: hide these faults and hide your physical defects as much as possible. If you are small, sit for fear that—standing—you are thought to be sitting, and stretch out your tiny body on a couch and even while lying there wear a dress that hides your feet so that one cannot judge your height. If too thin, clad yourself in fabrics that flatter, and let a wide coat hang from your shoulders.

Have you a pale complexion? Wear clothes with stripes of bright colors. Too dark? Choose the help of the white fabrics of Pharos (Egyptian). If your fingers are thick and your nails dull, accompany your words by few and delicate gestures.

The woman who has halitosis must never speak on an empty stomach and must always keep a distance between herself and the man to whom she speaks. If your teeth are black, too long, and badly set, you will harm yourself by laughing. Who can believe it? Women even learn how to laugh. Here, too, seemliness is required of them. Open your mouth discreetly, let the corners of your mouth be slightly separated by laughter, and do not let the edge of the lips reveal the top of the teeth.

There are women whose guffaws twist the mouth in an unpleasant way; others burst out laughing and look as if they were crying. How far may art go? Women learn to weep becomingly; they shed tears when and how they wish.

Learn, young beauties, the cares that beautify the face and the ways to preserve your beauty.

Perhaps long ago under the reign of Tatius, the Sabines would have preferred cultivating the land of their fathers to cultivating their own beauty. It was the period during which the stout matron, ruddy-faced, seated upon a high stool,

spun endlessly with hardened thumb her heavy task. She herself penned up the lambs her daughter had pastured; she herself kindled the fire with twigs and chopped wood. But your mothers gave birth to delicate daughters; you want your bodies to be clad in gold brocade; you wish to perfume your hair and vary your hairdos; you adorn your neck with diamonds from the Orient, so heavy that two of them are a load for your ear. Nor is that a fault, if you are anxious to please, for in our times men are affected in their dress, and the wife can hardly add anything to their elegance.

Women who live hidden far in the country style their hair with care; even if they were hidden from all by the hills of Athos, the mountains of Athos would see them well-adorned. There is pleasure, too, in self-satisfaction, whoever one may be; dear to the heart of girls is their own beauty. The peacock spreads out the feathers praised by man, and in its own beauty many a bird exults. To provoke our love, this method is preferable to the efficacious plants picked by the expert hands of fearsome witches.

Let your main care, young girls, be to watch your character: the qualities of the soul add to the attraction of the face. Love based on character is durable; beauty will be devastated by age, and wrinkles will furrow your charming face. A time will come when it will vex you to look at yourself in the mirror, and these regrets will give birth to new wrinkles. Virtue is sufficient; it lasts a lifetime, however long, and kindles love as long as it lasts.

For a Radiant Complexion

Well, now, when sleep will have relaxed your delicate limbs, by what means will you give radiance to the whiteness of your complexion? Take barley sent by sea from the farmers of Libya. Strip off the straw and husks. Add to it an equal quantity of legumen mixed with ten eggs; the weight of the hulled barley must be two good pounds.

When this mixture has been dried in the air, have it put under a rough millstone and pulverized by a slow ass. Also grind the live horn of a deer (one shed at the beginning of the year) and put in a sixth of a pound. And then, when all has been mixed into a fine flour, sieve it immediately through a closely meshed bolter. Add twelve peeled narcissus bulbs crushed by a vigorous hand in a carefully cleaned marble mortar; then add two ounces of gum mixed with Tuscan seed, and without harm nine times as much honey. Every woman who will coat her face with this cosmetic cream will make it more radiant and smoother than her mirror.

I saw a woman take some poppies, soak them in cold water, crush them, and then rub them (as a balm for sensitive skin) on her cheeks.

OID

BY THOMAS J. FLEMING

Beauties Who Changed the Course of History



ESTHER

Thanks to her beauty and some clever palace politicking by her cousin, Mardochai, Esther became the bride of the Persian King Assuerus, who reigned from India to Ethiopia, and who was famed for his good looks as well as for his cruelty. Assuerus did not know that Esther was a Jewess; Mardochai had advised her to keep the fact a secret. Not long after Esther was crowned, Mardochai clashed with the King's Prime Minister, Aman the Agagite. The Jews and the Agagites were traditional enemies, and when Mardochai refused to kneel before the Minister and worship him, Aman wangled the King's official permission to slaughter all the Jews in the kingdom on the thirteenth day of the twelfth month. Mardochai, hearing of the plot, beseeched Esther's help. But according to law if she (or anyone else) approached the King in his inner court unsupervised, and the King did not hold out his golden scepter to her as a token of clemency, she would be immediately put to death. Nevertheless, after fasting and prayer, Esther took the risk. Her beauty dazzled Assuerus, and he readily agreed to come to a banquet she had prepared, and to bring Aman along. At the banquet, when the King was "warm with wine," Esther begged him to spare the lives of her people. "We have an enemy," she cried, "whose cruelty redoundeth on the King." And she pointed dramatically to Aman. Assuerus, in a passion of remorse, hanged Aman and his ten sons. He also gave the Jews permission to slaughter their enemies on the day Aman had selected, and they killed seventy-five thousand. The event is still commemorated in the feast of Purim.



HELEN

Sifting the mist of myths in which Helen's beauty is enshrouded, historians now agree that she did indeed exist, about the twelfth century B.C., when history was recorded by poets. The daughter of Tyndareus, King of Sparta, she was a "goddess woman" at sixteen. Menelaus, prince of nearby Mycenae, won an Olympic contest for her hand, and for nine years they lived together in bliss. Then came Paris, handsome prince of Troy. This great city was Greece's principal rival in a longstanding struggle for commercial supremacy. When Helen and Paris, mutually impassioned, fled to the Trojan royal palace, indignation swept Greece. Mustering a hundred thousand men and a vast armada, the Greeks laid siege to Troy. For ten years the struggle raged bloodily on the plains before the city. Paris was killed, and Helen, though saddened, promptly married his brother Deiphobus. Finally the Greeks, with the aid of the famous wooden horse, broke into Troy and burned it to the ground. Menelaus, who had sworn he would kill Helen, melted at the sight of her beauty, and took her back. But the Greeks were almost as decimated by the long struggle as were the Trojans. Not long after they straggled home, barbarians from the north broke through their weakened defenses, plunging the peninsula into a bloodbath which lasted for centuries. As for Helen, she remarked that when Troy fell she was glad; she was tired of the city anyway.



CLEOPATRA

Cleopatra became Queen of Egypt in 51 B.C., at seventeen. Two years later her brother exiled her to Syria. In 49 B.C. she met Julius Caesar, then fifty-one. Though he was engaged in a vast war for control of the Roman Empire. Cleopatra persuaded him to do battle with, and kill, her brother. She then went to Rome with Caesar, and was his mistress until his assassination. Aware of her unpopularity, she quickly returned to Egypt. There, several years later, she met Mark Antony, who with Caesar's nephew, Octavian, was engaged in wiping out Caesar's assassins. Antony fell passionately in love and called off soldiering to spend the winter at Alexandria with her. War at home finally aroused him, and he promised his allies to see no more of Cleopatra. For four years he kept his word. But when he returned to Syria on a campaign, he promptly sent for her, and as a final gesture of defiance had his stewards throw his wife, Octavian's sister, out of their house in Rome. Octavian declared war. After two years of jockeying, the forces met in the decisive sea battle of Actium. At the height of the struggle, Cleopatra impulsively decided Antony was losing, and fled toward Alexandria with sixty ships, sealing Antony's defeat. Eleven months later, Octavian landed in Egypt and routed Antony's army. Antony was told Cleopatra was dead. In despair, he killed himself. Cleopatra tried to negotiate with Octavian but he would have none of her charms, and she, too, committed suicide. Thus the control of the Roman Empire passed to Octavian, who became the first of the Roman emperors.



ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE

Eleanor was the only woman in history to reign as queen of both France and England. Married to Louis VII of France when she was sixteen, she promptly brought poets and musicians under her protection and created, in a Europe just emerging from the Dark Ages, the tradition of chivalry and romance which is still alive today. After fifteen years, when Louis' youthful passion for her had cooled, their marriage was annulled by mutual consent. A month later Eleanor married Henry Plantagenet, eleven years her junior and heir to the English throne. Henry married Eleanor in order to get control of her Duchy of Aquitaine. Not long afterwards, having succeeded to the English crown, Henry found himself in a position to dominate both countries. Thus began the long strife between France and England which continued intermittently for over two centuries. Meanwhile, the marriage of Henry and Eleanor passed from indifference to hatred. (She nevertheless gave him five sons and three daughters.) In the great rebellion of 1173 she supported her sons against Henry and for the next sixteen years was a key figure in the wars and feuds which harassed the King. Under the rule of her two sons, Richard the Lionhearted and John, Eleanor became a political personage of the highest order. She maintained an uneasy peace between Richard and the treacherous John, and her popularity in Aquitaine remained the balance of power between France and England. The shrewd political marriages she made for her children and grandchildren influenced the history of Europe for the next two hundred years.



ISABELLA OF SPAIN

Isabella's marriage to Ferdinand II of Aragon united the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon and laid the foundation for modern Spain. Extremely beautiful, Isabella exercised great influence over her royal husband. She was acutely conscious of the fact that she brought to their union a kingdom as large and powerful as his own, and she was always present at state councils and insisted on using her name with his on all public documents. Her influence on the Castilian court was equally profound. The morals of the preceding reign had been debased and degraded, but she transformed the court into a "nursery of virtue and generous ambition" and also did much for letters by founding a palace school. Other aspects of her reign are not so praiseworthy. She introduced the Inquisition into Spain and persecuted the Jews relentlessly.

Her chief title to fame, however, rests upon the well-known part she played in promoting the great project of Columbus. When all others had listened to the navigator's scheme with incredulity she recalled him to her presence with the words: "I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury should be found inadequate." Ferdinand was thus shamed into outfitting Columbus' tiny fleet, and a new era dawned.

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MADAME POMPADOUR

Madame Pompadour was educated to be a king's mistress from girlhood. Her guardian, a wealthy financier and state official, constantly preached the idea to her and she wholeheartedly accepted the challenge. In 1741 she was married to a wealthy nephew of her protector, and promptly set about using her husband's money and position to attract the attention of King Louis XV. She rapidly became the social leader of Paris and in 1744 finally met Louis. He was immediately taken by her; she gave up her husband and in 1745 was established at Versailles as mistress *en titre*. Surprisingly, Pompadour's success as Louis' mistress depended less on her exquisite physical charms than on her wit and grace. (In modern terms, she was frigid, and never satisfied the King sexually.) She knew precisely when a game or a conversation was beginning to bore Louis and developed a genius for lulling him out of his black moods. Pompadour's consuming passion was for power. Attempting to make France the leader of the luxury trade in Europe, she dominated the world of fashion and initiated "Louis Quinze" style in art, decoration, and furniture. In politics she was adroit, but her horizons were limited. She involved France in the disastrous Seven Years War, which caused the common people to lose what little faith they had left in the government and probably hastened the Revolution of 1789. Pompadour died in 1764 at the age of forty-two.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

The younger daughter of a wealthy English family, Florence Nightingale decided, after a period of gay flirtation, to refuse all offers of marriage and dedicate herself to a nursing career. Her family was outraged. Nurses were then considered low, immoral women, on a par with barmaids. But Florence persisted, and for ten years on trips to Europe and the Near East she studied hospital problems at various medical centers. In 1853 she became superintendent of a London hospital.

A year later England was profoundly stirred by reports of the suffering of the sick and wounded in the Crimean War. (The campaign, the most ill-managed in English history, is now chiefly remembered for the blundering charge of the Light Brigade.) Florence persuaded the Secretary of War, a close friend, to send her to the Crimea with unlimited power over the army nurses corps. Heading a staff of thirty-eight nurses, she took over the huge, unsanitary barracks hospital at Scutari, and began working twenty hours a day to get the situation under control. Soon she had 10,000 men in her charge and was general superintendent of all the hospitals in the area. In six months she cut the death rate from 42 per cent to 2 per cent, and her fame spread throughout the world. She caught Crimean fever and fell dangerously ill, but refused to leave until the last patient was evacuated. Returning home with her health permanently impaired, she took the 50,000 pounds raised in recognition of her services and used it to found a training school for nurses. In spite of the fact that for the rest of her life she was a semi-invalid, she wrote a monumental treatise on army medical administration and ceaselessly prodded the government toward modern standards of sanitation and public health. She is regarded as the foundress of the modern hospital.

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TZU HSI

Tzu Hsi, Dowager Empress of China, is considered by many the most famous woman in Chinese history. Extremely beautiful, she was selected as a concubine for the imperial harem when she was seventeen. She was practically uneducated when she entered the palace but she applied herself diligently to Chinese history and classics and was soon known as a scholar. She was also aggressive and eager for power. After bearing the Emperor a son, she advanced rapidly in rank until she became Empress of the Western Palace. After the Emperor's death in 1861, she became, at the age of 26, regent for the Emperor's minor heir and thus the real ruler of China. For over two decades she kept the moribund empire under control in spite of pressure for drastic changes. China's defeat in the Chinese-Japanese War of 1894, over Korea, revealed the country's weakness. The young Emperor (Tzu Hsi's protégé) attempted sweeping reforms to modernize the country, but the Empress intervened. She executed many of the reformers and, except for the western powers, might have had the Emperor himself assassinated. Determined to resist foreign encroachments, Tzu Hsi helped foster the Boxer Rebellion. But China's crushing defeat by a handful of Western troops convinced her that the old order must be eradicated, and from 1901 to her death in 1908 she encouraged the gradual forming of a constitutional government. Two years after her death China became a republic and entered the modern world.



MARIE CURIE

Science, not beauty, was Marie Curie's consuming interest. Born Marie Skłodowska in Warsaw, Poland, she came to Paris in 1891 to study physics at the Sorbonne. In 1895 she married a handsome young French chemist, Pierre Curie, and not long afterwards both became interested in the work of another Frenchman, Henri Becquerel, who was investigating the radioactive properties of uranium. Combining their knowledge of chemistry and physics, the Curies began doing research in the same field, and in 1898 announced they had discovered two new elements, polonium and radium. It took them four more years of laborious work to isolate radium in its pure form, during which time they had to grapple with severe financial problems. (At one point Marie was forced to teach physics in a school for girls.) Yet the Curies gave their process for obtaining radium to the world without any thought of personal profit. In 1903 they, with Henri Becquerel, were awarded the Nobel Prize for physics, and fame and happiness were theirs. Then in 1906, tragedy struck. Pierre was run down by a dray in a Paris street and killed instantly. Though she had two children, Marie took over his post as Professor of Physics at the Sorbonne, and began working on a book which would explain their complex and important discoveries about the nature of radioactivity and the light it threw on the structure of the atom. Published in 1910, her *Traité de Radioactivité* is one of the landmarks of modern science, classed with Isaac Newton's *Principia*. From her work descends, in a direct line, the discoveries which opened the atomic era. The book won her another Nobel Prize, this time for chemistry. Radium also became a valuable medical tool, notably for combating cancer, and Madame Curie was active in promoting its world-wide use until her death in 1934.



WALLIS WINDSOR

Wallis Warfield Simpson Windsor, the American divorcee for whom the King of England gave up his throne, has been called the most romantic figure of all times. Beautiful, with "vast allure for every shy man who came her way," she was already well known in London society as the wife of Britisher Ernest Simpson, when, in 1935, she met Edward, then Prince of Wales. They were immediately attracted to each other, and soon were seen everywhere together. On January 20, 1936, George V died, and the Prince became King Edward VIII. In October Mrs. Simpson filed suit for divorce. In spite of a "voluntary" censorship in the British press, growing rumors that the King intended to marry Mrs. Simpson could not be suppressed. The storm broke at last when the Bishop of Bradford openly rebuked the King for his conduct. With the conservative influences in the Empire arrayed against him, Edward had no choice but abdication. On December 10, 1936, he gave up his throne for "the woman I love." Six months later, when her divorce decree became final, Mrs. Simpson joined him on the Continent, and they were married on June 3, 1937. If Edward had retained the throne the British monarchy might have been altered. He desired to be a "people's king," and had aggressive ideas about asserting his influence and power on Britain's domestic and international politics.

THE END



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PICTURE ALBUM OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

-in America

BY T. F. JAMES

In this sixth decade of the twentieth century, America is the self-chosen beauty leader of the world. Other countries dispute its leadership, but with continually less conviction. For in no other field have American resourcefulness, ingenuity and mass production combined to produce a more convincing superiority. In no other country have the lofty arts of Elizabeth Arden, or the facilities of the neighborhood beauty shop, or ambitious home treatments been so highly developed and made so widely available.

Also important is America's unique position among the nations of the world. Americans are a composite people, a mixture of almost all the races on the globe. They have, therefore, no need to worry about conflicting traditions or narrow chauvinism. The French, the Spanish, the English women could not possibly exchange each other's styles without making themselves ridiculous and even disliked. But America can coolly survey the beauty traditions of the world, and choose the best from each.

Thus, from a nation of callow provinciality, through which, according to one English visitor around the turn of the century, "a man could travel a thousand miles without seeing a beautiful woman," America has in fifty years become the patron state of a truly international beauty. More than that, the American woman is emphatically herself.

What are some of the characteristics of this American beauty? What makes it different from beauty in, say, Kabul, Afghanistan?

What Makes an American Beauty?

Primarily, American beauty is frank and natural. It has matured in a society which is almost too anxious to tell a woman she is man's equal in everything from work to love. She can look men in the eye with fundamental assurance, feeling no need to peek coyly over fans or mask herself in mysterious veils.

Second, an American woman has, in the words of one expert, "the arrogance of good health." Even in night clubs she has an aura of the outdoors about her. Once, in the days when the pale complexion was *de rigueur*, she shunned the sun, trembled at the thought of exercise. Today she knows how to use her cosmetic equipment to make any skin color appealing, from the deep tan of August to the pale glow of February.

In other words, the American woman knows how to be feminine. Her approach to her appearance is frankly artistic. But she uses clothes and cosmetics not so much to cover up as to enhance. If the nose is too long or the figure too bony, she deftly makes these features more palatable—or even dishes them up as the rarest of her charms.

All This and Comfort, Too

Intimately connected with this individual approach to beauty is the American woman's revolutionary insistence on comfort and convenience in her clothes. The late Jacques Fath, noted couturier, has told how this unprecedented attitude threw the Paris fashion houses into a tizzy.

For decades these lords of style had been blithely pinching women into tight corsets and brassieres, blandly tripping them in hobble skirts, serenely ordering them to struggle with sixty-two hooks and eyes. For the European woman, this was fate, and she willingly underwent these and worse ordeals to get the beautiful results. The American woman did not agree. Her opinion carried weight. Today, fashion magnates like Mainbocher boast of the ability to make a woman comfortable as well as beautiful.

What emerges from this composite portrait of American beauty (subject, as all composites are, to vivid exceptions) is a distinguished woman, artful, intelligent and realistic, who has finally reversed the traditional balance of attraction from the Old World to the New.

Kim Novak is the reigning beauty of Hollywood's new generation. With leading roles in "Picnic" and "The Man with the Golden Arm," two of the year's biggest box office hits, she has more than justified her ballyhoo introduction in 1954 as Columbia's "Star of Tomorrow." Growing up in Chicago she was gawky, unattractive. But in Hollywood at twenty-one a casual bicycle ride down a Beverly Hills street won her a screen test. Currently she's starring in "The Eddy Duchin Story."



Elizabeth Taylor was twelve when she rode to stardom as a pretty, wide-eyed horse-lover in "National Velvet." At seventeen she was amazingly mature, playing opposite Robert Taylor in "Conspirator." Now twenty-four, she has, thanks to her beauty, survived a succession of second rate roles and is emerging as a gifted actress. In her most recent role she appears opposite Rock Hudson in the film version of Edna Ferber's best-seller, "Giant." She is married to actor Michael Wilding, has two children.



Ava Gardner has replaced Rita Hayworth as the "Love Goddess" of Hollywood. Appropriately, "One Touch of Venus," in which she played the amorous divinity, was the picture that made her a star. Born in Smithfield, North Carolina, the seventh daughter of a farmer, Ava came to Hollywood at eighteen, weathered marriages to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw, and changed from a wide-eyed country girl to a sophisticated temptress. A temperamental beauty, she is now separated from her current husband, Frank Sinatra.



Lisa Fonssagrives is one of the most celebrated fashion models in the world. Born in Sweden, she began posing in Paris in 1935. Now in her early forties, she still commands top prices, retains her figure by swimming, tennis and romping on her Vermont farm with daughter Mia, son Tom.



Dietrich She has been synonymous with glamour since 1930, when she took the movie world by storm as a sultry cafe singer in "The Blue Angel." "Even if she had only her voice," Hemingway has said, "she could break your heart. But she also has that beautiful body and that timeless loveliness of face."



Garbo Fifteen years after her retirement she remains a legend with the public. Elusive, "she mourns," according to a friend, "her youthful beauty, not aware that her mature beauty could be even more breath-taking."





Mrs. W. Paley wife of CBS Board Chairman, frequently heads the list of best-dressed women. Daughter of Harvey Cushing, famed brain surgeon, she is head of associate trustees of the North Shore Hospital. She and her husband recently bought a vacation cottage in the British West Indies.



Mrs. John Fell has been a famed New York beauty since her debutante days. She was one of the first society women to appear on New York stage before her marriage. Wife of an investment banker, she is a natural beauty, wears little make-up. Above, she talks with her attractive debutante daughter, Natalie.

Mrs. Winston Guest is a fragile beauty, noted for her perfect taste in clothes. During the day she usually wears very simple suits, little jewelry. At night her gowns are more elaborate. Her husband is cousin of Winston Churchill.



Loveliest of New York's society set, in the opinion of many, is Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. An enthusiastic sportswoman, she also has shown talent as an actress. She appeared, under her maiden name, as a nurse in the movie, "Mr. Roberts." Wife of the noted turfman, she also is listed among the best-dressed.

From television, movies, and athletic championships to Atlantic City's annual crown, the American beauty finds that all doors are open



Eva Marie Saint

began the first TV star to reach national film fame when she won an Oscar for her performance in "On the Waterfront." Noted for the intensity she brings to each role ("belief shines out of her eyes"), she has played tender, tragic innocents, but she gives Bob Hope a comic run for his money in the forthcoming film, "That Certain Feeling."

Calvin Campbell



Miss America 1956 is Sharon Kay Ritchie of Colorado. Only eighteen, her extraordinarily high ratings in personality, character, and facial beauty won the crown and royal duties which should earn her \$60,000 in her year's reign.



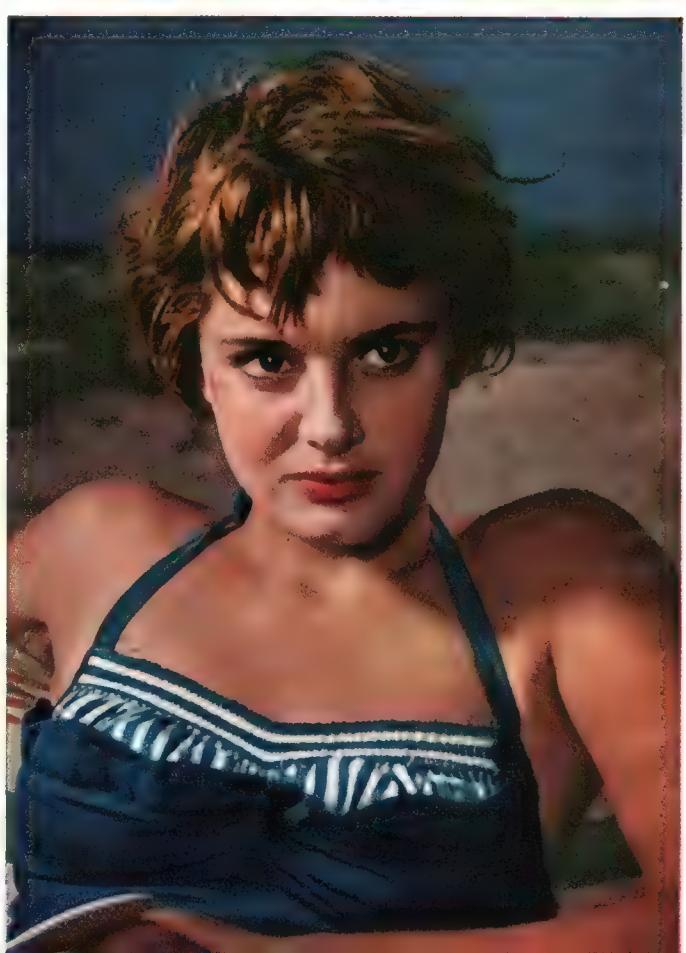
Tenley Albright

five times U. S. figure skating champion, gave the world a chance to see that American woman athletes can be beautiful as well as talented. A pre-medical student at Radcliffe College, she won her first championship at the age of eleven, just four months after suffering an attack of polio.



Grace Kelly look has been called "the way every woman thinks she'd look if only she could afford a good hairdo." Grace began as a model, rocketed to movie stardom, now is Princess of Monaco. Her shining aura of respectability (inspiring what one admirer calls "licit passion") bolstered the box office more than did sweater girls. All of the Kellys are, as a friend puts it, "beautiful, physical people." Father and brother were champion scullers; Peggy starred at swimming, Lizanne at baseball; mother was gym teacher.





PICTURE ALBUM OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

-in Other Countries

Granted America's mass-production techniques have put beauty within the grasp of more women than in any other nation in the history of the world—does this mean beauty is an American monopoly? Cries of outrage from French, Spanish, Italian and Turkish throats, to name a few, would instantly demolish such a claim. But even more destructive would be the facts of America's experience in foreign wars. Particularly during and after World War II thousands of American soldiers fell in love with English, French, German, and Japanese women, and brought them back to this country as their wives. In fact, the number of foreign marriages contracted by American troops has no precedent in history. There is, of course, a long tradition of amorous adventure in overseas and occupation armies, but most of it can be written off as purely physical, animal restlessness. Marriage means that something much deeper, more fundamental has been touched in a man.

This does not invalidate what has been said earlier, that the American woman has, in this century, achieved rich individual beauty, equal and even superior to that of the European woman she used to imitate. But it does mean American women can still learn something by studying women from other parts of the world.

Beauty Lessons from Other Lands

Is this "something" primarily an external trick or wile? A number of years ago, an expert (if there is such a thing) on the complex and ephemeral subject of beauty came up with an international recipe for the perfect woman. Study Greek models for the head, English for the complexion, Italian for the bosom, Irish for the

hands, Indian for the feet, and Spanish for carriage.

Is it the French girl's ability to "say more with her shoulders than an American girl can say with her eyes?" Is it the Italian devotion to "nature"? (It threw American deodorant manufacturers for a loss—Italian women were less afraid of offending with body odors than of de-naturing themselves and losing their animal appeal.) Is it the English girl's "carefully careless" look? Or could it be the Parisienne's ability to look stylish on twenty-five cents?

They Know How to Use Their Beauty

This is food for thought, perhaps, but in very small nibbles. The truth is, American women, from an external point of view, stand up well in comparison to women anywhere. Besides, as the world grows smaller, there would seem to be fairly fundamental agreement on what a beautiful woman should look like. The trouble, or at least the difference, begins with what various women do with their beauty, how they use it to achieve a happier, more satisfying life. Concerning this, the heart of the matter, nothing is more illuminating than the following opinion of American women, straight from the lips of a prominent Frenchman: "I think they are superb," he said. "But I would be afraid to marry one, because they are so intelligent, strong, efficient, hardworking and almost too attractive. An American wife would give me an inferiority complex."

Women of other lands have learned the art of pleasing their men, of using their beauty not as a threat, but as a promise of happiness. This is the one area in which American women can learn much from their foreign sisters.

Italian beauty according to one admirer, combines "animal magnetism and spiritual poetry." Whether or not these somewhat ecstatic adjectives are evident in the four starlets on the left, there is no doubt that in the realistic movies ("Open City") of the post-war decade, Italy's movie stars, led by Academy Award winner Anna Magnani, explored a new brand of feminine allure, which thrived on tattered clothes, unkempt tresses, and squalid settings. Dubbed "sex without glamour" by one film writer, the style actually made a virtue of necessity. "We gave nature a chance," says one Italian writer, "simply because we didn't have the money for the perfumes, face creams and all the rest of the artificial accessories American women have." Italian beauty matures early: at fourteen most girls have woman's outlook on life and love. Unless carefully tended, their beauty also fades early. Typical is the story of Silvana Mangano, who scored as the ragged décolleté heroine of "Bitter Rice." In a few brief years, marriage and two babies ballooned her to a weight of two hundred pounds. Only by heroic dieting did she get down to 126 pounds for her temptress role in "Ulysses." Now, led by Gina Lollobrigida, Italy would seem to be swinging to more conventional, Hollywood-style glamour. The Italian cinema beauties at the left guarantee continued attention from the world's audience. Upper left is Delia Scala, and upper right is Giovanna Ralli, soon to be seen in "Roman Tales." Bottom left, Bianca Fusari ("Dream of Love"). Right, "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta.



Jerome Zerbe

Spanish women are famed for the "black eye that mocks the cool black veil." Ernest Hemingway, George Orwell, and many others have paid tribute to their paradoxical mixture of vigor, languor and grace. They still wear much black. Not long ago, any woman sporting colors was advertising her availability. Generally they shun hats, take elaborate care of their hair, but one writer admits "their heads remain one of the few crowned glories of our time." Spanish beauty matures early, but many authors have lamented its rapid passing, as soon as marriage is achieved. ("A Spanish woman of forty appears twice as old.") Above, Louise de Bourbon, Countess of Ramonones, sits with her daughters, Victoria and Blanquita. A celebrated beauty since she was a young girl, she is leader of the monarchical circle in Spain.

In Spain, Greece and many other countries, the art of beauty remains largely an aristocratic privilege

The Greeks have a regal loveliness, in keeping with the land which gave us Helen of Troy. Not as often seen in modern movies as other nationalities, their dark-haired, white-skinned beauty is at present causing a stir in New York society. One of their most attractive representatives is Mrs. Basil Gouloudris (right, with Gary Cooper) wife of millionaire Greek shipper. A student of medicine before her marriage, she is currently very active in medical charity work. Below is Greece's lovely Queen Frederika, who was included in this year's list of the world's best-dressed women. Although she is German, she has charmed the nation with her beauty and intelligence. When a foreign diplomat asked her about her birthplace, she replied: "I was born a barbarian, and I came to Greece to be civilized."

Photo Library



Jerome Zerbe ▶







Irish beauty is romantic and natural. The average Irish woman wears little rouge ("pale girls should look pale"), takes particular care of "skin like a pearl." Perhaps remembering the many scores of poets who have exhorted her to be "passionate and proud," she has a certain majesty of walk and stance, which gives her mature beauty an enduring appeal. Above, Connie Smith, Irish film star, is a typical Irish in both looks and temperament. She tried Hollywood but left in disgust because they would not give her decent parts, is now free-lancing in Rome.

English beauty is typified by the Duchess of Dalkeith. Daughter of a Hong Kong lawyer and a former model, she married her Scottish noble husband in 1953. During the day British women wear little make-up, prefer flat heels, woolen suits and sweaters, consciously avoid looking too chic. At night, however, London women bloom; at dinners, receptions and theatres their gowns are regal, their make-up artful—they are the equals of Paris and of Hollywood.



Polynesian women were appreciated till painters like Gauguin were charmed by their sensuous innocence and Eden-like Pacific isles.



French glamour girls, such as lovely *Kiliiane Courprie*, left (being bussed by the deputy Mayor of Troyes and crooner *Gilbert Bécaud* for having won the title, "Miss Helen of Troy") are in the Hollywood tradition, but the average French woman values chic as much as glamour, feels that beauty is "the product of a thousand little ruses." According to a recent six-year survey by a French scholar, *Mademoiselle de France* has a luminous complexion, light eyes, Grecian nose, delicate hands, weighs 133 pounds, is five feet three inches tall. Her bust, thirty-seven inches, is identical with that of *Venus de Milo* in the Louvre.

Jack Albin



Sweden has made a habit of exporting movie queens. Latest is *Anita Ekberg* (left, with *Hal Hayes*) whose driving ambition and statuesque blonde beauty have made her one of filmdom's fastest rising young stars. Swedish devotion to health and physical culture approaches fanaticism. Anita proudly declares: "I used to go swimming as late as November, when there was a thin crust of ice on the lake."

India takes the pick of both Western and Eastern beauty skills. The West scores in powders, foundations and lipsticks, but the soft brown melting eyes of a beauty such as the *Maharanee of Jaipur* (right) is India's trick. This look comes from *Surma* (on sale in America) a powder ringed around the edge of the eye and *Kajal*, an oil extracted from Indian wood, and applied along lower rim of eyes.





Sexual Problems of Beautiful Women

BY MAXINE DAVIS

The girl was a \$50-an-hour model, and during the forty-five minutes in which she had been sitting in the crowded cocktail lounge, every man present had cast a wistfully appreciative glance her way. Outwardly, she had everything: an incredibly beautiful face and figure, an exciting and successful career, admirers by the score, a busy and interesting life.

Yet she was unhappy.

After a short, miserable marriage to an insecure young man whose ardor had turned to jealousy almost before the marriage certificate had been framed over the bed, she now mistrusted all emotional situations. She felt that her beauty had worked to her disadvantage, and she was certain, she said, that men were interested in her *only* because of her beauty.

"My husband," she said, "was attracted to me originally because of my looks. But so were other men. He couldn't stand that. I never even so much as looked at another man . . . but because they were always around, he was furious. Finally we got to quarreling so much that the only thing to do was to break up."

Adoration Instead of Love

She sighed. "I've come almost to the point where I *hate* the way I look. Everywhere I go, all I hear is, 'How lovely you look, dear,' and on and on and on. It's given me a complex. I keep thinking, if only some man would go for me because I'm good at Scrabble, or because I can cook Basque food, or even because I'm stupid on some subjects and it might be

fun for him to explain them to me . . . "I tell you," she added, after a pause, "looks like mine can be a real handicap."

This girl was one of several strikingly beautiful women—models, Broadway actresses, movie stars, young society matrons, TV performers, and employees of topnotch beauty salons—interviewed for this *COSMOPOLITAN* report. Almost unanimously, these women said:

While nearly every woman wishes to be beautiful, real beauty, like any uncommon quality, can set its bearer apart. It can create problems, both physical and emotional, which the attractive and well-groomed but less spectacular woman might never be called upon to face. It can be a handicap.

It would be nonsensical to state that all beautiful women are unhappy. But newspaper headlines chronicling the frenetic comings and goings of such ultra-beautiful creatures as Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth, Gene Tierney, Ava Gardner, and Kathleen Winsor, to mention only a few, adequately prove that beauty is no passport to happiness. On the contrary, it can seriously interfere with a happy marriage, normal sexual relations, and the emotional adjustment that every woman wants and needs.

There are, of course, no statistics available on the number of beautiful women who are unhappy, but of the women interviewed, all admitted that beauty could bring as much trouble as satisfaction.

Speaking of the naturally beautiful woman, psychiatrist Milton R. Sapirstein has said, "There is a special twist which

beauty gives to her development." The twist is primarily an emotional one, and often begins in babyhood.

The beautiful child, Dr. Sapirstein and other students of psychology attest, is an exhibition piece whom everyone pampers and admires. She soon learns that a winning smile or a pitiful little wail will produce maximum results with minimum effort. Before she can walk or talk, she begins to develop two of the qualities that may influence her entire life adversely. She becomes passive because everything she desires comes so easily, and she assumes that her slightest wish is certain to be granted.

As time goes on, the beautiful girl begins to expect confidently that her friends will do as she likes. Someone is always looking after her, even doing her thinking for her. "I never learned to pick up my clothes until I got married and suddenly realized that I couldn't expect my husband to do that," a well-known actress confesses.

Too-Early Courtship

Then too, the extremely beautiful girl begins to learn about men at an early age. Boys cluster about her in small herds, which creates for her a two-pronged dilemma, because boys are inclined to experiment sexually at an earlier age. Thus, for the beautiful young lady, every dance, every walk in the park, every half-hour at the corner drugstore over a milkshake can be part of a boy's sexual campaign. The danger here, say the authorities, is that the girl will either indulge in premature sexual experimentation, or she will constantly repress the impulses she feels.

Promiscuity is dangerous for anyone. Virtually no young girl can transgress her religious and social teachings without the penalty of a lasting and emotionally damaging sense of guilt. Also, as Bishop Fulton J. Sheen has pointed out time and again, the illicit sexual experience is so shabby, violent, and burdened with fear that it can create a wholly false concept of the quality and spiritual meaning of the marital relationship.

But, the psychologists add, continual frustration can also be dangerous. "I said 'No' so many times," a young matron says, "that when I finally could say 'Yes,' repression had become reflex action."

Another girl says, "So many boys made passes at me I began to feel that all men were just out for what they could get, and I vowed that none of them would get it. None did. Then I fell in love. But I didn't fall all the way, because I was so deeply opposed to the idea of sex. He finally lost interest."

Although the unrelenting attentions of men cause problems which are primarily sexual, they also assist in the development of secondary social characteristics

Sexual Problems of Beautiful Women (continued)

which can keep the girl from leading a normal life. A New York debutante of a few seasons ago says frankly, "When I first began going out, boys never picked the place we would go. For some reason—because I was pretty and they wanted to do something to please me, I guess—they always asked me what I preferred to do. Before long, I became accustomed to speaking up, first because I thought it was expected of me and later because I soon fell into the idea that everyone would want to do what I wanted. It was a shock to find out how wrong I was."

Bartering with Beauty

Many beautiful girls never find it out. They remain "spoiled" children in every sense. And those who find that the ordinary behavior of the spoiled child—pouting, temper tantrums, wheedling and the like—will get them nowhere in the adult world often learn quickly that they can barter their beauty to get the things they want. "Nobody is going to just give me a career," says a Broadway character actress. "I'm going to have to use everything I've got to get one."

Then too, the real beauty who has been successful in her career often finds that the ordinary man simply will not suffice, but that the supply of extraordinary men is a small one. "At twenty-four," says one of New York's top-ranking models, "I am unmarried . . . and unhappy about it. There are plenty of men around, so they say, but having reached a peak in income—I earn around \$50,000 a year—and at the same time having my choice of men, just what sort of man can I marry? Most of the men of the right age, intelligence, social class, and financial bracket are either married, divorced and unwilling to remarry, or utterly impossible nuts."

Some beautiful girls settle short, this model feels. "They quit looking for the dream man . . . they know they're never going to find him. They get married just for the sake of getting married, and in nine cases out of ten they marry weaklings whom they can dominate. When that happens, it isn't long before contempt sets in. You would be surprised at the number of models in our agency who are married to men who look like their kid brothers."

Dr. Milton Sapirstein, Dr. William Menninger, and Dr. Milton Levine all have agreed in their studies that those are some of the behavior problems and patterns of the woman who is born beautiful. There are others, notably the abnormal attachment to the father which may develop in early girlhood as a result of the father's overindulgence or excessive admiration—and its concomitant rivalry with the mother for the affections of the male parent.

But this is not the whole story. Psychologists also agree that even if the beautiful girl should manage to elude all pitfalls and reach maturity as an emotionally stable person, her life can still be complicated by the attitudes of others around her.

First, she is almost automatically the object of the jealousy of women who are less generously endowed. Whether or not their suspicion is justified, they feel that she is out to lure their boy friends or husbands. They can make her life miserable in a variety of ways: by excluding her from their social groups, by directing catty, pointed remarks at her in mixed company, by gossip—and even by subtle suggestion to her own husband or escort.

A TV actress who was at one time married to an Air Force officer says that she was unable to endure the barrage of hostility laid down by other service wives. "One of the principal factors that broke up our marriage," says she, "was the way I was treated by those women. At dinners, parties, receptions, any gathering—every time I went into a room I could feel them sharpening their claws. It got so I shuddered whenever I saw someone else's husband coming over to speak to me. They never blamed the husband. Even if he had made a pass and I had resisted him, which I would have done, they would have blamed me."

"Your motives are always suspect if you're beautiful," a Broadway starlet adds. "I've had my share of casting-office wrestling matches . . . what girl in this business hasn't? . . . but I've always prided myself on having gotten where I am solely on my looks and ability. In plain words, I've never done anything degrading. But I know that every single time I've been given a job, someone has said, 'She got that job because she slept with so-and-so.' It doesn't bother me—I've grown used to it; I know it's an occupational hazard. But such remarks can really hurt some girls."

Jealousy Threatens Marriage

As demonstrated by the statements of the model quoted in the beginning of this article, male jealousy can also make the beautiful girl's life something less than beautiful. Philip Wylie and other observers of the American scene have already noted the apparently increasing insecurity of the American male—and from all indications, it evidently requires a thoroughly masculine individual, certain of himself in every way, to endure and tolerate the attentions which must inevitably be showered on the exceptionally pretty woman. "My husband must know I love him and know he loves me," a stunning New York brunette said recently. "I'm not going to be less attractive after we're married. Men are bound

to continue to attempt to behave the way they always have. So it's absolutely essential for me to marry a strong, secure person."

The beautiful girl may easily create for a man problems which she doesn't realize exist. As the center of attention in every room she enters, she is bound to draw some attention to her escort—who may, for a variety of reasons, be embarrassed by it, become self-conscious, or in extreme cases even resent it. "I took Anita Ekberg to a press cocktail party one day last year," says an editor, "simply because her studio arranged that she should go along with me. I was so damned self-conscious, I felt like a jerk."

Unbelievable though it may sound, however, men may never become a problem to the beautiful woman—because her beauty may be such that many men would hesitate either to make advances (operating on the assumption that they would not have a chance) or even to call her up. Janis Paige confessed to reporter Maurice Zolotow (in the September, 1955, issue of *Cosmopolitan*) that she often spent evenings by herself because all her male acquaintances naturally assumed that anyone as pretty as she would be busy. The same situation has been reported by Betsy Von Furstenberg, Nancy Berg, Marilyn Monroe, and others.

Face-saving, Time-consuming

There is another factor which sometimes holds men aloof from the girl with the face of Helen of Troy. That is the time that the upkeep of beauty demands. "You've got to live as though you were wrapped in a bale of cotton wool," says Constance Woodworth, women's editor of *The New York Journal-American*. "Staying beautiful is a full-time job, and a never-ending one. Once beauty starts to go, it seems to go all at once. You've got to make sure it doesn't go—but it's a hopeless fight, and once you've begun to lose, you become all the more insecure."

In the case of some beautiful women, the upkeep is too demanding. After a while they grow weary of the never-ending rituals, massages, lotions, mudpacks, and other necessities. And in some cases they can be overtaken, so to speak, by plain women who start with no raw materials but who are determined to cultivate or create beauty of their own.

In many respects, the beautiful women agree, the girl who is not born beautiful, but who works to achieve beauty, may be much better off.

Today, to the great delight of the opposite sex, most women can be attractive. Even the girl from a family of modest income can have the glow of good health which is the product of preventive medicine, new knowledge of nutrition, and the modern emphasis on sports. Her parents

will mortgage their house, if necessary, to straighten her teeth. Advice on the care of her skin and hair are in every periodical she picks up, and preparations to assist her are on sale in every five-and-dime store. If she wishes she can change the color of her hair twice a week. Even the opticians assist her by designing gay, piquant glasses to accentuate her eyes.

What is more important, beginning with infancy the girl who is not exceptionally pretty has to exert herself and frequently fight for everything she wants, from a little extra maternal attention to the right to hold her little brother's stuffed kangaroo. As she grows up she begins to learn what people are like and how to get along with them. If she wishes to stay outside and make a snowman on a winter afternoon while her friends want to go indoors and make fudge, she has either to persuade them to stay outside or adjust to their desires.

Loveliness Can Be Learned

Before long, the average youngster begins to widen her horizons. She explores books, perhaps discovers that her music lessons can produce pleasure, and begins to wonder what she would like to be when she grows up. In her teens she soon

learns that she must make a conscious effort to attract dates and have fun. This is the time of trial and error: the girl tries to look like Grace Kelly, and when that doesn't work, she tries to copy Marilyn Monroe. She has her first faltering lessons in sexual encounters and realizes, often with emotional disturbance and heartache, that she has strange new feelings and experiences which involve learning how to accept or evade youthful advances according to her own preference.

"Thus she approaches her young womanhood," says a prominent psychologist, "equipped with some self-knowledge, and aware of the necessity for making the most of all her feminine assets."

"When I was young," says a young married woman, "I wasn't ugly, but I certainly wasn't beautiful. Neither was my mother . . . but she had made herself attractive by learning to be an agreeable companion, a good listener, a fine hostess, and by keeping herself impeccable at all times. I tried to imitate her. I tried to handle people the way she did. If I have any kind of personality at all today, it's because I learned early in life that beauty comes, more often than not, from an inner good humor and serenity."

Cecil Beaton, the British photographer-

designer-artist whose subjects have included some of the most beautiful women of all time, bears out that statement with one of his own: "Today a photographer tries to express beauty through a person's individuality. What is most important is the person—and as far as beauty is concerned, the classical image is a forgotten standard."

Importance of Inner Beauty

Unfortunately, it cannot be forgotten by those who possess it, and to whom it may often be a curse. But they may take comfort, the doctors say, by reflecting that their path to happiness, adjustment and security lies through a sincere effort to develop and grow as a human being. Most often, this effort takes the form of a capacity to love—which has been defined as being able to have a relationship of true friendliness with other human beings, and having the capacity to consider the interests of other individuals.

The women interviewed for this piece all agreed emphatically. And one summed it up in these words: "Until a girl learns how to love, she must realize the utter finality of one truth: never, under any circumstances, can genuine beauty be only skin-deep."

THE END

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Modern Science and the Beauty Business

Can hormone creams make you look younger? Invisible silicone "gloves" protect your hands? "Magnetic action" cleanse your skin? Here's what laboratory research is discovering about new ways to make you beautiful

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

In the brave new world of beauty a woman may not be able to buy Marilyn Monroe's face and figure in a jar or a bottle, but science is making sure that she can acquire speedily, and keep longer, a lovelier, firmer, clearer skin; gleaming, wavy hair; creamy-smooth hands that defy dishwater; teeth that keep their strength and whiteness; and make-up that doesn't smear off lips or cake on the face.

Methods and products undreamed of a generation ago are becoming as much a part of everyday beauty routine as brushing your hair or pulling on your sheer nylons. Some of these are already on the market; others are being secretly tested right now in research laboratories. Our advancing knowledge of the skin, hair, and teeth and physiological discoveries from widely divergent fields have led to the following fascinating discoveries.

Acid mantle

It is known that a woman's hands take a greater beating every day than any other part of her body. Whether she be secretary or saleswoman, housewife or college girl, her hands are prey to dirt, bacteria, small nicks and abrasions, roughness and chapping. Now cosmetics researchers have discovered the "acid mantle" of the skin. We have long known that the epidermis is slightly acid and that this acidity is measured in terms of hydrogen concentration of the fine film covering the skin surface. The degree of acidity is called the skin's "pH." The average female has a slightly higher pH than the average male. Now makers of hand creams and lotions, after extensive research, are producing preparations that help maintain normal pH even when hands are repeatedly washed or dipped in water.

The newest development for hand protection is the silicones. Hands treated with these "invisible gloves" were still

smooth and soft after severe water immersion tests, while untreated hands were reddened and roughened by the long water bath.

Added to lipstick, silicones help heal lips and prevent "creeping" edges. Added to suntan lotions, they form a protective covering that doesn't wash off easily, even when you swim.

Allantoin

An ingredient found in wheat germ, rice polishings, and in other vegetable and animal substances, Allantoin is a skin-healer. It is also produced by earthworms, those busy little helpers that increase the organic content of your garden soil. Although the early work in Allantoin was directed to wound healing, later progress indicates that it has remarkable soothing properties for treating severe sunburn and dry, roughened skin, as well as eczema and other troublesome skin conditions. It is now being introduced into night creams, softening creams, suntan preparations, antiperspirant creams, lipsticks, and lip pomades.

Skin feeding

So conspicuous is the damage which is done to skin beauty by overdryness that an increasing amount of scientific experiment is being carried on in this field. The effect of dry indoor heat, the hot, dry air of certain sections of our country, the skin's loss of oil and moisture in aging, and other factors create a dry-skin problem. One area of research has to do with "skin penetration." Years ago, when most creams carried their ingredients in a vehicle of mineral oil or waxes, claims of skin penetration were hooted at by doctors and by that guardian of health and beauty, the Food and Drug Administration. Mineral oil and similar cream bases have only surface action. However, good penetrants have been found, and even created synthetically in

the laboratories. Into these penetrating bases go:

Polyunsaturates. As long ago as 1929, biochemists began to establish the relationship between skin health and essential elements in fats, called "polyunsaturates." But not until recently has it been possible to feed the essential polyunsaturates directly to the skin tissue in a face cream. Tests made in England during World War II, when fats were scarce, showed that fats could be fed through the skin's surface. In clinical studies, women who have been on Spartan diets that have dried and aged their skins through lack of fat—or even women with casual appetites—have showed definite skin improvement in the elimination of lines and wrinkles when their skins have been fed with polyunsaturates.

Hormones. Seventeen years ago, few people thought that the female sex hormone, estrogen, could enhance skin beauty if applied externally in a cream. Since that time, however, years of use and clinical tests have proved that creams containing properly limited amounts of the hormone do tend to soften the skin, permit it to hold more moisture, thicken the epidermis, and improve circulation and elasticity. These creams are for mature women—nature provides enough estrogen to young women. But estrogen does decrease as women grow older. Hormone creams must be applied for six to eight weeks before results can be expected, and the preparation must be used continuously if the skin is to retain the improvement.

Humectants. Young skin has a cherished moisture balance that is nature's gift, but the skin loses its moisture with age. The appearance of moistening creams and liquids, sometimes called humectants, is the result of years of research. Certain combinations of newly discovered ingredients help the skin to keep the right moisture balance. In the past it was assumed, too, that you had to apply a greasy

film to the skin to do a good lubricating job. Now advanced chemical knowledge provides an ingredient that is not greasy, yet has the emollient quality needed for certain types of softening creams; this substance is absorbed by the skin. A man need no longer look on his wife's nightly beauty ritual with typical masculine aversion. In fact, he may not even be aware that his better half has applied her cream at bedtime.

Vitamins. Vitamin A, sometimes known as the "skin vitamin" because it is so essential to skin beauty, is being incorporated more and more into face creams. Tests prove that vitamin A, in sufficient quantities, will penetrate the skin enough to improve a woman's complexion.

To prevent lipstick from producing a drying aftereffect there's now a special vitamin complex ingredient. So as not to remove any of this valuable ingredient, lips should not be blotted after applying this lipstick. New solvents also allow a better distribution of color on the lips. In the search for the perfect lipstick for television, one famous maker found in England a new ingredient that softens the lips so that the color remains without a drying effect. This firm's experiments with new pigments for make-up foundations also led to the discovery of methods of adding color to the foundation's basic vehicle in such a way that the shade does not darken as moisture evaporates from the skin.

Magnetic action

A new skin cleanser is making its bow. It is based on a new principle, magnetic action, by which the lotion's cleansing effect is supposed to extend through five layers of the skin. The theory is that, because make-up and grime carry a negative electrical charge, the new cleansing liquid, which carries a positive electrical charge, will magnetically attract dirt to the surface, where it can be wiped off.

Light refraction

To pick up light and give the skin a luminous look, there is a new group of make-up aids, recently introduced, that contain a light-refraction ingredient said to add delicacy and eliminate shadows.

Allergies

Recognition of allergies has led not only to the production of nonallergic creams, powders, and nail polish, but, recently, to the development of an invisible cream that blocks ultraviolet rays from the sun-sensitive or allergic skin. It is greaseless and odorless. Here is a passport to the beach for the true sun-allergic, who cannot tolerate even the smallest amount of ultraviolet. For the sun-worshiper who doesn't want to tan too darkly, the laboratories have come up with a chemical

fusion of a sun screen and a silicone. It's a colorless liquid that blocks off the burning rays but lets you achieve a rich shade of bronze.

Shampoos

New shampoo ingredients leave the hair with its natural tendency to curl instead of washing the waving quality right out of the hair with the grime. Research in the complex chemical field of esters has produced ingredients that reduce or eliminate stinging and smarting. And we can now add to rinses an ingredient that actually adds gloss, the kind of sheen nature puts on healthy young hair.

PVP

When setting your hair after shampooing it, you may take advantage of one of the forward steps in cosmetic chemistry by using a hair-setting spray that has no irritant properties. PVP, a compound with a long, complicated chemical name, has the ability to render some hitherto irritating ingredients nonirritating. Originated first as a substitute for blood plasma when no plasma was available, PVP is finding more and more uses in many types of cosmetic products. Used in hair-setting sprays, it not only controls the hair but, instead of producing the old-fashioned shellacked effect, it leaves hair softer and more natural-looking.

New neutralizer

In self-neutralizing rod-type do-it-yourself permanents the waving liquid has been made creamy in consistency so that it clings to the hair and does not drip when applied. The time you need to give yourself a home permanent has been drastically cut down by waving liquids that penetrate more quickly. End papers are treated with lanolin to cut down the possibility of brittle, dried-out ends. In fact, every step has been studied to make the wave a faster and easier process.

Hair coloring

The most recent development to appear in the hair-coloring field is a chemical that is a blessing for the gray-haired woman who, until now, has had to choose between streaked yellow hair and the risk of a purplish look, so often the result of tinting. The new tinting process eliminates developing agents like hydrogen peroxide, leaves gray hair shimmering, and blends salt-and-pepper hair into a smoky color. It has been designed to last from shampoo to shampoo and it won't wear or rub off.

Fluoride

After many years of research fluoride has been added to certain brands of toothpaste. It has been claimed that extensive

tests of this product on a group of thousands of volunteers cut down tooth decay considerably. Fluoride combines with the surface enamel to make teeth more resistant to mouth acids that cause decay.

Biological

We read of rejuvenating preparations that incorporate chicken embryo, horse serum, goat's milk, and the latest, plankton, those minute creatures familiar to readers of *The Sea Around Us*. Most fascinating is "royal jelly," always considered by scientists to be a biological marvel. This is the substance made by worker bees to keep the queen bee a queen. She lives years while the poor workers live only months. She is more beautiful and, certainly, the reproductive marvel that keeps the hive populated. Here, as with hormones, sex insinuates itself into the business of beautifying. But whatever powers "royal jelly" possesses, it does have identifiable proteins, nitrogen, and vitamins of the B complex. Just as hormones and vitamins have been added to the very special—and expensive—creams that combat skin aging, so "royal jelly," now incorporated into two face creams, is the current substance for which wonder-working claims are made.

Packaging

Aerosol containers are the biggest newsmakers in the field, and their use is only in its lusty infancy. You'll probably meet up with hand lotion sprayed instead of smoothed on your hands, or a personal deodorant in an aerosol container. Now being tested is a sprayed-on foot-ease powder with deodorant, fungicidal, and astringent properties—this is certainly the most practical way to dispense such a preparation. Recently developed is the "meterspray," which sprays a controlled amount of the product it contains. Such a gadget would be useful in dispensing medical preparations which must be taken in carefully measured doses. Plastic spray bottles are also making news. One plastic dispenser sprays you with suntan oil, enabling you to reach the unreachable spots like your back. And if you get a sunburn, you needn't touch the painful, burned area at all—simply spray on sunburn liquid.

A decade ago only a few thousand dollars a year were going into cosmetics research. Now hundreds of thousands are being spent, and the gap between pharmaceuticals and cosmetics is closing. One leading cosmetics company has set up a panel of Ph.D.'s, M.D.'s, biochemists, microbiologists, and other scientists. The lights are burning in laboratories and reference libraries—to bring you better products for more effective beauty care. Today's research for tomorrow's beauty might well be the watchword for the whole cosmetics industry. **THE END**

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ELOISE ENGLISH, one of the six women on the company's executive committee, coined the word "Slenderella." Once a Lt. Commander in the Waves, she is the Fashion Academy's "best-dressed woman," directs work of 750 women.

American Beauty in Paris

Our Jon Whitcomb tells how the shape of Parisiennes to come may well be controlled by Slenderella, America's answer to the wandering waistline

BY JON WHITCOMB

You just lie down on this little table, ma chérie, close your eyes, think lovely thoughts—and forty-five minutes later you feel simply divine!" This remark, or one rather like it, was being repeated this week on the upper floors of a building in Paris at 4, Square de l'Opéra. French ladies of all descriptions, shapes, and occupations were passing *le mot*, and as a result, the shop at 4, Square de l'Opéra is too small

to hold Suzette and Françoise. Plans are now being made to open a second Paris shop of Slenderella International *bientôt*.

Fairy-Tale Success

With a real live princess as manager, Slenderella's French branch is the new pearl in a string of 121 American-designed beads. Cinderella never had it so good as Slenderella, or so quickly.

Not long ago I visited the Slenderella

salon in Paris as the guest of Princess Irène Mdivani, a streamlined brunette severely chic in a black frock and pearls. The princess went very well with her surroundings: a severe, discreet entrance at one corner of a discreet, fashionable plaza, an entrance hall in black and white tiles with a stairway leading to salons carpeted in discreet, well-bred emerald. On the way up I passed clipped shrubs in boxes and a bird-cage mural

deftly punctuating one wall. Scuttlebutt has it that both the princess and her assistant, Lud Gaillard, were swiped from Schiaparelli.

So far Slenderella is only flirting with the idea of a string of salons (under a different name) for men; in any case, there was a good deal of giggling and many jolly cracks in French when I expressed a desire to try out the facilities myself. The princess threw back the curtains before an alcove off the reception room and showed me an upholstered table with the top divided into sections. I lay down on it and grasped a bar behind my head, and the princess pressed a button somewhere outside my range of vision. I felt a gentle undulation begin beneath my shoulder blades, but it was hard to tell whether the movement was circular, or back and forth. I had just begun to relax and get into the spirit of things when the princess made me get up and lie down the other way, with my feet up where my head had been. This time the motion went on at the *derrière* level. "Mon Dieu!" I observed, "C'est magnifique!" And that exhausted my command of French.

A Vibrant Table Service

The table, which forms the heart of the Slenderella empire, came originally from a Midwestern university campus. Larry Mack, now president and principal owner of the firm, got into the salon business in Ohio shortly after leaving college. Especially interested in weight reduction, he felt that posture and a general feeling of well-being contributed as much as anything else to the solution of women's weight-control problems, and he was searching for a device which would mechanize the business. A girl named Eloise English introduced him to a prominent university engineer, Professor H. L. Alexander, who submitted six different models to Mack at the end of eighteen months of experimenting. After investing \$8,000 in this research, Mack decided on one of the mechanisms, and a local manufacturer agreed to make pilot models. The vibrating table is now put out by a wholly owned subsidiary of Slenderella, which also has its own finance company and produces vitamin and mineral tablets which are distributed in its salons.

Automation permits a few attendants to serve many customers, and the design of the table enables clients to receive treatments without undressing. Miss English, an Ohio State graduate who coined the word *Slenderella* when an earlier use of the name *Silhouette* misfired, is now Vice-President in charge of National Operations. With a total of 121 outlets throughout the world (117 of them in the United States), Miss English keeps busy packing minks and hats and supervising gala openings in

places like Zurich, Honolulu, and Palm Beach. A tall, ramrod-straight, handsome girl who must be her firm's best advertisement, Eloise of necessity dresses to the teeth for her public appearances.

Shortly before my trip to Paris, I had lunch at Twenty-One with the President and the Vice-President. Brown-eyed Larry Mack was conservative in a brown business suit. Miss English, fresh from a Miami ribbon-cutting ceremony, was a Slenderella-type vision in red wool, ebony mink, and a white ermine cartwheel hat. She had lost her voice in Florida and could communicate with us only in whispers.

The theory behind Slenderella is that most women would like to be slim and attractive, but find the necessary steps too much trouble. Slenderella gets around this objection by eliminating rigid diets and making everything else easy. The Slenderella system combines mild dieting, regular massage, and posture instruction, but the clincher is the guarantee. On the basis of the client's height and build, the salon manager computes her ideal measurements, and Slenderella promises her the final result in writing. This concern for measurements instead of weight typifies the firm's approach to the form divine.

Having digested some of Slenderella's statistics, I began jotting down the figures I had heard over lunch. Eighteen shops to date in New York City. One hundred twenty-one altogether. Shops open from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. five days a week and from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. on Saturdays. Treatment period forty-five minutes, fee two dollars. The achievements are staggering: in the five years of Slenderella's existence, the salons have refashioned the figures of more than three million women, from whom they have removed a combined fifty million inches. The lesson is: do something for women easier and better than they can do it themselves—and become the most popular fairy godmother of all time.

Some Slim Firm Believers

America's conquest of the European waistline has not been tranquil. The French Ministry of Health is still saying No to Slenderella's mineral-and-vitamin wafers. The French view, unconditioned by our years of vitamin advertising, holds that if you need something like that it is up to a doctor to prescribe it. In England there will be no Slenderella shops at all until the government relents on its decree that any Slenderella salon must be British-owned and the equipment British-manufactured. But Europe is a big place. Slenderella is about to add Milan, Madrid, Rome, Dusseldorf, Amsterdam, and Brussels to the fold, and there seems no end to the millions of problem tummies on beyond.

The first celebrity I met in Paris who goes regularly to the Slenderella shop



FRENCH BALLERINA, *Mlle. Lyrette Darsonval*, doesn't need to lose any inches, but she goes to the Slenderella salon in Paris regularly "for relax."



MME. LA COMTESSE (center) and Lucette Caron join Whitcomb for Paris lunch and talk of Slenderella, painter Toulouse-Lautrec, niece Leslie Caron.

has no use whatever for re-proportioning. Lycette Darsonval, premiere ballerina of the Paris Opera, is a fragile-looking blonde with muscles of steel and the figure of a marble Diana. "I go for relax," she said. (And that's all she said. Mlle. Darsonval does not know English.) Attendants report that she makes regular visits because she likes the effect of passive massage. As for the English, Lycette expects to learn a few new words when she arrives in New York this October to dance in the United States for the first time.

Friends Among the "400"

Mme. Claude St. Cyr, also a Slenderella patron, makes hats. She is milliner for the Queen Mother, Queen Elizabeth, and Princess Margaret. Mme. St. Cyr also has an international reputation as modiste. A plump, brown-eyed woman with a dazzling smile, she is another Frenchwoman whose English remains scanty. In her salon, surrounded by feathers, chiffon, and jeweled silk, she tried on a couple of her creations for me. She said in French that she was losing weight with Slenderella, and I asked her what she thought of this mad American enterprise. "I believe," she said, "on the table."

Later on I met a number of other ladies who have latched on to this foreign gimmick for the waistline. If you saw the film "Moulin Rouge," starring José Ferrer as the artist Toulouse-Lautrec, you will remember Suzanne Flon as one of his leading ladies. Now starring on the stage in Paris in the play "Le Mal Court," which translates roughly into "Evil Gets Around," Miss Flon told me she is one meter, 60 centimeters tall (5'3") and can't decide what to do with her hair. She had it short for Joan of Arc in the play "L'Alouette" ("The Lark") in which she toured France, the Low Countries and North Africa last summer, but now it's halfway back to long. Her next job after the play: to do the screen version of "The Lark."

Mme. Carven, whose clothes for *jeunes filles* and perfumes, like *Ma Griffe*, make her a big-shot couturière, let me see her new collection. The big story here was a whole spectrum of blues and off-reds, inspired by a recent Carven trip to the Middle East. And not one could possibly be worn except by a woman with a naturally modest waistline or by a graduate of Slenderella.

Society was represented on the Slenderella roster by the Comtesse Guy de Toulouse-Lautrec, whose relationship to the painter of the Ferrer movie is complicated. He was her father-in-law's first cousin. I had lunch with Mme. la Comtesse at Maxim's, a famous French restaurant where she felt and looked right at home. An imposing grande dame with lively dark eyes and black hair, she is

a social authority and cooking expert for French magazines as well as a grandmother. Lunch was a succession of audiences with passing diners, and at least four gentlemen, on entering the room, kissed her hand. The Comtesse has a son and daughter in college in the U.S., and recently drove 13,000 miles through the States. Sampling our cooking during her stops at Midwestern motels, which she adored, she developed pronounced opinions on the state of American cooking. "Your salads and vegetables are magnificent, but you put something awful called 'French Dressing' over everything—and I loathe all that gelatin."

She urged me to send her an American salad cookbook, as she is writing one herself which she feels will put the Yankee viewpoint into French dishes. Ultimately, the conversation got around to the movie "Moulin Rouge," a film that infuriated most of the surviving members of the Toulouse-Lautrec family. John Huston, the director, called on the Comtesse before starting the film, but the interview did not prevent a twist in the script which she feels is insulting. "That ending!" she said, tossing her St. Cyr hat. "Dying drunk in a gutter! Absolute libel! The fact is, he died peacefully in bed. Some disease or other. And he wasn't a monster, as in the movie. Of course, he was a bit odd-looking. You have to remember that he couldn't help it—his mother and father were cousins and so were one set of grandparents. All that in-breeding, you see. Well, we'd all like to sue, but it's far too late now. The movie is over and finished."

Mme. Caron Graves, also a grandmother, provided by far the liveliest visit I enjoyed with the Slenderella sorority of France. Under her maiden name of Lucette Caron she is Paris fashion editor for *Mademoiselle* and visits the U. S. at least once a year. Her niece, Leslie Caron, is an M-G-M star. Lucette has led, to put it mildly, a rather checkered life and gives the strong impression that if it could have been managed she would have peped things up still further. An aristocratic face surrounded by graying hair does not prepare you for the disarming bluntness of her remarks.

No Fading Charms for Her

Discussing the merits of men on either side of the Atlantic, Miss Caron observed that, if you asked her, Frenchmen were all right for a couple of weeks, but for the long pull, give her an American every time.

"I marry only Americans," she went on with a broad grin. "I met my present husband when I was still married to my first. He said, 'I'll look you up when we're fifty, just in case.' He did, and I married him. We had never written to each other during those twenty-six years.

which makes it all rather enchanting.

"I got to Hollywood and M-G-M long before my niece ever did," she said. "In 1947 I was still a captain in the French Army. Metro was doing a war film with Greer Garson, and they imported me as technical expert. They took one look at my uniform and made me wear it for the next year in California. They said it looked more impressive.

"Stop me if you're bored—I can tell you mad things about Hollywood until midnight. They needed horses for this war film, and they didn't think the ones they had looked right, so I had to visit a ranch and choose three horses that looked French. Can you bear it? Then there were the lupines. We were on location at Carmel, which was supposed to be Brittany in the picture. Lupines were growing all over the hillsides. I knew there were no lupines in Brittany, but I didn't think anyone would notice it. Then after we did the scenes the research department accused me of carelessness. I told them I had arranged with the French Minister of the Interior to plant Brittany with lupines and when the picture came out they would all be up. They took my word for it."

Puts Best Foot Forward

With these ladies spreading the Slenderella word around Paris, there would seem to be no publicity problem in this area. The firm approves the term "slenderizing" but never permits "reducing." Other words associated with the more painful aspects of changing shape are regarded by Slenderella with horror. Some time ago an English photographer brought an actress around to the Paris shop for publicity pictures. Princess Mdivani was off that day, and the shots were made in her absence. She was astounded to see a copy of the London Daily Mirror next day showing a young lady posing for leg art, skirts raised high, on a Slenderella table. The headline read, "The Battle of the Bulges!"

Watchdog and diplomat for Slenderella publicity in Europe is a transplanted American woman named Dorothy Masson who has lived abroad most of her life. Miss Masson sees to it that Slenderella puts its best foot forward toward the *haut monde*, titled or otherwise, keeps an interesting enterprise frosted with glamour for the public press.

Whether Slenderella will branch out with shops for men is still in the talking stage. A pilot salon for New York City is being discussed, but as yet no name for it has been chosen. When that day comes, no one will be able to telephone in, as Tallulah Bankhead did recently, and get the reply she did: "I'm sorry, sir, but Slenderella is exclusively for women."

THE END



Have a New Figure by Summer



Here is the very latest news to help give you a fashionable figure

BY DONALD G. COOLEY

Physiologists are continually discovering new facts about diet and exercise, and doing their best to correct popular misconceptions. Some of their findings may revise old ideas of yours or give you new ones that you can apply, without any great effort, to achieve better figure control and muscle tone, and the zest for living that is inseparable from beauty.

Does exercise control weight? Regular exercise helps. The habit of walking an hour a day disposes of the calories of thirty-five pounds of angel food cake in a year's time, the equivalent of more than ten pounds of body fat. The habit of walking a few blocks to and from work can easily dispose of three or four thousand calories a month. Exercise makes

body fires burn more energetically and consume more fuel (calories). But, you ask, doesn't exercise make you hungrier, so that you eat back all the calories you have lost? Not necessarily, according to studies by the Department of Nutrition at Harvard University. Strenuous exercise may make you hungrier than usual, but moderate exercise does not seem to increase the appetite in proportion to the calories burned.

How should reducers exercise? Excess fat accumulates slowly and disappears slowly. Exercise should be mild and regular, and preferably a part of some muscular activity you enjoy so that exercise will be prolonged. Walking is excellent if you move briskly, swing your arms freely, try to carry yourself erect.

Many routine exercises for fat people don't get to the middle of their problem, the sagging abdomen. These two simple exercises strengthen important "shape-holding" muscles of the abdomen and back and can be done anywhere, any time of day: (1) Pull the abdominal wall in and out. (2) Draw hips and lower ribs together, first on one side, then the other.

Is housework exercise? Most housewives need more or different exercise. Dr. J. B. Orr and Dr. I. Leitch, who studied the energy requirements of various activities, rated housework at 70 calories per hour, on the average. Some women work harder than others, but the average housewife does 560 calories worth of work in an eight-hour day. A 125-pound woman of moderate vigor

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Have a New Figure by Summer (continued)

spends about the following number of calories per hour in performing her ordinary household tasks:

Sitting, sewing, writing, peeling potatoes, reading, standing	30
Driving a car	50
Ironing	55
Knitting	40
Washing floors	70
Sweeping with broom	80
Making beds	125
Dishwashing	60

Few of these activities require a sustained, vigorous effort of the powerful long muscles of legs, shoulders, arms and torso, so important to physical conditioning and posture.

Is play valuable exercise? Saturday golfers "work" about three times as hard as housewives, but think they're having fun. Playing bridge is as hard work as peeling potatoes. Horseback riding, when the horse merely walks, burns up about 125 of your calories per hour—a little more than if you did the walking yourself. But if the horse trots, you are exercising, though you may not realize it, at the strenuous rate of 600 calories per hour. Here are other recreations that are surprisingly potent exercises for weight control and physical conditioning:

Dancing, brisk (fox trot)	215
Waltzing	170
Playing table tennis	250
Gardening	100
Piano playing (moderately fast)	100
Singing	75
Skating	400
Swimming	450

The number of calories spent depends upon your weight and upon the vigor with which you throw your weight around.

Does weather affect exercise? Winter exercise uses more energy than summer exercise. An hour's walk in warm weather won't burn so many calories as the same walk in frigid weather. Cold stimulates the body to maintain high muscle tone and to make unnecessarily energetic movements, wasteful of calories. Other things being equal, you need fewer food calories in summer and will gain weight if you eat as heartily as you do in winter. Profuse sweating in warm weather gives the illusion that bucketfuls of calories are pouring out, but this is just the body's way of keeping internal temperature from becoming dangerously high.

Does exercise increase appetite?

The body regulates food intake to energy expenditure with remarkable precision in persons whose weight fluctuates little. But there's a time lag. Professor R. A. McCance and Dr. E. M. Widdowson, eminent British authorities on nutrition, found that the food intake of a large group of people did not increase or decrease in proportion to their muscular exertion for the day. But their food intake was correlated to the amount of energy they spent two days before.

Is exercise hard on the heart? Not if you're healthy. A normal heart can stand any amount of exercise. However, since at middle age the condition of heart and blood vessels cannot be known with absolute certainty, after middle life the rule of wisdom is moderate, regular muscular activity, not sporadic bursts of great effort. You can get as much exercise from five hours of leisurely bicycling as from ten rounds of furious boxing.

Can exercise be hazardous? Heavy lifting by the untrained and exercise continued to extreme fatigue may be injurious. Lifting done with the upper half of the body bent forward—as in leaning over a sink to raise a window, or lifting a child from a playpen—can cause severe low back pain. Moderately heavy lifting can precipitate hernia, especially in men. Learn to lift with your long leg muscles. Save your back by lifting in line with your center of gravity, an imaginary vertical line that runs more or less through the center of your body when you stand erect.

No exercise is too strenuous for a normal person if he stops before he is fatigued or badly out of breath. Competitive sports and games may overtax a person who is not in prime physical condition, because his wish to beat his opponent, or to prove he's as tough as he ever was, may lead to overexertion. Golf consists mostly of walking, which is not strenuous unless it is too rapid or is continued too long.

Stair-climbing is as strenuous as you make it. If you take your time, stair-climbing will take no more energy than sauntering on level ground. You burn four or five calories climbing an ordinary flight of stairs between floors, whether you race up in two seconds or take two minutes. Many physicians allow heart patients (not during acute attacks or convalescence) to climb stairs if they take it easy.

How about special-food diets? Some low-calorie foods, nutritious though they may be, are sometimes overemphasized in dramatized reducing diets, for no reason that impresses nutritionists. Most obesity

specialists agree that a good reducing diet should allow a *variety* of common foods, not only because such a variety provides known and unknown nutrients from which the body can select what it needs, but because a varied diet is the kind a reducer should learn to live with.

Is skipping meals harmful? Doctors say there is no danger that vital body parts will be "used up" unless you've been starving a long time. The vital protein part of tissues and organs is never converted into energy as long as you have a little body fat to furnish calories. Your liver can store as much as six ounces of glycogen or "liver sugar." As this reserve is used up, blood-sugar levels drop and you begin to feel hungry. If no food is available, the body will begin to draw on fat stores to feed its fires.

Are vitamins food? No, since they furnish no calories and are not structural parts of the body. Enzymes activate thousands of intricate chemical processes of life; vitamins are working partners of certain enzymes. Some vitamins may work in additional ways: the complete story of how any vitamin works is still unknown.

Activity increases requirements of thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.

Does toasting reduce calories? No, unfortunately. Toasting changes some starch into dextrin, a modified form of starch, but calorie content is not altered. All kinds of bread, except those containing dates and nuts, have almost the same number of calories for slices of equal weight and moisture content.

Does water make fat? No, but it shows as weight on the scales. Steam cabinets, hot baths and violent exercise boil off large amounts of "weight" in the form of sweat. "Water weight" is quickly restored by drinking. Water drunk with meals does not turn food into fat or dilute stomach contents. Fluids scarcely linger in the stomach at all, but flow through quickly along a channel known as the "stomach street."

How useful are sugar substitutes? When you use a saccharin or Sucaryl tablet instead of a teaspoon of sugar in a cup of coffee, you save sixteen calories, an amount too trivial to consider. But a person who drinks eight cups of coffee a

day can save 128 calories, equal to two Martinis. Noncaloric sweeteners are useful and harmless, but they have no mysterious fat-melting properties. What counts is the total caloric intake from all that is eaten. Noncaloric sweeteners, therefore, do not free the reducer for unlimited indulgence in food.

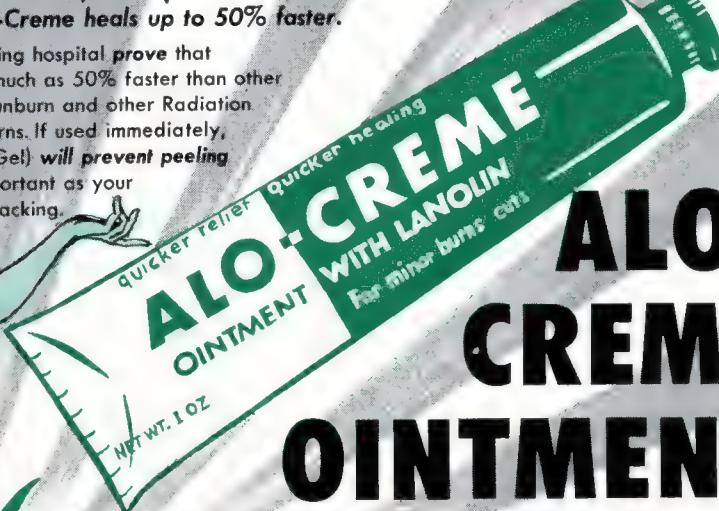
Does "nibbling" curb appetite? Many diet authorities now believe that a small amount of food taken an hour or so before a meal helps to control appetite and make low-calorie menus more satisfying. Try eating your dessert before dinner instead of after it. The snack should be something allowed on a reducing diet, not added to it. A modest sweet raises blood levels quickly; a cracker with cheese is assimilated more slowly, but the effect lasts longer.

Do bedtime snacks turn into fat? Not unless they push one's *total* daily food intake above maintenance needs. In fact, you lose weight while you sleep, if you haven't eaten too much the previous day. You burn about one calorie per minute just to maintain basal metabolism—body temperature, heartbeat, (continued)

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Have a New Figure

by Summer (continued)

breathing, etc. Thus, during eight hours' sleep you lose about 500 calories, equal to a little over two ounces of body fat.

Do curbs and supplements help?

Anti-appetite drugs that are prescribed by physicians usually contain some form of amphetamine, most often dextroamphetamine (Dexedrine), which induces a feeling of well-being and reduces the appetite so it is easier to adhere to a reducing diet. Properly used, the amphetamines are quite free from undesirable side-effects, except that they may keep one awake if taken too late in the day. A new non-amphetamine drug, Meratran, speeded the weight loss of obese patients attending Welfare Island Dispensary, New York, under the direction of Dr. Thomas McGavack. Patients on reducing diets who took Meratran lost about one pound more per week than did those who dieted without the drug.

Reducing supplements and appetite curbs sold to the general public are harmless but not miraculous. Many of them contain various mixtures of good things that quite ordinary foods provide more cheaply: milk or egg proteins, skim milk powder, a little sugar or saccharin, perhaps some calcium or a modest quota of the less expensive vitamins. The calorie content is usually too low to have any physical effect in restoring energy or suppressing hunger, but taking a "magic" tablet which looks like medicine may reinforce the dieter's will to reduce.

What about cocktails? Alcohol cannot be stored as body fat. The body has to burn alcohol promptly and get rid of it completely. But while alcohol is being burned, an equal number of calories from ordinary foods are spared for other uses, including the formation of body fat. Thus, alcohol calories must be counted like all other kinds in weight control. Cocktails taken before a meal tend to stimulate appetite and make low-calorie diets less satisfying.

Is "middle-age spread" avoidable?

For most people a combination of moderate exercise and moderate food curtailment is sufficient to prevent middle-age obesity, with no other measures, believes Dr. George H. Berryman of the University of Illinois College of Medicine. Do not shun bread, potatoes, and other good foods common to American diets. Eat a little less of all the foods to which you are accustomed; refuse second helpings. Combine this with a little mild exercise every day—square-dancing, lawn-mowing, walking instead of riding—and there's an excellent chance that middle-age spread will never happen to you. **THE END**



What Happened to the Saturday Night Bath?

Today it's so easy to take a bath that the once respectable custom of bathing once a week, traditionally on Saturday night, has vanished along with cisterns, soft soap, and the galvanized washtub heating slowly on the kitchen range. Modern equipment has made bathing a daily ritual whose object is no longer solely to get clean. A relaxed or stimulated body, improved skin tone, better circulation, and relief from muscular aches are some of the pleasant by-products of the modern bath that give a lift to one's sense of well-being and improve one's personal appearance.

Cold beauty baths help to control weight and are great stimulants of muscle tone and metabolism. Shivering is nature's way of making muscles work to produce heat to warm the body. This burns calories, so every time you shiver you lose weight, too infinitesimal an amount to measure. A cold bath makes one's blood flow vigorously and keeps the body "exercising" internally. It has been calculated that a cold bath or shower (40° F.) increases metabolism nearly *twelve times* above resting level. The late Dr. James S. McLester recommended the cold bath to all reducers who react to the shock of cool water with a warm afterglow. Persons in ill health, or those who react with chill and depression instead of warmth, had better stick to temperate baths. Don't stay in a cold bath too long. Shock can be lessened by starting with a warm shower and gradually lowering the temperature, or by warming up with exercises before taking the plunge.

For greatest stimulation, take a hot bath and finish with a quick cold shower. Then dry yourself vigorously with a rough towel, if your skin is normal. A "salt towel" is even more stimulating. This is an ordinary coarse towel soaked in strong salt solution, wrung out, and dried.

Hot vs. cool baths. Cold baths are less cleansing than warm baths. Tepid baths usually are sedative and relaxing, but if too prolonged can be depressing. Hot baths are best for easing aches and muscle pains. Hot baths can be relaxing, but, perversely, they can also be stimulating to some people. Have some of your sleepless nights come after taking hot baths? If so, take your bath earlier, don't stay in so long, or reduce the temperature.

Cold baths are too stimulating to be taken at night, if you want to go to sleep.

Shower vs. tub. Showers are more hygienic than tub baths. The sting of a needlelike shower spray gives a moderate boost to skin tone. Tub baths permit more thorough soaking, even if some of the soaking is in soiled water. Neck-deep tub baths are best for applying moist heat to an aching body.

Too many baths? Soap and water remove some natural oil from the skin. Very oily skins can tolerate a great deal of soap and water, but extremely dry skins (more common in older people) cannot, especially in winter when dry air of heated buildings aggravates the condition. In summer humidity and perspiration modify the effects of soap and, indeed, make more soap desirable for most people. Very dry skins can be cleansed with oils and creams and paper tissues, with soaping of local areas and occasional "regular" baths. For rough, dry skin, add an ounce of mineral oil to the bath water, or use commercial bath oil.

Soapless baths are usually prescribed for persons who have eczema, skin inflammations, itchy skin, and other conditions that might be worsened by soap. Doctors call these protective, skin-soothing baths "colloidal baths." Add a little water to one pound of cornstarch and add the paste to a tubful of water. Bathe, then pat yourself dry—don't rub—so as to leave an invisible, soothing film on the skin. Instead of cornstarch you can use oatmeal and baking soda. Dissolve a cup of baking soda in the bath water. Place a couple of cups of cooked oatmeal in a cheesecloth bag, swish the bag around the tub and squeeze out the milky contents. Use the oatmeal bag as a sponge.

You can prepare a reasonable facsimile of a milk bath by thoroughly mixing cornstarch and a little liquid lanolin or mineral oil (or heavy cream, if you crave verisimilitude) with the bath water. Commercial preparations generally contain mixtures of lanolin, mucilage, perfume, mineral oil, and petroleum jelly. The oils they leave soothe dry skins.

Steam baths cause a lavish outflow of perspiration that "cleans deep" and is often beneficial. But don't expect steam to boil off any body fat. Actually, by raising



Around the turn of the century too-frequent bathing was considered unhealthy. Usually, hair was washed no oftener than once a month.

body temperature, a microscopic amount of fat can be made to disappear. But you'd need a jeweler's scales to detect it.

Bath salts smell good and some give off tickling little bubbles. In addition, many bath salts serve the more prosaic purpose of softening tap water, thus making it tolerable to sensitive skins, and of decreasing the stubbornness of the ring around the tub. "Reducing bath salts" that are supposed to melt off body fat are of the same nature as unicorns.

Mineral baths given at spas and hot springs benefit the patient, if they do, mostly because of enforced rest, relaxation, good diet and medical supervision, rather than because of any miraculous qualities of the water, most physicians believe. However, if you have a yen for a mineral bath, sprinkle epsom salts or coarse rock salt in the tub and you'll have bath water very similar to that of famous health resorts.

Shampoos. The modern shampoo is such an efficient cleanser that virtually all the oil on hair is removed with the dirt. Women with very dry scalps should restore some of this oil after shampooing, unless the preparation used provides oil. Proper drying is important. Hair is weak when wet. Do not rub wet hair briskly with a towel. Dry it with gentle heat, under the sun, or in a current of warm air from a hand dryer. Canopy-type beauty shop hair dryers must be regulated to avoid overheating that could injure hair by excessive drying, leaving it brittle.

Dull hair usually is the fault of hard water. Water can be softened by the addition of about one part of some good water-softening agent, such as Calgon, to 100 parts of water. Vinegar or lemon juice rinses do not make the hair softer, but their acidity helps the scalp retain its normal acid film.

THE END



1956

BATHING-SUIT BEAUTIES

PHOTO ESSAY BY GEORGE BARRIS

I wouldn't be caught dead in last year's bathing suit." At the exclusive yacht basins, clubs, and beaches in Miami, Florida, this is the attitude of the fashionable women on whom other women throughout the U. S. will keep their eye for the cue to what's new in water wear. Now that swim-suits are definitely a fashion item, Schiaparelli and other famous designers have gotten into the act. Business is booming to the tune of over \$200,000,000 a year, and makers are pulling out all the glamour stops.

Imported from France to decorate one suit are iridescent sequins. Other suits sport such startling details as a "fishtail" and brocade knit. Suits shown here, worn in Miami, range from \$8.95 to \$50. All are available at Burdine's, Miami, Florida.

BLACK VELVET "Temptation" (Catalina, \$29.95) is worn at the La Gorce Club by Carolyn Feimster, wife of insurance broker and tennis star, Conner J. Feimster. The suit's most intriguing feature, frivolous "fishtail" at back, can be tightened for snug fit by a jeweled plastic band.

FOR BARE individuality, underwater swimmer and beauty contest winner Carol Blake (right) swims at the Fountainbleau Hotel in a pink bikini decorated with black puff-balls (Bunny Yeager of Miami, \$8.95). This season the bikini is returning as high style in the United States.



FLATTERING neckline of wide elastic collar appears on this knitted swim-suit (Gantner of California, \$19.95) worn by Miss Delores Kipple, famous for her nonstop 210-mile water-skiing trip from Miami Beach to Nassau. An ideal suit for mobility in the water.



IN A CHINESE-INSPIRED, slit-skirted suit Jane Siegel, wife of fiberglass speed boat builder Arthur H. Siegel, suns herself at Bal Harbour Yacht Club. Suit is green-black-pink print on background of pale beige. Halter is detachable (Alix of Miami, \$14.75).





V-BACKED SHEATH worn by Mary Healy, Mrs. Peter Lind Hayes, for a swim with daughter Cathy at the Fountainbleau, is eye-catching from any angle. (By Ceeb of Miami, \$14.95).



ACTION SUIT (left) worn for a Racquet Club swim by Mrs. Gerry Hemmerdinger, here taking time out from cruising with her husband in their yacht "Gulfstream." Suit has knitted brocade trim (Jantzen, \$22.50).

SHIMMERING suit effect seen at the Racquet Club on Patricia Coogan, daughter of New York Polo Grounds owner Jay Coogan, comes from 4,000 rose sequins over white lastex. (Rose Marie Reid, \$50).



IN A JEWELLED collar sheath, Mrs. George B. Storer, Jr., relaxes at the Indian Creek Country Club and listens to WGBS, one of her husband's radio stations. Sheath can be worn minus collar. (Schiaparelli, \$29.95)



ULTRA-FEMININE bodice of rose-pink lotus petals adorns concert singer Bonnie Grevatt's suit (Alix of Miami, \$12.75) at the Racquet Club. Suit is shirred elastic cotton, petals are gleaming sateen. THE END





Marguerite Cato's
beauty is her reward
after years of
determined effort

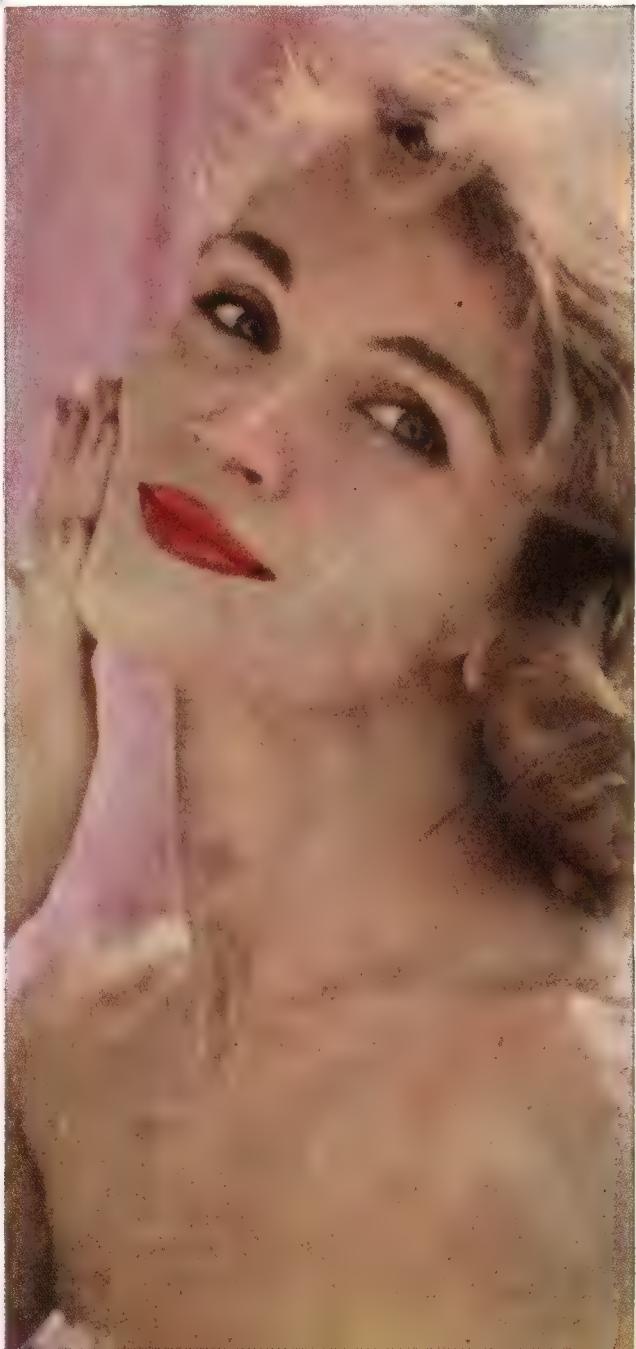
Duckling into Swan

PHOTO ESSAY BY KATHRYN ABBÉ

Marguerite Cato, married ten years, is the wife of a New York art director and mother of two children, four-year-old Eric and two-year-old Bettina. She does her own housework, buys few clothes, spends only average time on her looks. Yet she is a sought-after fashion model of indefinable beauty.

Years ago, in Evanston, Illinois, Marguerite was an undistinguished-looking girl with an oily problem skin. Of her beauty today she says, "Nobody puts anything in your lap. You have to try." So Marguerite began periodically to take stock of herself. Now she knows how to eat for health. She has learned how to change her make-up to go with her clothes, how to express herself in relation to the mood or atmosphere wherever she is. She will buy a good suit and wear it for six years because she has discovered how much a woman's beauty depends on being identified with her clothes—"It's more of me wrapped around me." She confines her modeling to two days a week so that she will have more time to spend with her children, who are "a joy nobody can bring back to me." Yet she keeps abreast of new beauty methods, and keeps her interest in art alive. To her, beauty means constantly "fitting new and better pieces of you into a harmonious whole."

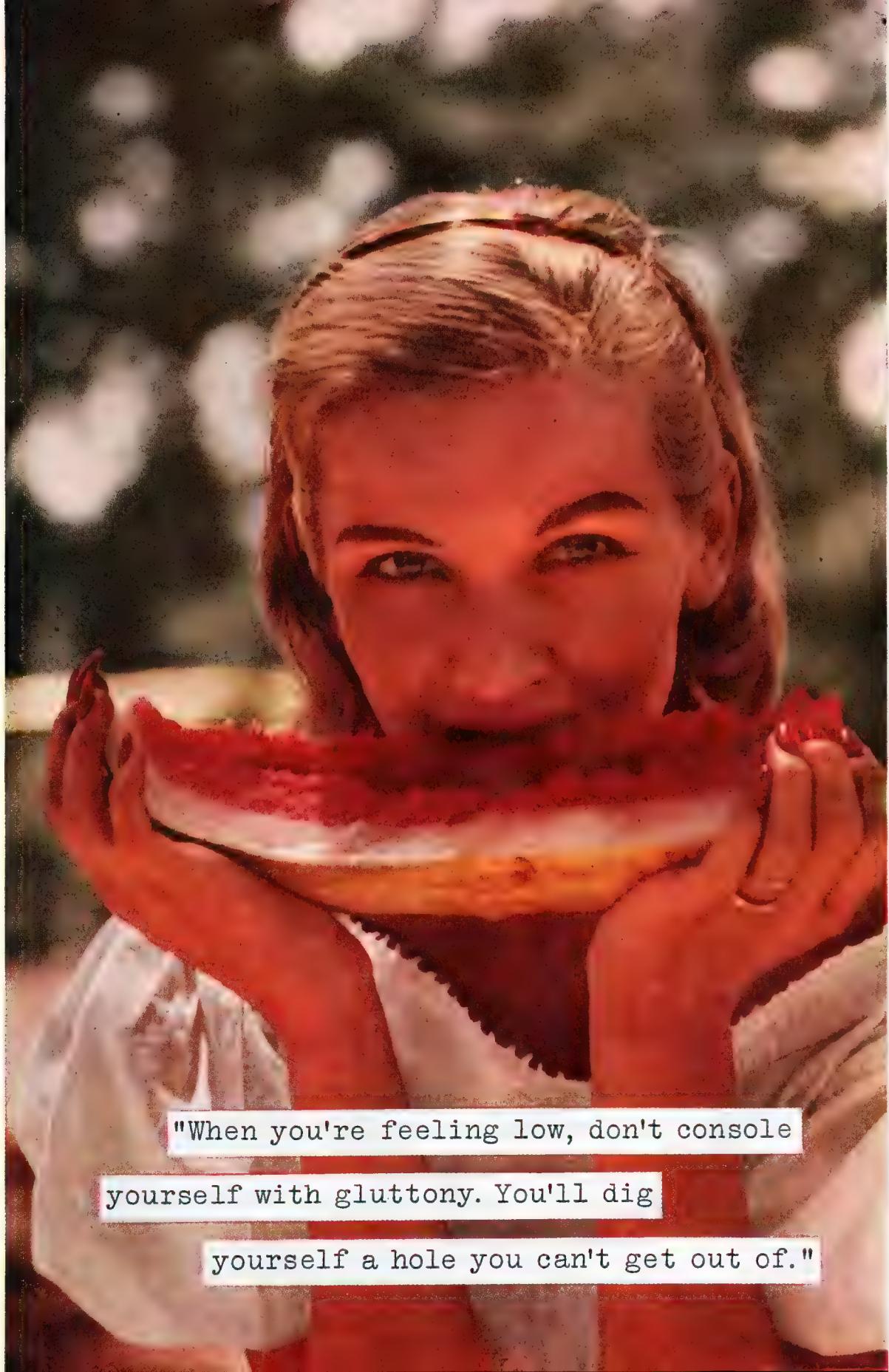
"Beauty may be in the eye
of the beholder but you
must help put it there."





"Keep in good health. It's the foundation

of beauty as well as of happiness."



"When you're feeling low, don't console
yourself with gluttony. You'll dig
yourself a hole you can't get out of."



"Marry for love. It
keeps the bitterness
out of your eyes."



"Enjoy your children; fulfilling

the purpose of your life

makes you truly beautiful."



"Learn proper
beauty secrets--
use them with
restraint."



"Enjoy every minute
you can get
alone. Take stock of
yourself often."



"Take advantage of new aids to fastidious cleanliness."

"Rest for sheer pleasure. Don't wait for exhaustion."





Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden – the Woman

Up to now rumor and legend have hidden the truth about the Canadian girl who turned a borrowed \$6,000 into a multimillion-dollar beauty empire. Here is the real Florence Nightingale Graham (Elizabeth Arden)

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

One day last spring a lady in the employ of Elizabeth Arden, the living legend who more than any other individual made beauty into a big business, was asked to describe her employer. After some deliberation, the lady handed over a scrap of pink paper on which was typed, in feminine italic script, this paragraph:

"Miss Arden is pure English and Scottish in coloring, neatly boned and slim-ankled . . . with the carriage of a young princess. She moves lightly and with that rare quality called grace. Her hands are slim, long-fingered and remarkably alive, very accomplished and strong. Her eyes are light, clear and hyacinth, capable now and then of a blue flash of lightning. Her smile is quick and very, very pretty when it comes. Her laugh is infectious, rather low in key. Her skin is enviable . . . she has kept it and made it so. Only babies and saints have such skin . . . clear, fine-grained, as pink and white and fresh as a small girl's after a nap."

Translated into mundane, workaday language, this means simply that Elizabeth Arden is some woman.

Indeed she is. No one, not even her niece, who lives with her, knows how old she is. The first Elizabeth Arden salon was established in Manhattan in the early 1900's, and from that fact one may deduce that she has been voting for some time. But in the Elizabeth Arden credo, there is no such thing as age.

Actually, as the accompanying Erwin Blumenfeld photograph attests, she looks around forty. She is a walking tribute to the effectiveness of her treatments

and preparations, and is her own best advertisement, for she has the energy, vitality, and a good deal of the charm of a girl in her mid-twenties.

"When Miss Arden comes to town for three days and I have to follow her around," says a young associate, "it takes me a full week to recover."

A Global Institution

During the past half-century, Miss Arden has channeled most of her fearfully intense efforts into the building of an empire which is world-wide in scope and she is pulsating with impatience to set up branches on the rest of the solar planets. It is singly owned, and because Miss Arden plays her cards close to her firm, youthful-appearing chest, nobody—not even her chief lieutenants—can say how much it grosses.

Eighteen years ago, in a *Fortune* article (which she disliked, as she dislikes most attempts to get beneath her foundation cream), her annual take was reported as \$4,000,000, and it was stated that "she has probably *earned* more money than any other businesswoman in U.S. history."

Currently, there are Elizabeth Arden salons in ten U.S. cities and in London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Stockholm, Algiers, Cape Town, Singapore and fifteen other foreign cities. Elizabeth Arden products are offered for sale in around three thousand stores in the United States, each one carefully selected for its appeal to discriminating women—selected by Miss Arden herself, who often pops into one store or another without warning to make

sure that sales are proceeding according to her exacting specifications. The products are made in more than twenty-five plants scattered from here to Malaya. Heinrich Harrer, the adventurer who spent half a dozen years in Tibet, once wrote that it was possible to buy Elizabeth Arden products in Lhasa. This intelligence came as no surprise to her staff, who maintain proudly, "Elizabeth Arden is *everywhere*."

It often seems that way to those who work for her, for her knowledge of the details of her global enterprises is minute and almost supernatural. Moreover, she expects everyone who works for her to know everything she knows.

"How much did the elevator cost?" she suddenly demanded one day of a member of the New York staff.

"What elevator?" he asked, bewildered.

"The one in the Zurich salon," said Miss Arden. "You ought to *know* those things."

Proper Tempo for Treatment

Within the next two or three seconds, Miss Arden herself remembered the price—as she recalls, and retains every scrap of knowledge she gains through conversation or experience. Once, passing a closed door in one of her salons, she stopped a moment to listen to the sticky sound of an attendant's fingers slapping and spreading an Elizabeth Arden unguent on a client's face. Without opening the door, she said, "She's applying it improperly. She hasn't got the rhythm." Then she darted inside and showed the startled employee how to do it right.

Elizabeth Arden (continued)



"I KNOW BEAUTIFUL women and I know beautiful horses." Owner of top money-winning horses, Miss Arden guessed right on her horse "Jet Action," who, with Willie Shoemaker up, won the Washington Park Handicap and its \$100,000 bonus. Sticking to her famous beauty principles, Miss Arden insists that her horses' legs be massaged for twenty minutes before a race, and for an hour after.

Miss Arden devised virtually all of the Elizabeth Arden beauty treatments, and feels strongly that they ought to be executed only as originally conceived. She no longer administers these treatments often—except, of course, to herself daily—but when she does give one of her rare demonstrations to her executives or to a class of trainees who will ultimately go out and spread the gospel (and the goo), the reaction of her audience is similar to that which might result if Maestro Toscanini returned from retirement to conduct a rehearsal of a symphony. At a sales meeting last year, using her sister as the subject, she showed how to apply a new preparation. Her performance left her viewers limp with admiration. "It was a genuinely thrilling experience to watch her work," one said later, reverently.

Miss Arden's own distinctive touch and stamp are on every Elizabeth Arden salon, every treatment, every product, every box, every wrapping, every ribbon: "I've seen her spend half a morning," says a lady executive, "working on a tiny detail

until it's precisely right." She mixes every new Arden color, usually at the cluttered desk in her seven- by twelve-foot office, working and reworking pigments until she is entirely satisfied. Then she calls in her chemists and has a trial batch of the new product—a lipstick, nail enamel, or skin lotion—made up, after which she uses friends, chance acquaintances she meets on airplanes, and her staff as guinea pigs.

"It used to be that when you were invited to dinner at Elizabeth's house, she would smear you with some new preparation as soon as you were in the door," a friend says, affectionately. "Yet, she did it in such a winning way, you didn't mind. She was genuinely interested in what you thought about it."

Once she has devised a new shade, Miss Arden gives it a name, also of her sole choosing and usually something frothily feminine, such as Pink Pink, or Blue Blue. In merchandising the shade, she approves every scrap of copy, every advertising layout, and every package for the prod-

uct—and frequently drives advertising agency men and magazine editors crazy by changing her mind at the last split-second and substituting something new for a spread she previously approved.

Unlike some female executives who operate entirely upon that nebulous quality known as intuition and whose instructions to their staffs are vague generalities, Miss Arden's edicts are based upon a shrewd knowledge of the psychology of women and a practical, hardheaded grasp of what will appeal to them, and they are couched in definite, specific sentences that would turn a time-study expert green, or green green, with envy.

One recent afternoon she asked Hans Rödelheimer, her handbag and beauty box designer, to show her a new bag he had evolved while she was off in Madrid inspecting a recently opened salon.

Rödelheimer brought the bag, explaining that he had put it into production because the Arden salons had urgently needed a new number for the spring line. That was fine with Miss Arden, who encourages her people to take the initiative, but she still had a few suggestions.

"I saw this in Florida," she said. "A friend of mine had it and when I asked her where she got it, she said, 'In your Washington salon.'"

She gave Rödelheimer a look of gentle reproach. "It was naughty," she said softly, "not to have shown it to me." Then she took up the bag and examined it critically. "It should be bigger," she said. "These compacts should be larger, there should be a place for cigarettes—and a place for a pencil and a notebook. This change purse should be attached on a little string so it doesn't fall out. Otherwise, it's a darling bag."

Perfection and Then Some

Rödelheimer immediately scurried off to make the ordered changes. All Arden hired hands have developed the habit of scurrying. "Sometimes," says Wellington "Duke" Cross, a vice-president, "we won't know exactly what she's driving at, but we have to accept what she wants to do and try to carry it out, because we know she's right ninety-nine times out of a hundred." Cross recalls a time when she was developing some lipstick shades and asked the man who was then general manager what he liked best.

"They're all perfect," he said.

"I know they're perfect, damn it," said Miss Arden, "but they can always be better."

Carl Gardiner, Miss Arden's executive vice-president, accounts for this dedicated behavior as follows: "Miss Arden has put Elizabeth Arden on a pedestal. She invented her and she actually works for her, as though she were a real person." The fact rapidly becomes apparent to

those who meet the lady for the first time, for she sometimes refers to her manufactured *alter ego* as though she were flesh and blood: "What would Elizabeth Arden do in a situation like this?" she will ask, rhetorically.

Elizabeth Arden—the Name

She answers the question a hundred times a day, as she has been doing since that time in the dim past when she first acquired the name.

Miss Arden was born in Woodbridge, twenty miles north of Ontario, Canada, child of William Graham, a Scot who eloped with a lovely girl named Susan Pearce Tadd and went to Canada fired with the idea of carving a new life out of the land. William was a romantic, impractical man, his daughter recalls, and he found that the new world was not as easy to conquer as he had dreamed. But he was distinguished by a green thumb and a great love for horses, which he passed on to his daughter. He named her Florence Nightingale Graham.

The mother was the dominant influence in the family's life. She reared her brood of five with a firm and loving hand, singing them to sleep with old Scottish lullabies and making them learn Shakespeare in their waking hours. She had firm ideas on deportment and also on pure speech, and Elizabeth Arden remembers her saying, "My children can say 'damn' if they must, but if I catch them saying 'dang,' I'll box their ears!"

Evidently influenced by her given name, young Miss Graham left public school at eighteen to become an apprentice nurse in a Toronto Hospital. But she discovered that nursing was not enough—she not only wanted to make people well, she says today, but she wanted to make them beautiful. She plunged into a series of jobs—into a dentist's office (where she learned much about the bone and muscle structure of the face), into a truss manufacturing establishment (which she left after throwing a bag of money in the boss's face), and into a bank (where she learned that money must not be thrown in any direction). But she was not happy in any of those jobs, and after a flyer as a secretary in a real estate office, she decided that she ought (like her father) to try her luck in a new land. Accordingly, armed with little but courage and ambition, she went to New York, arriving there in 1908.

Beautiful women everywhere today ought to finger their necklaces in a prayer of thanks for that year whenever they look in their mirrors. Before the advent of Miss Arden, the manufacture of cosmetics and the sale of beauty treatments were about as prosperous as the moribund player-piano industry is today. Gentlewomen simply did not use cos-

metics, and visits to salons were all but unheard of, principally because salons were practically nonexistent. Women who tinted their lips and cheeks were as rare as women who smoked. Miss Graham, who had schooled herself assiduously in the demeanor of a lady, had roughly the impact upon feminine appearance that Henry Ford had upon transportation.

It was Miss Arden's conviction then, as it is now, that every woman can be beautiful if she knows how to take care of herself. She had learned something of the art of massage and exercise from her mother, and she determined to find out as much about cosmetics as was known in that day. Accordingly, she went to work for the London-owned salon of Eleanor Adair, a Fifth Avenue shop catering to ladies of refinement. She went in as a secretary and stayed two years, soaking up everything she could find out about the salon's inner workings and making notes on improvements and techniques she planned to try out later.

In 1910, the small, slight Canadian (she stands a pinch shorter than five feet four and weighs about as much as a twelve-year-old child) was ready to strike out for herself. With Elizabeth Hubbard she set up an establishment mainly for the purpose of giving beauty treatments. "It never occurred to me," she said years later, "that I might fail." The partnership did not last long; there was a squabble over payment of the rent, Miss Arden reached the landlord's office first and paid him, and Miss Hubbard moved out—taking her name with her.

A Combination of Titles

"Florence Nightingale Graham," Miss Arden felt, was somehow inappropriate for her salon; besides, she never had liked the name Florence because people insisted upon shortening it to "Flo." At the time she was reading a book called *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, and she also liked Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*. She wrote "Elizabeth Arden" on a piece

(continued)



AN ARDEN BELIEF: "Boredom will make you old." Charity-minded, and an animal lover since childhood, Miss Arden gets together with famous poodle, "Koko" McGovern, to promote one of her many fund drives. Other methods of preventing boredom are collecting art and antique furniture, horse-racing, and expanding the cosmetics business into fashions from custom gowns to nightgowns.

Elizabeth Arden (continued)

of paper a few times, then addressed an envelope with it and mailed it to herself. When the letter arrived the next day, she found that she liked the look of the name even more. She adopted it immediately and is quite accustomed to answering to it today, although she never made the change legal.

Miss Arden was the first of the big-name beauticians to hire topflight interior decorators to do her salons, and so it was only natural that most of the \$6,900 she borrowed from a cousin to start her business should have been spent on furnishings and trimmings. That loan was the only financing she required. Four months later she had paid it back in full, and within five years she had moved into a new salon on Fifth Avenue, had opened a branch in Washington, D. C., and had begun wholesale distribution of her preparations. But she continued to emphasize treatments, teaching her clients that continual rubbing, patting and laying on of expert hands would bring blood to the tiny vessels just under the skin and thereby add tone. Also, she invented a series of exercises designed to

take off flabbiness and smooth out wrinkles.

To some of her friends who have never seen her in action in her office, Miss Arden's instantaneous, continuing success is baffling. Outside, enjoying herself, she almost never speaks above a whisper and seems relatively shy, punctuating her speech with fluttering gestures and occasional seemingly helpless sighs. At work she removes her off-duty personality as quickly as an overweight client can remove her girdle after a few Elizabeth Arden treatments, and in seconds she is equipped with the drive that might result if scientists learned how to imprison nuclear power in capsules for human consumption.

Only Time Out for Tea

It would take a psychoanalyst a long time to discover the inner sources of this drive. What is most important—to Miss Arden, at least—is that it has always existed. In the early days she would give treatments and advice and sell products all day long and well into each evening, pausing only for a sip of tea on the run.

Before long her branches burgeoned into new branches. In 1915 she became a citizen by marrying Thomas J. Lewis, who in 1918 became her general manager. They remained together until 1934, after which she married Michael Eylanoff, a Russian, whom she also later divorced. She is childless, which is plausible; as a friend once said, "When would she have found time?"

The business continued to grow and grow and grow, but apparently even it was not enough of an outlet for her. In the early thirties she had begun going to Maine to visit a friend, Elisabeth Marbury, who lived on a farm—and after a while Miss Arden bought an adjoining farm and began raising horses. She named the farm Maine Chance, a name she liked so well that later, when she was in the horse business in earnest and moved to the horse country around Lexington, Kentucky, she also moved the name (the original Maine Chance in Maine is now a salon where well-to-do women go for rest and rejuvenation at a weekly rate of around \$500; there is a sister establishment in Arizona somewhat incongruously called Arizona Maine Chance).

The hobby is still a hobby, but under Miss Arden's relentless attentions it has flourished remarkably. Captain Boyd-Rochfort, trainer for Queen Elizabeth of England, last year declared that Maine Chance was the finest present-day stable he had seen in America. According to Harry G. Carstens, Miss Arden's racing agent, during the past ten years it has consistently ranked in the first ten stables listed in the American Racing Manual, the bible of followers of the running horse. Miss Arden's prize winnings, since 1946, have amounted to the staggering total of \$2,517,153.

Winner by a Red Nose

Thirteen Maine Chance horses have won prize money totaling more than \$100,000; one horse, Ace Admiral, won \$280,375; another, the famous Jet Pilot, won the 1947 Kentucky Derby (with Eric Guerin riding). Others have won such races as the Arlington Futurity, the Pimlico Futurity, and the Belmont Stakes. Unlike some stable owners, who get the race results on the radio, Miss Arden insists on being present whenever one of her horses is in an important race. Beforehand, she goes into the stall and talks to the horse in low, persuasive tones. Sometimes she kisses him. Bill Corum, the *New York Journal-American* sports writer, reported that when Miss Arden's Myrtle's Jet won the \$18,950 Columbian Handicap at Hialeah, she did it with a smear of lipstick from Miss Arden on her white nose.

Miss Arden does not merely cajole her



"I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER." Slightly tremulous, Miss Arden receives an honorary doctorate of laws at Syracuse University for "enriching American standards." Although Arden preparations are supposedly not available behind the Iron Curtain, reports of smuggling from neighboring countries and a brisk cosmetics bootlegging business indicates that no curtain is stopping the ladies.

horses. Corum has nominated her for "trainer of the year," because she is up nearly every morning before 6 A.M. to watch them breeze. "I feel," she says, "that they do better if they know I'm with them." Last April, when two of them were running at Bowie, a track located between Baltimore and Washington, pressing salon business in New York did not keep her from making several trips down to watch the horses train. She would leave New York late in the afternoon, get to Baltimore for dinner, go to bed, get up at 6 A.M. and go out to the track to check, pat and talk to her horses; then she would wing back to New York. Next afternoon she would go through the whole thing all over again.

On a Wing and Two Motors

To Miss Arden, there was nothing unusual about these flying trips. She has taken to commercial—and chartered—airplanes the way women have taken to her preparations. Airline reservations are continually held out for her, for while in New York she often decides, on the spur of the moment, to tear off to Kentucky, Florida, or one of her branch salons in this country and abroad. She sometimes laments whimsically that she wishes she could do something about weather conditions—and, much of the time, she *does* do something about them: when the commercial airlines won't fly and she wants to get somewhere, she charters a plane of her own. Her only demand is that the plane have wings and at least two motors, and she will fly in weather that would give a seasoned airline pilot the shakes. One rainy, windy day she hired a small plane to take her from New York to Saratoga. Before she had been aloft fifteen minutes, the wind ripped off the covering of one wing, and the plane was forced down in a field in Westchester County. Miss Arden was nettled only by the delay. She promptly chartered another craft and took off again.

When Miss Arden is not ticking off the 100,000-odd miles she travels each year, she lights briefly in one of four places—a suite in an exclusive Miami hotel, the farmhouse outside Lexington, a tiny stableside cottage at Belmont Park on Long Island, or a Fifth Avenue penthouse in New York. Except for the luxurious suite, all these residences bear the mark of her personality; they are done in soft pinks, blues, greens, and lavenders, and furnished not only with exquisite antiques but with a collection of paintings that includes originals by Mary Cassatt, Marie Laurencin, and the celebrated English portraitist Augustus John.

In whatever place she rests for even a day, myriads of flowers appear, because the very instant she arrives in town friends and business acquaintances who



A WOMAN IS ENTITLED to be the age she looks." Having expounded this encouraging philosophy in Elizabeth Arden salons from Toronto to Capetown, Miss Arden arrives with her sister, the Viscomtesse de Maublanc, at Madrid, to open her new salon. After Miss Arden's successful flyer into business in 80 per cent oriental Hawaii, one of her associates exclaimed, "She has the courage of a lion."

know of her passion for blossoms deluge her with everything from nosegays to large floral offerings that would not look inappropriate draped on one of her two-year-olds after a victory.

Miss Arden lives alone although her blonde, attractive niece, Patricia Young, the daughter of a brother, is a more or less permanent house-guest. Also she is sometimes visited by her own sister, Gladys Graham, more formally known as Madame la Viscomtesse de Maublanc, who is in charge of the Paris Elizabeth Arden salon.

Beauty Ambassador to World

Patricia Young and her aunt lead a quiet but active social life, attended by a superb cook and a staff of flawless servants. Their social universe embraces not only the world of beauty, but also the élite society of several continents. In England, her comings and goings are reported faithfully in the haughty *Tatler*. When

she opened her new salon in Madrid last January, it was virtually a state social event, attended by high governmental officials, by ex-King Umberto of Italy and other royalty-in-exile.

Thus it would appear that little Florence Nightingale Graham, from Woodbridge, Ontario, has achieved what every woman could well envy. She has unlimited money, power, friends, social position and an absorbing, even profitable hobby. She dresses in clothes designed by Count Ferdinando Sarmi, who is on her personal payroll. Yet there is something a bit wistful about the lovely lady, something that may well result from the fact that she does not have the one thing she has helped millions of women to acquire. She seldom speaks of it. But one day last spring, lunching with some acquaintances, she did let down her guard for a moment.

"If a woman has a nice, comfortable man," she said, "it can be a great help to her."

THE END



Popular "total push" takes all day, includes a low-calorie lunch. It will shuck off milady's old cocoon

What the Beauty Salon Can Do for You

Want to change the shape of your face? Streamline your figure? Drop a few years? Just step inside this portal

BY ELIZABETH HONOR

The young executive looked out of his Fifth Avenue office window and gaped as, across the street, an inconspicuous door opened and a lovely woman in a lace hat came out. "She went in there four hours ago, and now she looks ten years younger. What the Sam Hill do they do in there?"

Bewilderment like the executive's is not confined to men. In fact, many women don't know the half of what they can have done in a beauty salon. Few know that beyond the hair-styling, permanent, and manicure there stretches a mysterious vista. A woman plagued by what she considers her particular *bête noire*—be it

splitting fingernails, hippopotamus hips, a discolored neck, a drooping mouth—can rid herself of the greater part of her problem. What's more, she can uncover beauty she didn't know she had and learn how to keep that beauty through economical home care.

There are some effects she can't achieve

at home, it's true. Not least among them is the psychological boost one receives from a few hours of being pampered and feminine. Any local salon has its skilled specialists under whose expert hands you can blissfully relax. At some of the tonier Fifth Avenue salons—which charge about double what you pay at a local salon—the bliss is the same but the list of ways in which they make you more beautiful may be somewhat longer.

It's no longer straight Hollywood stuff, for example, to buy yourself a more becoming hairline. The beauty expert will analyze your face and, with one of the new quick and painless methods of electrolysis, turn your too-low hairline into a more attractive one. If you've always longed for a widow's peak, you can have that, too. Low-growing hair at the back of your neck can be whisked away so you can wear an up-swept hair-do without self-consciousness. Legs, arms, back, chin, cheeks, chest—all the potential problem spots—become permanently smooth and hairless. One salon clears an upper lip in fifteen minutes, at a cost of \$7.50.

For a treatment that will cost far less and will give you up to two weeks of freedom from hair, the operator will go to work on you with wax depilatories. She'll apply hot wax with a spoon and allow it to cool; when she rips it off, the hair will come with it. Or she may use cold wax and cover it with a towel, allowing the wax to adhere to the towel. When the towel is pulled away, your skin is gleaming and smooth. Or you may prefer "lip bleaching"—a delicate process that simply lightens the hair on your upper lip. This takes twenty minutes.

If you're willing to forego the skilled touch of the beauty salon and remove hair at home, you can buy a cake of depilatory wax at your drugstore for \$1.10. Or if your skin is sensitive, buy a cosmetic hair-remover now on the market which is especially good for removing facial hair.

Painless Pound-Removal

With your face and body now sleek, it's time to take a look at your figure. Beauty salons know that dieting alone isn't the answer to a beautiful figure—*where* you lose weight is more important than *how much* you lose. For the lady who hates exercise but wants to see pounds melt away, one famous salon offers a "Shake-away Chair" treatment—an electrically operated chair that adjusts to your body and shakes away your bulges. Afterwards the operator uses an electric vibrator to deep-massage you from head to toe. Then into the shower, and you come out glowing. It takes an hour, and the works will cost you \$5.

In another passive exercise, you stand up while a series of electrically driven rollers unrelentingly rolls off flabby thighs, under-arm weight, the bulge at your waist.

If you'd rather not even stand up, the

spot-reducing machine is for you. While you lie down, electrode pads are placed on your problem spots, and your muscles spasmodically contract and relax. A Fifth Avenue salon offers a half hour of this exercise followed by fifty minutes of Swedish massage. The cost of six such treatments is \$45.

You Shrink, Pride Swells

Should you want to lose your bulges at home, there's now a spot-reducing machine you can buy. Used for a half hour every day for a month, it's supposed to whittle two inches from your waist or hips if you are twenty pounds overweight, or as much as five inches if you are fifty pounds overweight. Less costly is a half hour a day of conscientious exercise chosen to fit your needs.

Doctors are beginning to send tense patients to beauty salons for the therapeutic value of relaxing under the soothing Swedish massage. Another tension reliever is the Scotch Hose, which plays a needle-sharp spray on your body from a distance of sixteen feet and sends you out pink and relaxed.

The psychological value of an attractive appearance is also being recognized by doctors. Some doctors and dermatologists send their patients to a salon's skin-care and make-up classes. So closely has beauty become allied with health that City College of New York offers an eight-week college extension course for women that sends them to one of the famous beauty salons in the city. There the pupils get into leotards for a workout in the exercise room, then go on to skin-care and make-up classes.

According to one beauty expert, facial beauty begins not with the face, but with the feet, where blood circulation is so important. In the newest of pedicures, one salon not only trims and polishes your toenails, but uses a stimulating foot vibrator that makes women purr like kittens. A warm oil is then massaged by hand into the skin up to the knee. The treatment takes about forty-five minutes, costs about \$4. Other salons feature a "Drop In" foot treatment for the footsore shopper. But if you rush home exhausted from your office, and want to look pretty for an evening date, one beauty expert recommends massaging your feet with olive oil, then giving them a stinging-hot, followed by an ice-cold, spray. The blood will course right up into your cheeks.

Fingertip-to-Toe Care

The bane of many women is their hands—skin rough and abraded, nails cracked. One salon gives you velvety hands in half an hour with an electric nail brush and a special warm oil treatment. For you who have allergies, there are nonallergic nail polishes. If you're self-conscious about ugly, breaking fingernails, the beauty salon can give you beautiful, gleaming nails in an hour. What's more, they'll stay that way for as long as three months, even though you may scrub dishes or spend your day at a typewriter. These are *not* false nails. In the process, a shiny paper is fitted under your broken nail, and both nail and paper are coated with plastic. When the paper is slipped away, the dried plastic has become an extension of your nail. The operator then files it down to suit



Chitchat and occasional self-indulgence are good for the psyche.



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Beauty Salons (continued)

*Electric rollers roll away your fat,
cracked fingernails become gleaming
smooth for months, and there's even a
"Magic Iron" to press out face wrinkles*

your whim. It will bend and grow out with your own nail, meanwhile strengthening it. It costs about \$2 a nail, or \$16.50 to have both hands done.

The less costly fingernail patch-up kits help keep nails from breaking. If you have nails that break easily, keep the kit at hand and learn to do emergency patch-up jobs skillfully.

Let's Face It

But whatever else can be said, a woman's most important feature is her face. Recognizing this, the luxury salons' make-up classes teach you how to get rid of skin problems, how to minimize facial flaws, how to conceal scars. You learn how to tone down less attractive features and emphasize your better features. You learn which make-up colors best highlight your skin. Some salons will even suggest plastic surgery if they feel it's advisable. No salon removes moles, but some recommend surgeons who will do so. For the adult skin pitted by adolescent acne, some salons recommend the still extremely new "dermabrasion" process—an expensive but effective way to baby-smooth skin.

Men wonder most about the magic of a "facial." Through what sorcery do fatigued lines vanish, under-eye puffs disappear, eyes become larger and more brilliant, mouths lovelier? All this magic starts in the darkened facial room, where you lie relaxed on a contour chair with your feet up. Earlier, you may have had your eyelashes and brows dyed as a unit (about \$4) to bring out the depth and brilliancy of your eyes. Now the skilled facial expert studies your skin for oiliness or dryness or a combination of both. Then she reaches unerringly to a table that contains enough egg masks, clay masks, skin stimulators, depilatory waxes, and make-up to outfit a pharmacy.

The gentle tapping, smoothing, and massaging starts. Your face tingles, you feel the circulation, your spine relaxes, your eyes are closed under pads dipped in soothing eye-lotion. Everything that is done to your face is done to your neck. Bleaching creams get rid of discoloration (for badly discolored skin you can get an hour-long bleach treatment for

about \$7.50); another cream firms your skin. In one of the fancier salons, even an electric "Magic Iron" is applied to iron out face wrinkles.

The final triumph comes with the artistry of make-up, always part of the facial. Usually it's a delicate porcelain finish. Over a liquid foundation goes powder gently pressed into your face. Liquid rouge blended with cream follows, then on goes the eyebrow pencil and perhaps a touch of eyeliner and eye shadow. Eyebrows are brushed to soften the line. Last comes lipstick applied with a lip-brush. All is done according to your skin coloring and the costume you're wearing. Let the operator know whether you're heading for daytime or evening festivities, and she'll make you up for either light. The cost ranges from about \$7.50 up, but when you look in the mirror you'll know it's worth it. The effect is terrific.

Just as much can be done for your hair as for your face. If your hair is exasperatingly naturally curly and goes up into Shirley Temple ringlets at the touch of sea air, the beauty salon will straighten it for you in half an hour. It will stay straight until you get a new growth. A half-head straightening, which gives you a smooth, shiny top but allows you to keep your curls at the ends, costs about \$12. Glossy hair can be yours via oil and an electric heat cap, even though yesterday you looked like a desert waif. If you're after lasting curl and luster, the latest thing is setting your hair with champagne. A salon that offers this gives you styling, shampoo, and set, all for \$7. You can even, in some expensive salons, get the marcel that was so popular in the 1920's. Should you be rushing from the office to a cocktail party, you can drop in to some salons for a "Dry Combing." They'll brush and arrange your windswept hair and add dressing, if necessary, for about \$2.50.

Try It for Color

As for hair coloring, the salon will whip up a custom-made color just for you. If you can't make up your mind what color you'd like, they will spray your dry hair with a temporary test col-

or; you can then examine the effect critically in the mirror and say Yes or No. If you're going to a masquerade and want to be a platinum blonde or a mahogany brunette for one night only, they can fix you up with a color which will wash out.

"It is important to adjust your beauty program to your occupation," says one beauty expert. "A woman who is free to spend the day at home can use a succession of creams on her face. A career woman needs something quick, efficient, and lasting. Schoolgirls need cleansing preparations, hygiene advice, and little beauty tricks."

Several salons now offer a complete "day of beauty." You arrive in the morning, get the salon doctor's checkup, then a half-hour of exercise tailored to your particular problems. Next, comes a half hour of roller massage, then the steam cabinet, then an hour of body massage, followed by a low-calorie lunch. A shampoo, hair restyling and set follow, then a manicure and pedicure. A facial winds up the deal. This costs you \$32.50. Or you can try a half-day treatment at \$17.50. Either way, you feel like a queen and look like one.

Beauty in Your Own Parlor

If you want to do your beautifying at home and feel you won't miss the glamour of a salon, you can buy almost all the necessities and duplicate almost all the processes of the salons. What you can't buy are the specialists' skills, though these, too, will come if you're willing to contribute plenty of hours of practice. For facials, buy prepared facial masks, or, in a pinch, mix thirty cents' worth of fuller's earth with witch hazel. You can buy creams you'll bless if you ever suffer from blackheads, whiteheads, oily skin, dry skin, or sluggish circulation. You can invest in a creamy stick for concealing blemishes or camouflaging freckles. Not only face, but body smoothness is important. Try a body oil in your bath, and bath-salts for an elusive scent. Step in, and relax. Then rub a ten-cent pumice stone on elbows, knees, and heels, to get rid of rough, dried skin. Scrub your toes and toenails with a stiff nail brush.

The best time to give yourself a pedicure is right after your bath, when your cuticle is soft. Weave a facial tissue between your toes before applying polish. For hand stains or a dark-looking neck, buy a special bleaching cream or rub thoroughly and conscientiously with a lemon.

For clear eyes, keep eye-drops on tap or wash your eyes regularly with a boric acid solution; either will renew moisture to dried-out mucous membranes and wash away dust and grit. We know one

airline pilot who swears by a famous beauty company's eye-drops.

For the stimulating luxury of a massage, you can buy an inexpensive vibrator that fits over your hand and is regulated by your hand pressure. Use it all over your body (except breasts), and don't forget to use it in your pedicure.

That Cared-for Look

It's no secret that regular care gives you a smooth, well-tended look. You can actually keep your skin lubricated and stimulated by creaming and massaging it gently for only five minutes a day. And twenty minutes, say dermatologists, is enough to absorb *any* cream. Give your hands the same treatment, and they'll repay you with a satin-smooth finish. Get out that depilatory wax or cosmetic hair-remover every ten days—it takes less than ten minutes to get rid of chin and upper-lip fuzziness. If you're worried about frown lines between your eyes, your drugstore will furnish you with the stiff triangles of paper which, worn during the night, will erase these lines. For refreshing top-to-toe circulation, spend fifteen minutes a day in the Hollywood slant—lean an ironing board against a wall and lie down for ten to thirty minutes with your legs propped up against it.

Don't wait for a special date to begin practicing your skill with make-up. Practice using a lipstick brush on the back of your hand, where your skin has as much give as your lips. Test and explore. Become an expert at putting on the ultimate in glamour—false eyelashes. For lovely eyes use an eyebrow pencil or eyeliner. Keep your eyebrow pencil sharp; before using it, run it over a hot light bulb to soften it. When you give yourself a manicure, don't rush it; and when you polish your nails be sure not to tip the bottle or you'll end up with air bubbles that make blisters.

Above all, don't be afraid to experiment. Try something new, like beauty patches, or give yourself a beauty patch using an eyebrow pencil. Try something ancient, like Egyptian kohl, now being rediscovered as a great beauty artifice.

What about your teeth? It's true that in some European beauty salons you can have your teeth painted with enamel and your gums tinted a presumably delectable pink. So far, United States federal law frowns on this one. The best thing to do with your teeth is to take care of them.

Whatever you do for health and beauty, whether at a beauty salon or at home, results become evident after an amazingly short time. When more masculine eyes start following you, you'll know the happy effect—and not your slip—is showing. It will do wonders for your ego.

THE END



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The Tragedy of Young-Girl Suicides

They're attractive. They're well-to-do. They have doting parents and they're popular with boys. Yet last year five hundred of these girls killed themselves for reasons that psychologists are only now discovering

BY ALDOUS McMANN

It's difficult to believe that an attractive, seemingly happy, normal girl will, with no warning, suddenly kill herself, leaving behind a family that is bewildered as well as heartbroken. "Why?" ask the grieving parents.

Yet between last Labor Day and Thanksgiving, one hundred girls from fifteen to thirty, in their years of brightest promise and fullest hope, voluntarily ended their lives. Many had preceded them during the year, and more were to follow; all told, by the time the new year arrived five hundred girl suicides had decided not to wait. Some left unwitting clues to their motives; others left explanations inadequate to explain such a desperate act.

Typical of such inadequate explanations is the note left by attractive, twenty-three-year-old Betty Harden, a New York advertising man's private secretary, who on April 4th of this year walked into a hospital, unwrapped a shotgun, and shot herself through the head. "Dear Mummy," read her note in part, "do not try to find out why, please don't search your soul in an effort to reason why. Just keep on loving me."

But college deans, psychiatrists, and others have been trying to "reason why"—and they are beginning to find answers. They lay much of the blame at the door of increasing pressures in today's society. A girl doesn't kill herself for the motives taken for granted a decade ago, but because of pressures that too often aren't apparent to friends or parents—or to the girl herself—until too late.

Who are these women? Why are they moved to such an unalterable act?

Are they poor and downtrodden? No. Of the five hundred who last year took

their own lives, hardly a handful had serious financial problems, and even they were eligible for both public and private aid. Most had jobs, or husbands to support them. Several had inherited money and others had wealthy parents.

Are they unattractive and unpopular? No, they are not. More than half of all last year's suicides in the under-thirty group were attractive enough to find husbands. Among the unmarried, many had dates and beaux to spare.

Are they members of oppressed minorities? Most certainly not. Suicide is extremely rare among Negroes and is just as uncommon among New York's hard-pressed Puerto Rican population. Those who take their lives are predominantly Caucasians, members of the white-collar class and of major religious groups.

Five Hundred Chose Oblivion

Are they pregnant? The unmarried mother appears to the casual observer a likely candidate for self-destruction. But a girl in this predicament seldom takes her life. A survey of Boston City Hospital indicated that of 620 women admitted in a twenty-year period for non-fatal injuries and poisonings resulting from suicide attempts, only four were unmarried mothers-to-be. "A pregnant woman doesn't kill herself," says Dr. Mary S. Calderone, medical director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc. "In a sense the will to live seems to be strengthened by the primordial instinct to protect the life of the unborn child."

Are they mental cases? A few, yes, but certainly not the majority. The Boston City Hospital study showed that only 6.6 per cent of those admitted after suicide

attempts were so seriously disturbed that they were quickly recognized as psychotics. In New York, the Save-A-Life League, an organization dedicated entirely to the prevention of self-destruction, reports that less than one-third of the thousand men and women who seek help each year are out of touch with reality. The others have severe problems. They suffer from terrible emotional distress and anxiety. But they are not insane.

"You might say that part of their personality is sick," explains Dr. E. Alden Ellison, a psychiatrist who serves as consultant to the Save-A-Life League.

Just how black and desolate this sickness of the personality can be is almost impossible for the average human to imagine. We can comprehend in part the suicide of an elderly person faced with a lingering, incurable disease, or of a respected businessman about to be exposed as an embezzler. But when the circumstances are less compelling and the victim young, suicide stuns us, because most of us find life too precious to surrender even a single second of our brief, allotted time.

Yet on the Thursday before last Thanksgiving, according to newspaper reports, Elizabeth Huston, attractive twenty-two-year-old daughter of a former United States diplomat, returned to her family's home on the fashionable east side of Manhattan from her second date with an escort she had recently met. She took off her date dress, put on black and green pajamas, climbed to the top floor of the house, and hanged herself with the rope used to open the skylight. Her left wrist was slashed. She left no note.

Three weeks earlier, thirty-one-year-old Lucia Chase Taft, niece of the late Senator Robert Taft, died of a self-inflicted

knife wound at her home in Cincinnati. In September, a twenty-six-year-old nurse fatally shot herself in Boston. Also in September Mary H. Merkle, twenty-three-year-old daughter of a prominent Shaker Heights family, jumped from a twenty-first-floor room of the Hotel Biltmore. As she crashed through the glass roof of the Palm Court near the famed Biltmore clock, her death plunge injured eleven people. Her parents conceded that Mary had been despondent.

Human Ties Did Not Deter

At almost the same time in Spring Arbor, Michigan, Mrs. Catherine Hagey, twenty-three-year-old mother of three, ended her life with carbon monoxide in the family car. "Maybe she was just tired of dishes and diapers," commented her husband, a missionary student who had forbidden her to wear lipstick, go to movies, or watch television.

How impenetrable and hideous, then, must be the blackness that envelops a woman in the full buoyancy of youth—a girl just home from a dance, a mother right after tucking in her children—who deliberately chooses death. She is not deterred by thoughts of grieving parents and friends. Neither is she stayed by worry over who will get the next meal for her babies. In the sickness of her spirit she is so utterly and forlornly isolated from her fellow creatures that ordinary ties of love, duty, need, human warmth, even God, are drained of meaning for her.

To try to understand the anguished mind of a young suicide, I talked to psychiatrists, ministers, guidance counselors, college deans, parents, and young women themselves. Many of those consulted asked not to be identified by name, for school personnel are sensitive to the linking of suicide with their institutions. From the cases they cited and the hidden motives they uncovered, it is possible for all of us to gain insight into what lies behind the frightful tragedy of self-destruction.

Let's take first the case of Helen J., a pretty, lively blonde sophomore of nineteen whose friends still can't believe she hanged herself in her dormitory room at a small Midwestern college.

"Her latest grades weren't very good," her roommate told a reporter. "I guess she was afraid she would flunk out."

"She had no reason at all," her mother lamented. "We gave her everything."

But to the dean of women, a gray-haired woman in her fifties, Helen's death, though a shock, was not a total surprise. The dean had sent for the girl a few weeks earlier when her grades had begun to go downhill. At first Helen had denied that anything was wrong. But slowly her story came out. The eldest of three sisters, she had been particularly attached to her father. His death from heart trouble when she was fifteen deeply

disturbed her. She ran a high fever and was sick for many weeks.

Even after she recovered, she was haunted by the feeling that she had been responsible for his death. She had gone to a party the last night of his life, and had overstayed her usual curfew; he had waited up for her until 2:30 in the morning. Had the waiting been too much of a strain? Helen asked herself the question over and over. But she botted up her worries and never discussed them with anyone.

A year ago her mother remarried. Her

the college during a heavy snowstorm. Her stepfather had a very bad cold. You can imagine how distressed they were. But they took it well and agreed that Helen should have whatever treatment was needed. The psychiatrist thought it best for the girl to stay on in school."

A few days later, without thinking of what the words might mean to the troubled girl, her mother mentioned in a letter that her husband's cold was worse and he was in bed with a fever. Helen went to the dean with the letter, so distraught she could hardly speak.

"Look what I've done to him," she cried. "It's my fault again. He went out in the storm because of me."

The dean calmed Helen and arranged for her to see the psychiatrist that very afternoon. She sent another student with her to her room and phoned the nurse to stay with Helen until time for her doctor's appointment. But before the nurse arrived, Helen eluded the other student and took her own life.

To most people, it looked like the pressure of study. To the few who knew, it was clear that the poor grades were only incidental to Helen's emotional turmoil and her inability over the years to air her pent-up guilt feelings and get them straightened out.

Perhaps the next time you hear that a young woman has killed herself because she flunked algebra or didn't make Radcliffe, you'll remember this statement of Louis I. Dublin, former chief statistician for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company: "Even adversity does not drive a person to suicide unless he is already harassed by a serious emotional conflict."

Here, at least, is a comforting note, for it explains why, of the thousands of girls who get failing grades, are crossed in love, fired from jobs, or embittered by their husbands' lack of success, only a handful try suicide. Those with healthy personalities withstand misfortune. Those weakened by inner discord are tempted to reach for sleeping pills or a gas jet.

Troubled Teens and Twenties

But why is inner discord so widespread in the under-thirty female group?

Simply because young women today are beset by such a barrage of conflicts and emotional tensions that few of them escape some psychological scarring.

"In the teens, biological drives are strong and often hard to direct," Dr. Ellison explains. "A little later there is a push to sever family ties, then the search for a mate, the need to adapt to a job. After marriage, there are often frustrations and unrest in adjusting to husband, children, community. In the later twenties a feeling of disillusionment sometimes sets in because cherished dreams have not come true."

The pressures take their toll. The American Mental Health Foundation,



MIROSLAVA STERN'S father said his twenty-five-year-old daughter had been sad and nervous for a week before she killed herself with poison.

stepfather, devoted to his new daughters, was especially eager for the girls to do well in school. Helen had always found science difficult. Despite her stepfather's coaching on weekends, she got a poor grade in zoology. His keen disappointment greatly upset her. Her old sense of guilt about her father's death returned in full force. She had trouble sleeping, couldn't concentrate. She did badly in all her mid-year exams. When her mother and stepfather asked why her work had slipped, she blew up and screamed at them to leave her alone.

She Atoned for Imagined Guilt

Right after that the dean began talking to Helen. "I knew immediately," the dean said afterwards, "that this girl was deeply disturbed. I sent her to our psychologist for testing. The report was not good. The psychologist urged psychiatric help without delay. At this point I called her parents. They drove up to

Young-Girl Suicides (continued)

Inc., recently released the figures compiled in a study of 6,238 persons who had applied to the Foundation, a nonprofit research institute, for help. Among the applicants, women between sixteen and thirty-one with emotional problems outnumbered men in the same age group by more than two to one. They also outnumbered women of all other ages in the same proportion.

What Mrs. Dorothy V. N. Brooks, dean of women at Cornell University, refers to as "the role conflict of American women" plays an important part here. It brings up these questions: What is a woman's place today? Where does her education take her? How can she find peace and contentment in the feminine pattern?

A twenty-year-old Texas coed was mystified by the suicide attempt of a sorority sister who tried to take her life when her date didn't appear to take her to the movies. After further thought, however, she made these observations:

"I don't believe that being stood up had much to do with Marge's attempt. It was just the trigger that set her off. Now that I think about it, I wonder why more of us don't take the same tailspin.

The Ragged Edge of Nothing

"Look at the way we all live. Sitting up half the night talking about boys, life, religion, marriage. Rushing around on dates every weekend. Cramping for exams. Battling with our folks about new clothes, going steady, money.

"Some of us have jobs, too. Many don't have the comfort of religion and belief in God to fall back on. I haven't even mentioned atom bombs and sex. You can see we're all living on the ragged edge of nothing. We get away with it only because we're young and healthy. And for a few of us, like Margie, it's too much."

Guidance counselors at high schools and colleges are acutely aware of the pressures that pile up on young women. They can't eliminate all of them, for that would mean turning off the twentieth century. They can, however, help a young woman adjust better to herself and her school. They can assist parents to understand their children's emotional needs.

Now let's consider the young wife whose thoughts run to self-destruction. She may have as obvious a reason for despair as the Michigan mother, felled by carbon monoxide, whose ruthlessly devout husband kept her chained to drudgery and forbade even TV. Or she may have less apparent problems, like Pauline K., of California, who was pushed into marriage by an ambitious, widowed mother. Pauline had always done exactly what her mother wanted her to do, and when her mother urged her to marry Greg, irresponsible son of a wealthy family, she acquiesced. Greg sup-

ported her in style and even gave her mother an allowance. Then Pauline found that he was running around with other women and wanted to divorce him. Her mother argued against a divorce, for her own financial security was at stake. Caught between a mother who cared only for money and a husband who was chronically unfaithful, Pauline at twenty-seven took the sleeping pill way out.

Knowing the inside story of Pauline's marriage helps us understand the situation in part. But there are still unanswered questions. Why didn't she leave her husband in spite of her mother? Why didn't she consult a marriage counselor or minister? Why didn't she seek emotional satisfaction in volunteer work or a job? Suicide was the least desirable of all alternatives. Why did she choose it?

Crime and Punishment Combined

Here we come to the unseen, interior drama of the suicide, described most clearly by Dr. Karl Menninger of the famed Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas. In Dr. Menninger's view, which is widely shared by psychiatrists today, there are at work within every suicide three basic wishes: (1) the wish to kill someone (2) the wish to be killed, and (3) the wish to die.

Suicide, in this light, appears to be not a feeble act of cowardice, but one of hostility or aggression turned in upon itself. The suicide wants to murder someone. He performs this murder symbolically by taking his own life. His self-inflicted death is also punishment for the forbidden murder wish.

Applied to Pauline, this analysis underlines the hostility between mother and daughter. Although Pauline obeyed her mother, she hated her bossing ways. In her anger she often wished her mother dead. But her feelings of guilt following such wishes were unbearable. When the husband her mother insisted she choose failed her, her fury toward her mother reached the explosive point and so did her sense of guilt. Suicide then was an inviting solution because it punished both her mother and herself.

Now we know at least a little of what goes on behind the grim statistics. By acting on this knowledge, you may be able to help reduce the frightful waste of young lives. You can:

1. Try to keep young people's activities in healthy balance. A girl worn to a frazzle by too much dating, too much studying, too much reducing, too little sleep, is headed for nervous collapse.

2. Watch for symptoms of poor emotional health—extreme moodiness, withdrawal from friends and usual activities, loss of interest in school work, morbid talk. Suggest a conference with guidance personnel, family doctor, or minister.

3. Cooperate with guidance counselors when they call your attention to a problem confronting your daughter. A college dean pleaded with a mother to get psychiatric help for her seventeen-year-old daughter, who showed strong suicidal tendencies. The mother angrily rejected the suggestion. "Judith is just going through a stage," she declared. Three weeks later Judith's body was brought up from the bottom of the campus lake.

4. Get professional help if a girl talks of doing away with herself. It is not true that those who threaten suicide never try it. The threat is often a plea for someone to stop them. But don't try to handle such an explosive situation yourself.

5. Prevent your daughter from getting into an isolated position in a strange city where she has no one to turn to if overwhelmed by loneliness and pressures. Mr. Harry M. Warren, president of the Save-A-Life League, has talked many young career women out of suicidal moods when jobs folded, money ran out, and a sense of aloneness engulfed them. If you have no friends in the distant city, ask a minister or high school principal to write to a colleague to whom the girl can turn for advice.

6. Respect your doctor's caution in protecting a girl who is deeply disturbed from her own self-destructive impulses. Families are often overencouraged when a patient seems to respond well to treatment. They want to take her home or discontinue therapy prematurely, often at the worst possible moment. The husband of a woman who had been hospitalized for extreme depression begged the doctor to release her so that she could celebrate her birthday with her family. The doctor refused, but the husband drove her home anyway. The party seemed to be a success, until the girl, without warning, ran across the room, and threw herself out of a seventh-floor window.

Faith in God Sets Value on Life

7. Remember that the single greatest deterrent to those inclined toward suicide is religious faith and belief in God. Guidance counselors can apply their skill, psychiatrists administer the most up-to-date treatments, family and dear ones redouble their tender, loving attentions.

But "What, in the last analysis, is required," asks Dr. John Bonnell, minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, "but a strengthening of the will to live? No factor can more powerfully establish the will to live than faith in God. I have never known a person to commit suicide who believed there was somebody who truly and deeply loved him. Even if one loses all contacts in the way of human love, the sense of God's love sets value on life and gives strength to the will to live."

THE END



Fiction Festival

The Short Unhappy Youth of Rodger Kent . . . 82

by CHARLES BONNER A young man with woman trouble

The Final Payment . . . 85

by JOSEPHINE BENTHAM Della earns the greatest gift of all

Always a Best Man . . . 88

by WILLARD TEMPLE The honeymoon plans broke his heart

Yesterday's Heart . . . 92

by ELLIOTT CHAZE The first love to flower is the last to fade

The Freeloader . . . 94

by JOHN KEASLER Here's to delegate Blaine, expert-at-large

When the Picture Tube Went Out . . . 98

by WILLIAM IVERSEN Life's a risky substitute for television

The Bog . . . 103

by GEORGE LOVERIDGE Why a godly man chooses to kill

The Man in the Net . . . 110

by PATRICK QUENTIN With skillful spite his missing wife had trapped him in a web of murder. A complete mystery novel

Illustrated by Alex Ross



AT THE SOUND OF HER VOICE, SOFT AND SULTRY, HIS HEARTBEATS ALMOST SHOOK THE RECEIVER.

The Short Unhappy Youth of Rodger Kent

HE WAS SEVENTEEN AND HAD A LOVE PROBLEM. HIS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL MOTHER HAD A LOVE PROBLEM TOO IT WAS A CHOICE BETWEEN SACRED AND ILLICIT LOVE THAT EACH HAD TO HELP THE OTHER TO MAKE

BY CHARLES BONNER

He was a long young man with a cowlick. When he sat at the little telephone table in the hall, as he did now, his knees prevented his elbows from leaning on the top comfortably. The cowlick prevented him from brushing his golden oak hair as flat as he would have liked to. His body was full of the rambling inconvenience of late seventeen.

Rodger Kent sat now, his legs yawed around the sides of the table, his elbows in his lap, the receiver clamped to his ear, listening to the buzzing of the open line. He stared mentally at two numbers. No need to look them up in the book. For months he had known them by heart. But he did not dial. The problem was: which one?

He put the receiver into its cradle, got up and closed the door. Upstairs his mother was resting. He was quite sure she did not want to listen to his conversation. She wasn't that sort of a mom. But he did not want to disturb her preparation for the annual Senior Dinner and Ball at the country club that night. He and all the unmarrieds were excluded. That was why he was thinking of his own arrangements. Mom had said he could have the car, for she was going with Mark Duncan, Dad being out of town. Mr. Duncan was an all right sort of man, though not necessarily the one you would choose to call Uncle Mark, as Mom wished.

He came back to the telephone, seated himself, and made another try. Gloria Granger or Jean Whitestone? His finger suddenly darted, and his heart beat a little faster as he dialed Gloria's number. This might be it. The last drive had

been promising. Gloria was exciting. She had rich, shoulder-length mahogany hair, green eyes as misty as the fog lamps of an automobile, and a voice as sultry as the wind in the willows. Also she had a career in a decorating shop and lived with another girl in a flat he had never seen. He wanted considerably to see it. There was something about a girl living away from her family . . .

He spun the final number and the buzzing started in Gloria's apartment across the city. The very idea sent a tingle down his spine. He could imagine the place, cosy and feminine, with a sofa that made up into a bed at night, and a little gate-legged table on which Gloria served dinner, and soft lights with parchment shades.

On that last drive, after they had parked and sat watching the glow of the red sun on the ocean for what seemed like hours, he had kissed Gloria. She hadn't minded. Her lips had been soft and responsive. But when he had pulled away, his heart beating tremendously with the sweet pain of her touch and with the knowledge that he was a man, she had laughed a little. Not mockingly, but in a mysterious way as if she had a secret he did not know. Of course she had, and that was what gave him such anguish on those long nights when he could not sleep.

"You kid," she said, running her fingers under his chin. "You sweet kid."

This came up occasionally.

"Don't be so infernally patronizing," he said. "You're only a year older, and everybody says I'm mature for my age.

Maturity isn't a chronological matter." "A what?"

"See what I mean?" he grinned. "You're a case of arrested development—arrested until I could catch up."

"You're still a sweet kid," Gloria said. "You know what? Some evening when Betty is out, I'm going to ask you up for dinner. We could play some records."

Remembering this, Rodger's heart raced again. This might be the evening.

The doorbell upset these calculations, just as Rodger heard the receiver being lifted in the apartment on the other side of town. He hesitated a moment and then, with unadmitted relief, dropped his own receiver into the cradle.

Slowly mounting the stairs, Rodger had a curious temptation to open the yellow envelope. It was a foolish temptation because his mother would undoubtedly pass him the message to read. They had no secrets; they were very close.

"Mrs. Frederick Kent," the envelope read. That was his father's name, Frederick Kent. He would be home tomorrow and, when Rodger thought of this, he felt a small sigh pass softly up his chest. He and his father were not close. His father was away on business so much, fully three-quarters of the time. Rodger would like to tell him now of his problem, but he did not feel he knew the big, hearty man well enough.

The problem had first started to bother him when he had first discovered that Jean Whitestone was a little childish and simple beside Gloria. He'd needed to confide in someone and, his father being away, he had spoken to one of his teachers. Mr. Matson wore a black crewcut, taught English, and assisted the football coach.

Rodger and he had been friends all through high school, as much as a teacher and a boy ever really could be. Rodger trusted him, and one day after Litt. 4 he had stayed behind and managed to convey to Mr. Matson the thing that was on his mind.

"I won't insult you by asking you if

you know the facts of life," Mr. Matson said.

Rodger smiled weakly. "I know the facts," he said, "but I haven't worked on them."

"There are two schools of thought," Mr. Matson said. "There are those who prescribe long walks, cold baths, and hard mattresses, and there are those who say you're young only once."

"Which side are you on, sir?"

"I won't say," Mr. Matson said clearly, looking at Rodger from level gray eyes. "There's altogether too much advice on the subject. But I will point out that, in this matter, you're young for a very long time. By the way, are you going out for football when you get to the University?"

"Yes," Rodger said.

"Maybe you won't have to worry too much for a while."

But that was where the teacher was wrong. He didn't know Gloria. She was a constant worry, day and night.

His mother was lying on the chaise longue. Rodger stood in the doorway until she made up her mind to open her eyes, though he was certain she was not asleep. Mom did not behave according to logic. She behaved according to whim, and everybody indulged her. How could you help it? At thirty-seven she was still beautiful.

"Mom, a telegram."

She opened her eyes languidly. "Give it to me, darling. I suppose it's from your father, saying he'll be another week on this tiresome trip." The voice was resigned without bitterness.

Rodger handed the envelope over and watched her face as she tore it open and read. A little wrinkle of vexation appeared on her flawless forehead.

"Oh, dear," she said. "He'll be home tonight—at midnight."

Rodger said impulsively, "Don't you want him home?"

She shot the boy a surprised glance. "Of course, you silly," she said. "But your father has a gift for picking inconvenient hours. If I'd known he was coming, I'd never be going to the Senior Dinner-Dance with your Uncle Mark."

Rodger looked into her eyes with amazement. Their childish innocence was undisturbed. "There's still plenty of time to call off *Mr. Duncan*," he said.

She eyed him curiously, smiling a little. "What a funny boy you are," she said. "Why won't you ever call him 'Uncle Mark'? He's one of your father's oldest friends."

Rodger was thinking, *that's why*, but he did not say it. He said: "Mom, you're an innocent. For all you're grown up, I don't think you know what we men are like."

"All right, darling," she said. "What are men like?"

"We're strictly from the wolf pack."

The slightly annoyed crease reappeared on her forehead. "You can't say that about your Uncle Mark. He's an old family friend, almost a relative. Besides, he's a fine intellectual companion." She made a small arresting gesture with a delicate hand as Rodger started to interrupt. "Darling, there's something I don't wish you to misunderstand. Your father's business forces him to take these long trips. He can't help it; that just happens to be his way of making a living. But he doesn't want me to be bored while he's gone. 'A bored woman is a risk,' he often says. So he wants me to be amused, and Uncle Mark is amusing. Your father approves of our friendship."

Rodger grinned lazily. How was it possible that such a lovely lady could be so naïve?

"About men," he continued. "They do not care two plugged nickels for intellectual companionship."

"Rodger, darling," his mother reproved gently. "Remember I said you could have the car tonight. Perhaps you'd like to take that lovely Jean Whitestone out to dinner and for a drive."

"I'd like to, but Jean Whitestone is sixteen and her mother doesn't let her go out on drives."

"How old-fashioned."

"She's a smart mom."

"Jean's an awfully sweet kid," she said.

The term was painful to Rodger because of a recent application in another connection. "Don't you want to phone Mr. Duncan and call it off?"

She again turned on him the expression of childish astonishment. "Why, darling, no. I'll leave a note for your father to pick me up at the club. Uncle Mark and I will have dinner and a stomp or two."

Rodger reflected that Dad didn't stomp, and that his mother did, very gracefully. She had done a good deal of stomping in the weeks his father had been absent. It was on the tip of his tongue to point that out when the telephone interrupted from downstairs.

"Just say I'm resting—unless it's something important," his mother said.

Rodger worried the cowlick with his hand and drifted toward the door. "What's important, Mom?"

"Your father—or Uncle Mark."

Rodger went downstairs, yawned his knees around the telephone table, and picked up the receiver.

"Rodger, darling." It was Gloria.

She had never called him "darling" before. Indescribable sensations played up and down his football back. But he answered with an impersonal, "Yes?"

"You sound so funny."

"I was never more serious in my life," he said truthfully. "What's on your mind?"

"Betty is going out tonight and I thought I could cook you a little dinner,

and we could sit around and play some records and talk."

The voice, soft and sultry, came over the wire like a tangible thing and ended like a warm bath closing around him. The beats of his heart shook the receiver. He could see his yawed knees tremble, and his first attempt to reply got caught far down in his throat.

"I have a date," he said hoarsely.

"You sound so funny."

He cleared his throat. "Maybe you'll give me a rain check on that."

"Goodbye, Rodger." The click of the receiver was extremely final.

Hell hath no fury, he remembered, and for a long time he stared at the telephone. He had passed up the big chance.

When the trembling of his knees ceased, he rose, tiptoed up the stairs and peeked into his mother's room. She was sleeping soundly. What an innocent she was, he thought, shaking his head.

He retraced his steps to the telephone table, consulted the family's little black book of often-used numbers and dialed.

When at seven o'clock Virginia Kent came downstairs dressed in a black chiffon dancing frock with a high waist and a circular skirt, she found her son in black trousers and a white linen dinner jacket.

"Don't you look lovely," she said. "I'm sure Jean will be pleased."

"You rate about sweet sixteen yourself, Mom," he said. "I'm taking you to the dinner-dance."

"But, darling, it's for grown-ups."

"I'm grown up."

She glanced at him for a moment, apparently saw something she had not seen before. "I believe you are. Who was that on the telephone?"

"Gloria Granger. She wanted me to—"

"Well?"

"I said I had a date."

"There's Uncle Mark to think of."

Rodger picked up pencil and pad from the telephone table. "Don't forget to write a little note to Dad. Say you have a date for dinner and a stomp or two with your son by your first husband, and that he can pick us up at the club. As for Mr. Duncan, he said he understood the change in plans—as one of Dad's oldest friends. You know, I don't think I'll mind calling him Uncle Mark."

When his mother had finished pencilizing the note, she turned and lifted her face. Her expression was no longer blankly innocent. It was kind of pleasantly mixed up. There was in it love, resolution, and a good deal of relief.

"Madam, the carriage awaits without," Rodger offered the old joke.

"Without any complications," she said with a ghost of a smile.

He offered his arm, and her hand accepted it securely.

THE END



The Final Payment

She'd been too much loved, too much pampered, never allowed to fight her own battles. Now, in the intensity of this pain, she knew this was what she had always longed for: to fight the one battle only she could win

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

The man's voice had pierced its way through wavering gray mists of pain.

"The poor kid! She's sure enough paying the bill for this!"

Della could not find the man behind those veils, but she whispered to him.

"No—that can't be right! Don't send the bill to me. I don't pay any bills!"

It seemed the man and woman in the room believed she had spoken in delirium, not seeing she had meant to be witty and brave. She dismissed the faint impulse to make them understand, for her own fumbling attempt at humor was taking her back to a sunnier room in the year that was past. *You can always send me the bill*, said another voice.

She was in her own bedroom in her parents' comfortable old house on Long Island. She was sitting up in bed with the plump, linen-cased pillows behind her, and the pretty yellow-and-white breakfast

tray on her lap. Now her father was coming into the room with an air of solemn respect, as if she were a queen, and possibly at the point of death.

"All this was Mother's idea," she explained, smiling at him. "Three eggs! To say nothing of bacon and marmalade and muffins! She thinks a girl needs her strength on her wedding day."

"It's your last breakfast under this roof. I wonder it wasn't a dozen eggs." He considered her a moment, and went on with gruff tenderness. "You're all right though, aren't you?"

"Dad, why wouldn't I be? I wish you wouldn't look so anxious!"

"No—" he said, straightening a bit. "No, I'm not anxious, dear! I hadn't meant to give you that impression. Tom Laney is a fine young man. He'll take care of you, Della. Your mother and I haven't a doubt in the world about it."

"Then what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong! I suppose all I wanted was one last little private talk with my girl. That's all it comes to. Your mother and the bridesmaids will be taking over any minute. But—Della?"

"Yes, Dad."

"There's one point I'd like to make. I want you to remember you'll always be the dearest thing on earth to your mother and me. Your marrying Tom isn't going to change that."

She smiled at him over the yellow coffee cup. "That means you want to go on spoiling me."

"I wouldn't put it that way!" he said, flushing slightly. "I know you'll be turning to Tom now. But if anything should come up that's too much for him in these first years—a young engineer can't have an easy time of it—well, you won't forget I'm still around. If there's any little treat you hanker for—" It was at this point that her father had spoken with such compelling emphasis, "Remember, Della, you can always send me the bill."

The memory was gone as she yielded to her present suffering. She was digging her nails into her palms, grateful for that small distracting pain—but now someone was disengaging her fingers—firmly, compassionately.

"Take it easy, child." A woman was speaking this time. "There, now, take it easy. That's it. Easy now."

"I can't stand it!" Della heard her own

voice in a shrill cry. "I can't stand it!"

The voice had held not only protest, but amazement. There had never been any degree of pain, even of discomfort, in the life of Della Laney. That had not been permitted. First there had been her parents to protect her, then her husband.

He had carried her over the threshold.

"Della, we're home!" he had said in incredulous joy.

Then he had kissed her, and allowed her to slip to her feet. Slowly she had looked around that charming living room, which her mother had put in order while she and Tom were on their honeymoon. The subtle blues harmonized with coral and ivory—and everywhere gleamed their crystal and silver wedding gifts.

"It's perfect," she said, after a moment. "Don't you think it's perfect, Tom?"

"I sure do! We've even got logs all set in the fireplace, did you notice?" He followed her to the kitchen, where they found everything complete, even to cream and butter and eggs in the refrigerator. "Nothing for us to do but start living our married life, Della!"

She glanced quickly away, not quite able to meet his eyes in that moment. His happiness was a reproach, for somehow no corresponding happiness was welling in her own heart. It should have been there, she told herself with a stab of guilt. All during the gilded days of the honeymoon, she had been waiting for this moment of homecoming, thinking to find the happiness she had never known. She walked back into the living room, forcing herself to admire the sofa and the coffee table and the handsome pair of wing-backed chairs. She had everything she could want, she thought. More than that, she had the man she loved. It was shameful to feel so lacking in gratitude.

"I suppose I'm a little tired," she said aloud, in apology, as if he could have sensed her thought.

He looked at her anxiously. "No wonder! Now you're going straight to bed, and in the morning you're to sleep as late as you please!"

"Why? I'm not an invalid! I'm only a little tired." She moved her hand in involuntary impatience. "Why should you think I'm so *fragile*, Tom?"

He smiled down on her, cupping her round chin in his hand. "Because you're so much like a flower, I suppose. You're almost incredibly lovely, Della—and that's something you never seem to realize. You're like a flower, my darling."

"**A** flower!" She was echoing the word again the people in the room thought her hysterical in pain. "Is this the way for a flower to act?"

She gasped, then, and felt great drops of sweat fall from her face to hands curved once more into hurtful fists.

"She'll have to go through this." It was

the man's voice, edged in concern. "We can't give her anything more to ease it."

"I think it's a shame!" the woman said. "A child! And such a *pretty* child."

Confused, Della wondered if the woman were her own black Tessie. This actually seemed to be a young white woman with a stiff little boat on her head, like one of the stiff little boats children sailed on the lake in Central Park; yet there had been that same fond and pitying note in her voice that was also in Tessie's voice.

It had been an afternoon in late autumn. Della had been married three months, and she had not yet served Tom a dinner with that glowing pride displayed by the young wives in the magazine advertisements. Strange things could happen, even to the modern frozen foods and ready mixes. Lamb chops were broiled to charred scraps while their companion potatoes held a hard and obdurate surface to the prodding fork. But Tessie was destined to arrive in the midst of Della's most disastrous experiment, her first attempt to bake a cake. Della was yanking the curious smoking concoction from the oven even as the imperious peal had come from the doorbell. She had gone to the door and found a competent-looking sixty-year-old Negress, with a face like one plump dark smile.

"You Miss Della?" But on the instant this Negress had turned kitchenward, her flat nostrils a-quiver. "Why, already I'm smellin' somethin' ain't *right*!" She had advanced to the kitchen with a fine sense of purpose. "That 'spose to be a cake you're makin', you poor little pretty chil'?"

"The cookbook said it was."

"Cookbook don' know nothin'!"

Della fastened a plaintive gaze upon her caller.

"This is an interesting conversation—but I haven't any idea who you are."

The other cackled aloud, in sincere amusement. "I knew who *you* was, Miss Della! So I 'spose I just reckoned you'd know who *I* was! Ain't that the crazy thing? But I used to work for Mr. Tom's family from the time he was no bigger'n a tadpole—and what happens but I run into Mr. Tom on Sixth Avenue maybe ten-fifteen minutes ago. He was 'bout to bust, he was that pleased to see his old Tessie, he was. 'Now,' he say, 'my Della's got somebody can look after her.' He don' wan' you cookin' an' scrubbin', chil'. That's the *las'* thing Mr. Tom would want of a pretty chil' like you. So he wrote down where you live on a scrap o' paper. 'You go there, Tessie,' he say. 'You go there an' esplain who you is.'"

"I could have learned how to cook," Della said, after a moment. "I just needed a little more time."

"You ain't made for it! Take one look at you, an' a person would know you wasn't made for it. Thas' a fact."

Della shook her head. "We can't afford you, Tessie. That's a fact, too."

"But Mr. Tom, he say diff'rent!" Tessie announced, and put her worn handbag down on a kitchen chair. "I'm here to take care of you, Miss Della. Mr. Tom say to me his own se'f he can sure enough swing it!"

Della lost interest in the subject, even as she observed her kitchen responding to the brown hands of its new mistress. And it was scarcely a matter of days before Della had someone else dedicated to her service, ready to save her from the brush of a rose petal. "You that *sweet*!" Tessie would grumble fondly. "You that sweet an' innocent an' he'pless! You give me that dust rag. You got no call worryin' yourse'f 'bout any ol' dust."

Della was convinced, now, that it was not Tessie who was calling her a pretty child. The room had regained its sharp outlines. At the same time her grip on the strange young woman's hand relaxed a bit.

"It's better—" she said. "It's better for a minute."

The young woman nodded encouragement, and gently wiped the beads of perspiration from Della's brow. Then, suddenly, Della screamed.

"Now she's for it—" This was the man's voice again. "This is it for sure."

Della found words, on the crest of a fresh panic. "Don't let Mother hear me! Don't let my mother be anywhere around! Don't let her *hear* me!"

"Your mother!" one of these people exclaimed. "My dear girl, don't you be bothering about your mother!"

They would not understand, Della thought in quick despair. But this was more important than they knew. For her mother, anything that would disturb Della was simply not to be tolerated, not to be endured. She had hinted as much the day before, her faded blue eyes bright with angry tears.

"If that husband of yours has turned to another woman, I'll—I'll kill him, Della! I'll not stand for it! I—" She had softened her voice, then, in evident care. "But, there now, don't think of it. Put the whole thing out of your mind. Your father and I will see you through anything that happens, darling."

Della leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes. "Mother, I'm sorry you had to be here when Nan Driscoll telephoned. Nan's one of those people who have to tell you things for your own good. She takes some little old molehill—and all of a sudden it's the biggest mountain you ever saw. I know Nan. I don't believe what she says!"

"That's my sensible girl," Della's mother continued cautiously. "But perhaps, after all, you should get it straight with Tom. Sometimes a man will turn to another woman at a time like this. I

wouldn't have thought it of Tom Laney."

"Tom loves me, Mother."

"How could he help it!" the other cried indignantly. "The most beautiful girl he could ever have laid eyes on! And I'm not saying that because I'm your mother, you know."

Della gave her a fleeting smile. "I took a good look at myself in the mirror this morning. It was enough to scare a—a horse!"

"That's a senseless way to talk." Della's mother frowned. "I think this Driscoll woman must be out of her mind. Tell me exactly what she said to you."

I can't quote her words—but first came all this business about not wanting to upset me. Then she said a thing like this needs to be nipped in the bud. She kept saying that over and over. 'You must nip it in the bud, Della!'

"There's a certain truth in that. I'll admit, but if Tom—"

"Mother! Can't you give a man like Tom the benefit of a doubt? All we know is, people have seen him several times with some attractive woman or other—but what of it? Tom loves me. I keep trying to make you understand that!"

"I know—I know—but he didn't tell you about her!"

"He will," Della said, placidly. "I'll ask him."

She had kept this promise that very evening. Her mother had left for Long Island, and Tom had come home with the air of anxiety habitual to him these days, first demanding from Della a full report on her health, then checking with Tessie to see if Della's report had been accurate.

"You'll wear yourself out," Della commented, when they had settled down to their cocktails by the fire. "You're like a crazy man, and my mother's like a crazy woman."

"Has your mother been here today?"

"Oh, yes!" Della said.

Tom's dark eyes sharpened in concern. "What was making her so crazy?"

Della picked up a potato chip and nibbled it, testing its salty favor uncertainly. "I've always liked potato chips but now I don't."

"Then don't eat them, my darling girl! What was this about your mother?"

Della sighed a little, and licked her fingertips. "While she was here, Nan Driscoll phoned, and Nan had all this long spiel about you and some wonderful-looking girl in a wonderful-looking hat. Nan's brother saw you lunching with her somewhere, and someone else saw you in a cab with her, looking simply beside yourself. And the whole thing's been getting all around, it seems. Who is she, for Pete's sake?"

"I could wring Nan's neck! It's Margot Sorensen."

"Who's Margot Sorensen?" Della looked at her young husband, and saw

that he had suddenly turned very red. "Don't tell me if you don't want to! I'm not nosy, you know."

He shook his head in something like chagrin. "You're the only one of your kind, Della! Any other wife would be going around in circles."

"You'd expect me to be jealous?"

"There's nothing to be jealous about—but yes, that's what I mean, I suppose."

"Being jealous wouldn't enter my mind." Della sipped her drink, and stared at it. "This Martini tastes peculiar. Everything seems to taste peculiar."

"I'd better tell you about Margot," he said, stiffly.

"If you like," Della said.

"She's not of any importance to us, actually." He hesitated a moment. "I met her in a purely business way. She's young to be a career woman—and a big-league executive—but that's what she is."

"You're finding this awfully difficult, aren't you, Tom? I think you'd better tell me what she wanted of you."

"It's out in any case! It would mean our going to South America for a couple of years." Tom picked up a cigarette, and snapped the table lighter, which failed to respond. "Margot—" he went on, constrainedly. "is old man Sorensen's heiress, and one of the top brass in the company. She's been trying to get me into an engineering job down near Rio. I suppose the company thought I'd jump at it."

"I'm not too intelligent about your work," Della said thoughtfully. "Why wouldn't you jump at it?"

"Della! Do you think I'd take you away from your family and your friends and everything that means anything to you? For two years? Della, haven't I ever got across to you how damned precious you are to me? Forget the Sorensens and South America! Let's concentrate on Della Laney."

"Yes—" said Della, turning extremely pale suddenly. "Tom, don't leave me!"

No—I was just going to the other room for matches—" He turned to her, then, in sudden comprehension. "It's beginning, Della? Della!"

They had been prepared, of course, for the labor pains. It was only that they had not expected to have their baby quite so soon. But they knew what to do. Della's small bag was half packed. Tessie, her brown fingers shaking, had only to put in the last-minute necessities. Tom, his voice ragged with fear, had only to telephone to the doctor at the hospital, and to Della's parents in Long Island. Then he had wrapped his wife in her warm beaver coat.

"We're on our way, Della. Everything's set. You'll be all right, darling!"

"Yes," she said, almost crossly. "and you don't need to look so scared. People are always having babies. Millions and millions of babies, you crazy Tom!"

However, it was Della who was having the baby. That was the truly appalling fact for the people who loved Della. It had scarcely seemed acceptable to her doctor, and to the nurse who had spoken of her as a pretty child. When they were wheeling her into the delivery room she tried, rather desperately, to explain her own feelings in the matter.

"Don't you see what it means? This is the first time for me! This is the very first time!"

The doctor answered gently. "Why, yes," he said. "it's your first baby."

He had not understood, and now it was not possible for her to explain. A few minutes later Della Laney gave birth to a lusty little son.

Tom's awe of the son she had given him was lost in his anguish, his remorse. He sat beside Della's bed, and stared at her with tortured eyes.

"The nurse told me what you'd gone through. She didn't pull any punches. My God, Della, if I'd ever realized—!"

She smiled at him. "You didn't realize how much I'd have to pay for my baby, did you?"

"No!" he said. "Oh, no!"

Della leaned back on her pillows and stretched a little, allowing the blissful feeling to flow to her very toes. "It's the first time in my whole life I've ever had to pay for anything!" she informed her husband with enormous pride. "But you couldn't have my baby for me! Mother and Dad couldn't have my baby for me! Tessie couldn't! Only I could have my baby!" She shook her head. "You can't understand how that feels because you're only a man, you poor darling, and you couldn't have a baby yourself. But you'll love him as much," she added, in gentle encouragement. "I'm sure of that, Tom."

The nurse came in, then, and put Thomas Laney, Jr., into his mother's arms. She addressed him softly, when the nurse had gone.

"My little son," she said. "you're the first thing in my life I've ever appreciated. Do you know that, you little crazy thing?" She turned to the awe-stricken father of her child. "Don't look so scared of him, darling! He's a regular truck-driver of a baby. They all said so in the delivery room. He'll be able to travel in three months, I'll bet."

"Travel!" Tom repeated, blankly.

Della lifted her gaze from the infant's downy head, her blue eyes warm with amusement.

"Our conversation was interrupted, you know. I was going to tell you we'd be going to South America, Tom. What kind of a wife do you think you married? A wife made out of the very best tissue paper? No. Both you men in my life will be finding out what kind of character I am." Della grinned suddenly. "I'm pretty tough," she said.

THE END



Always a Best Man

She was the iron hand in the velvet glove, a silken female with a whim of steel. "Poor George," I thought. "How could he be fool enough to fall for such a girl?"

BY WILLARD TEMPLE

George brought me the sad tidings. "I'm going to be married," George said. "I want you to be the best man."

"Don't give up hope," I said. "Maybe you can weasel out of it."

"It's going to be a City Hall ceremony," George said. "Ann had other ideas but I put my foot down. I told her we'd do it my way or not at all. I've

only known her three weeks. This was a whirlwind courtship. She's wonderful."

"George," I said, "when you buy a new car, you don't decide in three weeks. You read all the ads, you examine the latest models. You lift up the hood, take a trial spin, and kick the tires. You weigh and consider. How much weighing and considering did you do?"

"You can't operate that way with

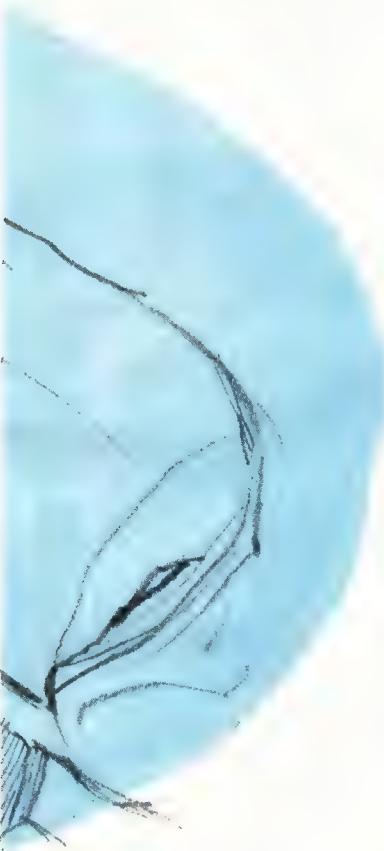
dames," George protested. "Especially Ann."

"A car costs you between three and five thousand," I told him. "If you get a lemon, there's a certain trade-in value—at most you're out a couple of grand. You can't get a girl, George, for any three to five thousand. The upkeep is terrific, and furthermore, if she turns out to be a lemon, not only is there no warranty, but it costs you a fortune to get rid of her."

"Pete," George said, "you have a sour outlook on life."

"I just hate injustice," I said.

Of course George was a sitting duck. He was loaded. We had been roommates in college, and every quarter, come what would, George got a letter in the mail from Dorset, Quincy, Hines, and Dorset. It contained a check from the estate and



**Well, maybe I did kiss
George's fianceé—but I had
only his interests at heart.**

was sufficient to keep George in sports cars, blondes, and the other items that George considered essential to a well-rounded education. When we graduated, George asked me to move into the ancestral mansion with him. I did so after an argument in which I insisted on paying rent. Each morning I rose at seven and drove to Welch Aircraft, where I earned an honest stipend as an aeronautical engineer. George, arising much later, stopped in at his brokerage office and watched the ticker until the girl he was squiring that day was up and around.

Well, I'll be late getting back to-morrow night," I said. "I'll look for an apartment after work." "Plenty of room here," George said. "George," I said, "the first principle

of matrimony is that a wife makes her husband discard all his friends. She gets him a new set. What does a best man do?"

"Handles various wedding details, gets the honeymoon reservations—we're going to the desert, by the way. I never have any sinus trouble in the desert. I don't want to be afflicted with sinus on my honeymoon. You're very good at details, Pete. I'll rely on you."

He gave me the girl's name and address. At noon the next day I stopped at a travel bureau after lunch and made reservations at an exclusive desert inn. Quitting my desk thirty minutes early that evening, I scouted apartments near the plant. I didn't find what I was looking for. Then it occurred to me that George's girl lived only twenty minutes away, and I drove over to her street. As I had hoped, she was living in an apartment.

It was a modest building. I buzzed her from the ground floor lobby, identified myself, rode the elevator up to the third floor and knocked at the door of apartment 3C.

I'd expected Miss Ann Drake to be more sensational. George usually went in for spectaculairs. Miss Drake was slim, dark-haired and well constructed. A beauty, but a quiet beauty. Looking her over carefully, however, I noticed signs of possessiveness, and an iron will, qualities which were lacking in George and which had undoubtedly proved his undoing.

"Come in," she said. "George will be here shortly."

"Thank you," I said. "Congratulations, Miss Drake."

She gave me a puzzled look. "Aren't you backwards? It's the man who gets congratulated in such cases, I believe."

"An age-old saying devoid of truth," I said. "I am here tonight for a dual purpose. One, George has asked me to serve as best man. Two, I am looking for an apartment, and as you will be abandoning this, I thought you might like to sublet it. I would like to inspect it to see whether I find it suitable."

"George told me you were the executive type," Miss Drake said. "I hate the executive-type male."

"Fortunately I am merely the best man," I said, and took a quick look at what I could see of the apartment. The living room was good-sized, with a bookcase wall. Adjoining it there appeared to be a kitchenette, bedroom, and bath.

"Once I get rid of the frills and flounces it might do," I said. I took a notebook from my pocket and flipped it open. "I have made honeymoon reservations at the Sundek—"

"That's in the desert," she said sharply. "I don't want to go to the desert."

"George has sinus and he doesn't want

to suffer from sinus on his honeymoon," I said. "The reservations have been made—"

"Then cancel them," she said. "I'm an old-fashioned girl. I take the marriage ceremony to heart. In sickness and in health—isn't that what it says? Very well, then. I'll give him nose drops and hold hot cloths on his face during the honeymoon. There's nothing in any marriage ceremony that says I have to go to the desert. I want to go to Yosemite."

I had the conviction that if George had wanted to go to Yosemite she would have wanted to go to the desert.

"If there's anything I hate," I said, "it's the executive-type female."

"Fortunately you're merely the best man," she said. "We hate each other; we can start from there. I doubt if we'll be moving in the same circles after the wedding."

I started for the door and she said, "Wait. As long as you're going to be handling the details, sit down a minute while I give you your instructions. We're going to be married at First Church—"

"City Hall," I said.

She laughed. "George was so cute pounding a table in the night club and telling me we were going to be married in City Hall. I just let him rave. I believe in letting men rave—makes them think they're running things. I've worked in an insurance company since I graduated from secretarial school, and I've made scads of friends—all the girls there and all the girls who have left and got married since I started work. Do you think for one minute that I'm not going to invite them to the wedding? There will be about two hundred and fifty people at the church, and I'm asking about eighty of them to the reception."

"It takes money," I said. "Were you under the impression that the groom would foot the bill?"

"I've been saving money since I started work," she said. "What better can a girl do with her savings than blow them on her wedding? And I won't be needing any money after the ceremony."

She opened the door for me and I said, "You never can tell. One of his oil wells just folded."

"What's one measly oil well to George," she said composedly, and shut the door in my face.

Bleeding for my friend, I rode down in the elevator and went outside. George was getting out of his white sports car. He carried a box of flowers almost as long as the chariot.

"All set, Pete?" he greeted me. "The desert reservations are made? You checked City Hall to make sure they're open Saturday afternoons?"

I didn't have the heart to tell him. I went past him to my car, had dinner

downtown, and drove home. Hours later I was reading a detective story in bed when I heard George come in. He poked his head in the doorway of my room.

"About those desert reservations, Pete," he said. "Cancel 'em. We're going to Yosemite. Fix it up."

"She laid down the law, did she? And you took it—"

"What are you talking about?" George said. "Ann isn't like that. It's my health she's interested in. She says climate has nothing to do with sinus. She says it's a matter of diet. She's changing my whole diet. It's wonderful the way she's interested in me. No girl I ever met before cared about my health."

The ways of women, I thought, the deceptive, sneaky, petty ways of women.

George closed the door, then opened it again. "One more thing, Pete," he said. "Cancel City Hall. Tell 'em to go ahead and close up on Saturdays. We're being married in First Church."

"You got your orders?"

"What do you mean orders?" George said. "I'm running this. It seems that First Church has a tiny little chapel. Seats twenty or thirty people. She's always gone to that church and if we didn't get married in that church her minister would be disappointed. Imagine a girl with all she has on her mind worrying about bruising the feelings of her minister. And she has an Aunt Minerva in Glendale who'll be busted up if she doesn't see Ann get married in church, so we'll be married in the chapel, maybe eight to ten spectators. Very quiet little ceremony. How considerate she is!"

He banged the door shut and I sat there and shuddered.

The next day I again wolfed down my lunch in the plant cafeteria in order to rush over to the travel agency. I cancelled the desert reservations. I got reservations at Yosemite.

After work I stopped off at Miss Drake's apartment. She looked even prettier than she had the night before, and for a moment I found myself envying George. I forced myself to concentrate not on her exterior but on the black heart beating beneath that uplifted bosom.

"I have reservations for Yosemite," I said. "I'd like a closer look at your apartment. As long as you're moving in with George—"

"Not in that ancestral pile," she said. "I'm not the castle type female. I want something low and modern. We'll get a new house."

"Does George know this?"

"Not yet," she said. "I haven't sprung it on him yet. I've learned by experience not to give a man more than one idea at a time. He gets confused. It's like training a dog; you can't teach a dog two tricks at the same time. You have to teach him one trick at a time."

She didn't even blush when she said it. I went in and inspected the kitchenette. It was compact and shiny clean. I went back through the living room and inspected the bedroom and bath.

When I re-entered the living room, Miss Drake handed me a cocktail.

"Take a chance," she said. "It's not poisoned."

I sipped cautiously. It was a delicious Martini, and she disappeared into the kitchen and returned with a platter of little fingers of chipped beef with some kind of zipped-up cheese inside. They went fine with the Martinis.

"Miss Drake," I said, "we don't like each other but we understand each other. May I ask you a question?"

"Fire away," she said. "When you've had another Martini, I'm going to make you a deal about buying my furniture."

"Miss Drake," I said, "George thinks you're being married in First Church chapel. He thinks the reception will consist of a plate of sandwiches being passed around in the vestibule. How are you going to work the switch?"

"No problem at all," she said. "He's just going to realize suddenly that there won't be quite enough room in the chapel. In fact, if I play my cards right, I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear George himself suggest that we get married in the church proper. He may even think it's his own idea."

"I don't doubt you can arrange that," I said. In a loathsome sort of way I even admired her.

"Now about the furniture," she said, refilling my glass. "I had a second-hand furniture man come today and appraise everything. There's a broken spring on that davenport and, frankly, the mattress on that double bed is lumpy. Otherwise everything is in good shape. I've drawn up a list on this sheet of paper with a firm price."

Her spell was really sinister. "I'll accept this price," I said, and hated myself for my weakness.

"It's a deal," she said. "Stop waving your glass around. I'm not going to make you another. George is due any minute. He might misunderstand the situation."

This struck me as the most amusing statement since the publication of the Joe Miller joke book. I burst into strangled laughter as I got up. "As if he doesn't," I said.

"What do you mean by that crack?" She stood close to me, mad as hops.

"Stop it," I said. "I know what you're doing to the poor guy, and you know. Everyone knows but poor old George."

"Poor old George indeed," she said. "I'll have you know I'll make him a good wife, a loyal, faithful wife—don't stand there and smirk in that superior way. I hate you."

"You just resent my seeing through

you," I said. She had never looked lovelier than she did at that moment, anger in her eyes, her cheeks flushed with color, breathing hard.

"You're a smart girl," I said, bending over her and patting her shoulder. "And a beautiful girl to boot." I patted her shoulder again—it suddenly seemed to be the appropriate thing to do. It might have been the Martinis, but it was her fault for standing so close to me. I used both hands to reel her in the last six inches and kissed her hard, and she hit me on the side of the face with her open hand just as George came in the door with another box of flowers

"You bum, I thought you were my friend," George said belligerently. "I'll throw you right through the window."

He was advancing toward me when Miss Drake said, "Calm down, George. Pete just lost his head for a moment."

"It will never happen again, George," I said dazedly. "I was just overwhelmed by Miss Drake's beauty."

"So was I," George said. "Poor Pete, I know how you feel. But go find your own girl. This one is bespoke, so lay off here after."

I went to the door and they stood there hand in hand, the happy couple. "By the way," Miss Drake said. "I don't want to be selfish, George. And you do want to go to the desert."

"The desert?" George said, a man whose spine had become spaghetti. "Who cares about the desert?"

"I want you to be happy, George," she said. "We'll honeymoon in the desert. Pete will change the reservations."

I went home to brood, and at noon the next day I walked up and down in front of the travel agency for twenty minutes before I had the nerve to go inside.

The man looked up at me. "I have your confirmation for reservations at Yosemite," he informed me.

I swallowed hard. "Thanks," I said. "There's been a change in plans. I want to make reservations for the desert."

He picked up a pencil and tapped it against the desk. He was a man who could control his emotions. He broke the pencil in half and threw it into the wastebasket.

"Phone me when you get a confirmation," I said, and departed hastily.

That night George again barged into my room. It annoyed me. We had been friends for years and suddenly I wondered why. Not only was his personality offensive but he had a lipstick smear on his face.

"Women," George said. "Ann was practically in tears tonight. It seems she has some close buddies at the insurance company who want to come to the wedding. Ann was wringing her hands and telling me she didn't know what to do. There wouldn't be any room for them. So I—"

"Let me guess," I said. "You got the bright idea of having the wedding in the church proper."

"Why sure," he said. "I got the idea right away, solved the whole problem—"

"George," I said, "you're a genius. You're a brilliant man. George, you're a jerk."

"What's gotten into you?" George said. "Say, I think you need a girl and I know just the one. You remember Lydia Fleishacker? Guess who I ran into downtown today?"

"Lydia Fleishacker," I said.

"Just as blonde as ever," George said, and made curving motions with his hands. "Same build. Remember in college you dated her and I dated her and we had a fight and I beat the hell out of you—"

"I beat the hell out of you," I corrected him. "Lydia was quite a gal."

"I got her address," George said. "I was going to invite her to the wedding. Then I thought maybe I better not—you know Lydia; she has a big mouth. I thought she might get a little reminiscent. A girl like Lydia could wreck a man's marriage before it got started. Why don't you look Lydia up?"

"I'll do that," I said. "Good night, George."

Pete," he said, and paused at the door. "There's just one more thing. Wasn't that sweet of Ann to insist that we go to the desert when you and I know she had her heart set on Yosemite? That's generosity for you. I want to surprise her. I want her to keep on thinking we're going to the desert, but I want you to get reservations at Yosemite. Then right up until we're on our way she'll think we're going to the desert. It will put me in solid. Take care of it, Pete."

The next day I didn't go to the travel agency until after one o'clock. I figured the proprietor might be out to lunch; he had to eat sometime.

He was there. He saw me coming. He watched me come in and stood up, and when I tripped across the threshold he said to his secretary, "Cancel that confirmation that just came in from the desert and get this gentleman reservations at Yosemite. Right?" he snarled at me.

"Right," I said, and went out.

I made some phone calls back at the office. I was still sore at George but it was George who was tobogganing down into the deep dark abyss of matrimony, and not me, and as his onetime best friend, the least I could do was to give him a final bachelor night to remember in the grim years ahead. Secretly I had made the plans.

Altogether I had corralled an even dozen of his friends. I phoned Ann Drake. "I assume you have a date with George tonight," I said. "Would you mind developing a headache? I'm planning to

give him a surprise bachelor dinner."

"The last bachelor spree," Ann said. "Sure, I'll go along, although I consider it a ridiculous, archaic tradition."

"So is marriage, but women still like it," I said.

When I got home, George was brooding about no date. I took him downtown to eat, and when we walked into the back room of the restaurant where I had arranged things, the gang was on hand.

It took George by complete surprise. The festivities continued far into the night, and finally, at 4 A.M., I was assisting George up the steps of his ancestral mansion.

He was at the sentimental stage. "What a great bunch of guys," he said. "It takes me back. I remember a lot of other guys. I also remember a lot of girls, including Lydia Fleishacker. I remember that red-head from San Diego—"

He went babbling on, and I croaked. "Nevermore, George, nevermore," and steered him up the stairs.

I had two hours of sleep. Red-eyed, I drove through the traffic to the plant, where I propped my eyelids open and tried to work. I was getting nothing done, and at three in the afternoon the boss took pity on me.

"You're probably getting a virus," he said. "It's around. Been all through my family. Take the rest of the afternoon off."

I thanked him and went out to my car, but I was in no mood to go home and listen to George. I was in a bitter, dark-brown mood, and something had to be done. I thought of Lydia Fleishacker, and checked her address. Maybe Lydia was what I needed.

Her address was an apartment with very modern decor, like Lydia. A white sports car was outside. "There are lots of white sports cars," I said to myself, and I found Lydia's first-floor number and went down the hall.

A door was open. I heard voices and merry laughter, and I looked in the doorway and saw Lydia and George in close harmony on the davenport.

I kicked the door wide and stormed in while George grinned fatuously at me. Lydia jumped out of his clutches and shrieked. "Old Pete! Are you two going to start fighting over me again?"

"One side, Lydia," I said, and as George got up off the davenport I nailed him on the point of his chin. He hit a cocktail shaker with his head on the way down, and there was a small tinkle of broken glassware. George said, "I can explain. I'll explain and then I'll knock your head off—"

"Engaged to be married and you pull a stunt like this," I said. "You worm, you hound."

I went back to my car and drove to Ann Drake's and got out of my car and

went up and banged on her door. Then I thought, what am I going to do? Squeal on George? This is none of my business. I backed off and ran like a rabbit for the elevator but the door was open by then and Ann was looking out at me.

"What do you do, ring doorbells and run away?" she said. "Do you think this is Halloween?"

I looked at her standing there. I loved her. She had caught George and she had caught me, but polygamy was frowned on by the law.

"I came here to tell you one thing," I said. "I will not be the best man. I will not attend the wedding. I will have nothing further to do with the honeymoon reservations, and I couldn't stand the thought of renting this apartment."

Ann looked at me strangely. "I guess you didn't hear the news," she said. "I had lunch with George today. We called off the wedding."

"Why?" I said, gaping at her.

"George is exciting," she said. "He's a lot of fun. I'd never known anyone like him. We met at a party and it was like living in a whirlwind. Flowers every day and every night fancy restaurants and night clubs where I'd never been. It was breath-taking."

"He gives a girl the big treatment," I said. "Standard operating procedure for George."

"I've known for some time it wasn't going to work," she said, "but I was afraid to back out. Then at lunch today he was telling me about the bachelor dinner and all the good times in the past and—well, it seemed like that was the opening I needed. I don't think George took it too hard."

"I owe George an apology," I said. "I owe George a free swing at my chin." I went over and held her by the arms and stared down at her. "When did you know you didn't love George?"

She blushed. "When a girl meets a man and doesn't care where she's married, or where she goes on a honeymoon or where she lives, then I guess she's really in love."

I pushed her back inside the apartment. "I'm not loaded like George. I'm a working stiff. I couldn't afford any house right now—"

"I thought we'd live in this apartment," Ann said. "We can redecorate if you like."

"We'll paint it green," I said firmly. "And the wedding will be a small ceremony at City Hall. We'll go to San Francisco on our honeymoon."

"Anything you say," Ann said sweetly. She kissed me and I had a feeling that the apartment would be blue, and the wedding large and we would honeymoon at Niagara Falls. But I was getting my own way in what I wanted most.

Ann I had.

THE END

YESTERDAY'S HEART

In his dreams he had saved her life a thousand different ways. Now he was ready to save her once again, for there is no power on earth like that of a boy's death-defying first love

BY ELLIOTT CHAZE

From the top of the Mobley Bank Building he could see most of the thickest part of the town pressing its scorched dirt edges against the wet, red curve of the river. This side of the levee there were little stores with little men standing in front of them, waiting, their legs no bigger than pins. Over on Second Street some pool halls were mixed in between the stores. The women who walked on that street had lavender cheeks, and their behinds jumped around under their shiny dresses. The House where the women lived was on the west end, where Second Street came to a dead end against the levee, so that The House was practically in the river. No one ever called it anything but The House. He had heard from his brother Print, who was fifteen and who one summer worked on a Coca-Cola truck, delivering forty cases every week to The House, that the women cursed pretty bad and every single one of them smoked; but that they laughed a lot. Print had seemed surprised that they would laugh. After Second Street was Mamie, which everybody thought should have been named Third Street, but wasn't, and people never did more than wonder about it occasionally. Mamie was the main street of the town, with both movies on it and Walgreen's and Liggett's and McLundie's Department Store, which sold Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits.

Across from the Mobley Bank Building was the City Hall, in front of which was a sugary white shaft coming up round and tall out of the green grass. On top of it was a Confederate soldier. Tucker liked to go to the dentist because later he could sneak up the skinny steel stairs that led from the top floor to the sunny, graveled roof and blink down at the soldier. The stone brim of his hat was cracked. The white bayonet of his white rifle was sharp and perfect, and whoever had chiseled the wrinkles in the

shirt had done it so good you expected the wind to flutter the stone.

The Confederate soldier looked down at the plume of water in a small fountain that never cut off, come rain, shine or Sunday, his hard knees bent inside the hard pants, like he wanted to leap off the shaft and suck the whole fountain into his hot rock stomach. But the truly marvelous thing about the statue was neither its thirst nor its cracked hat nor its white gun. The fine thing was that at the base of the round shaft Tucker had once scratched with a rusty nail in the sugary stone a single word, *Nancy*. He knew it was still there, tall and narrow on the stone, although he couldn't see it from such a long way off.

Tucker blinked now, thinking of the word and of the shape and of the meaning it had for him.

Tucker sniffed and realized suddenly that the concrete brim of the parapet of the building was stinging his bare elbows. The heat was awful. Transparent wrinkles of hot air came out of the tarred brick of the streets and off the top of the hat of the Confederate soldier, so that when he squinted at a slant over the hat it seemed as if he were looking through a bad pane of glass.

It occurred to him, as always when he was on the top of the Mobley, that he could spit over the edge and the spit would fall ten full stories; nobody on the street would even know who spat on them. But would the Scouts let him in when he turned twelve in November if they knew he had spat in cold blood off the top of the Mobley?

He decided not.

He leaned forward, elbows stinging, halfway expecting to see Nancy somewhere below. His thoughts dissolved into the fly-away hair and prominent front teeth of Nancy. From long practice he conjured her, complete to the smallest

detail. Was it three years ago he'd gone to the recital at the Saenger, Miss Lacey Binn's Academy of the Dance? Nancy, her legs powdered and clean as pearl, scissored swiftly on strange pointed shoes of strawberry satin with ribbons around the ankles. She skimmed in a golden bubble of light for a long time, until the sweat began to show on her face and anybody watching could tell her toes hurt, although she kept smiling. He had clapped until his hands had felt as if they were covered by thick leather gloves; he could feel the thumping only barely through the numbness. A fat girl had come on stage then, a girl who didn't look as if she could touch her toes but who turned out to be limber as a goose and did cartwheels, a drum booming each time her feet hit the floor. He'd laughed out loud at her, because he wanted Nancy back again.

Mom told him to be quiet, that the fat limber girl was just as sweet as she could be. Mom was always saying somebody was as sweet as could be. She said it to Tucker himself whenever he did a noticeably polite thing or washed unusually clean in the tub or when he remembered to bow hard and low for grace before a meal.

She thought Nancy was sweet, too, except for a short time after he stole a dollar and a half for a box of candy to give Nancy on Valentine's Day.

He had walked slowly and proudly down the street and knocked on the door to give the box of candy to Nancy, but somehow, when no one came right away he began getting scared and finally he threw the box down on the porch and ran. Someone, a man, called for him to come back, but he only ran faster, a strange weak thrill filling his legs until he was afraid he'd fall on his face on the sidewalk. He imagined her sticking piece after piece of the fine brown chocolate into her beautiful mouth and chewing it, swallowing his Whitman's Sampler and wondering who had been bright enough and good enough to leave it on her front porch at just the right time, Valentine's Day.

He still remembered how his behind had ached from the ivory-backed hair-brush Mom used after she discovered the money was gone from her purse, how she'd put him to bed and told him to pray to be better. But he didn't want to lose the fine trembling picture of the Sampler going into Nancy's mouth. He was afraid to risk a half-hearted prayer, because if God could open up the Red Sea—or was it the Dead Sea?—just as easily as if it had a drawstring on it, he wouldn't have any trouble opening a little old pea of a brain to see if a person was faking his praying. Finally, when he'd quieted down a bit, he remembered Mom's saying that, if a Christian believed, he could

whisk mountains around from one place to another. He gave it a test run on a coat hanger hanging from a nail behind the door, but the coat hanger moved only slightly. It didn't move at all unless a truck went by the house.

He prayed then that Nancy would discover he was the one who dropped the candy. This prayer tapered into a stomach-tightening scene where she whipped her hair about and breathed: *No one but you could have did it.* This pleased him so much he leaped up in his bed of pennace and swung his arms toward the ceiling, soaring higher with each jump until the bird's-eye maple bedstead threw a slat. Mom came in and locked him in the clothes closet, where he screamed in terror in the camphor-smelling blackness. Finally he prayed loudly for the Lord to release him and Mom let him out, perhaps because she wanted to show him how snappy a prayer could work. Even though he was only nine, he sensed it was a kind of trick, but could not quite put his finger on the kink in it.

Later, in the afternoon, he was allowed to go out of the house, so he headed for the home of his best friend, Dade Maugham, reaching the railroad tracks at a lope, but slowing suddenly. He looked right and left, then walked deliberately in the dangerous dents between the brick street and the steel of the rails, jolting his heels down into the creases. He imagined a heel sticking tight, trapping him, and *her* little heel sticking, too. He seemed to hear the slow, heavy scream of the steam whistle. He saw the black tons looming over him and his feet were no longer flappy things. They were strong and stubby and quick and the calves of his legs were corded with strength as he leaped clear of the roaring destruction at the last possible instant, jerking Nancy with him, leaving one of her tiny black patent leather slippers still pinned under the edge of the track. He brushed a tear from her bright dear cheek. *I'll never forget this, Tucker, even if you flunk out and we're in different grades.* He shrugged it away and laughed as if the train had been made of licorice, then carried her home with everybody looking, so she wouldn't get her sock dirty on the foot that lost the shoe. *Tucker you must be worn out.* As if anyone could tire of carrying her, the fly-away hair brushing against his arm as he walked.

The fantasy dimmed when he reached Dade's house beyond the tracks and began telling him about throwing the candy on the porch.

"But Nancy can't eat it," Dade said, a funny look on his face.

"You're crazy."

"Nancy got her tonsils out last night, and she died," Dade said, almost prissily, like he was reading it from a book he'd never read before.

"You're crazy—you don't die getting your tonsils out."

"Well, Nancy did," said Dade.

Crouching against the parapet of the Mobley Bank Building Tucker prayed that when he opened his eyes and looked down again on the hot street, Nancy would be there. Maybe she'd be reading the name he'd scratched under the soldier.

Then slowly, as if afraid he might joggle the delicate balance of that absolute

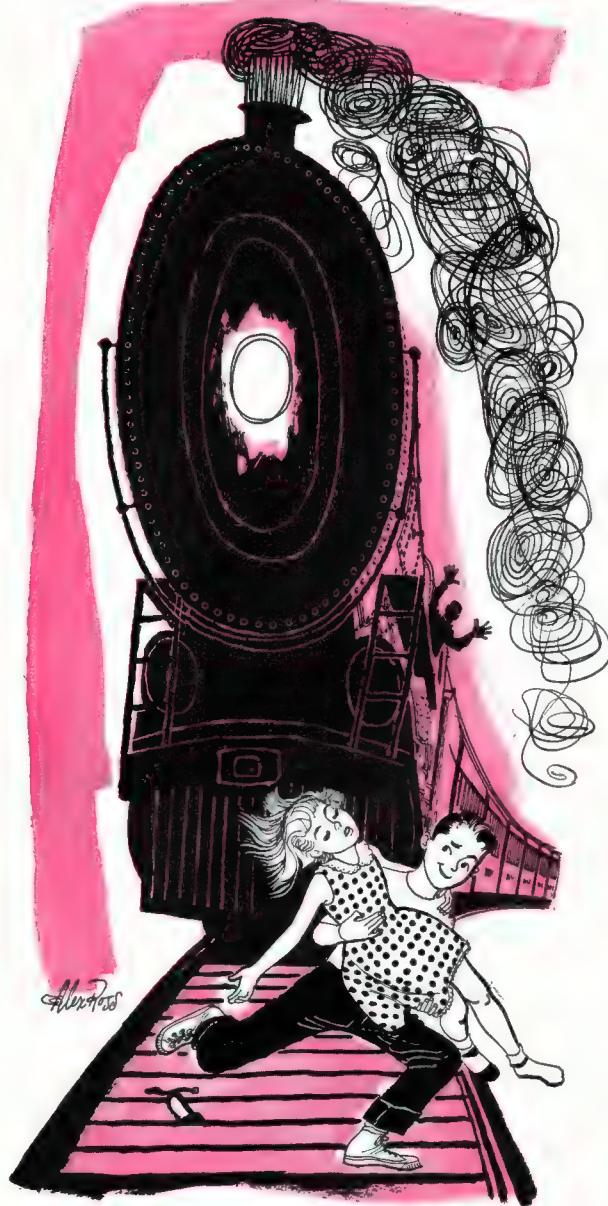
prayer, he opened his eyes, pulling himself erect to stare at the thirsty statue on the white shaft. Sliding his gaze down the shaft he scanned the street for the result of the prayer.

The people were small and round, heads floating slowly on a pond of stone and melting tar.

She wasn't anywhere down there.

The tooth the dentist had drilled began aching, dully at first, then a great deal worse as he headed for the skinny steel stairs.

THE END



He snatched her from the monster's path and carried her, doll-like, while everyone watched him.



Somewhat carried away, he replied, "Boys—I'll sum it up in one word. Quality."

The Freeloader

A lonely man, he'd found a wonderful, foolproof way to be happy again. In the midst of these new friends he felt warm and important, a man among men once more

BY JOHN KEASLER

The speaker, a personnel man from Detroit, beamed, and, looking down from the platform, said to the gray-haired delegate in the dark blue suit, "Well said, sir!"

Thomas J. Blaine flushed with pleasure.

"I thought perhaps I might have been out of order, interrupting like that," said Mr. Blaine. "However, I did want to elaborate on your point. Office management is very close to me, you know."

"Close to all of us!" the speaker said. "And that was a fine summation. What say, fellows?"

The delegates applauded.

Mr. Blaine was proud.

He sat back down. I mustn't overdo it, he thought, cautioning himself. He had taken a chance, as it was. He had gotten carried away again. He had begun to feel as if he really *was* an office manager from Dubuque, just as it said on his convention badge.

"Sir," said the speaker to Mr. Blaine. "We need a man with your know-how on our convention policy-making committee. Will you accept the job?"

The happy pride drained from Blaine's face, leaving paleness. He barely managed to decline with a fairly coherent excuse. He was trembling inside. He knew he had gone too far. After the speaker resumed the topic "Employee Relationships: Does Your Firm Run a Tight Ship?" he quietly left the room.

He felt perspiration on his brow.

I really must be more careful, he cautioned himself. One slip-up would be too many. Once exposed, he thought with alarm, I could never face another convention.

And a life without conventions, he thought, would be no life at all.

My trouble, he thought with a great sadness, is that I keep forgetting I don't really belong.

Thomas J. Blaine was an honest man,

basically. Therefore, he freely admitted to himself why he kept attending conventions where he did not belong. All sorts of conventions. All the time.

The reason was that he was lonely. Simply, starkly lonely.

He was a widower, retired, living alone. Until he had started attending conventions his loneliness had been a constant ache. He had not *planned* to start attending conventions where he did not belong.

He had merely gone into a hotel to buy a cigar. He had grown tired of sitting in that damn park. That was all.

He had been doing entirely too much park sitting; he knew that. He had been retired some two years—that day he started conventions—and, quite frankly, he was bored.

Mr. Blaine had worked at the same insurance firm (not as a salesman) for thirty-five years before he retired.

"Now you'll have time to do all the things you've always wanted to, Tom, old boy!" the president of the firm (who had last spoken to Blaine in the summer of 1936) had boomed at the retirement dinner.

The president had handed him the watch. "Now, you catch some of those mountain trout for me, Tom! Old boy!"

The trouble was, Blaine couldn't think of much he *wanted* to do. Catching fish wasn't one of them. He couldn't stand it when the hook was hard to get out.

However, Blaine set out manfully to make his retirement happy and productive, just as it said in the articles. He didn't do so well.

He tried. He built two window boxes for his small apartment. He went to a ceramics class until he started feeling silly. He joined various groups which had the soul-chilling atmosphere of *planning* activities for persons referred to as "those of retirement age." But there was always a toothy woman organizing

things, with her hat on, and a man could take only so much of that.

So, damned if he didn't end up sitting on the green park benches in the sun, just as he had suspected he would.

He loved to talk to people, but he was lonely. He was just at the point of desperation where he had begun to feel it was shuffleboard or madness (he would be damned if he would ever make another window box) when, to his intense gratification, adventure entered his life.

At about 2:30 P.M. of a spring afternoon, two years after his retirement, he suddenly became a termite exterminator.

He stood up abruptly from the park bench, hurled a peanut at a particularly obnoxious squirrel, and strode from the park, destination unknown. Feeling the need for a good, clear Havana, he turned into a large hotel, made his purchase, and started back across the lobby.

He paused to unwrap his cigar, not noticing he was standing by a large desk where several women sat at typewriters. A group of men—hatless, as was Mr. Blaine, who liked to feel the sun on his head in the summertime—milled tentatively around in front of the desk.

"Mmm," said Mr. Blaine as he took the first luxurious puff. He stood there, oblivious to his surroundings, a man of medium stature, with thick gray hair, a mild and pleasant face, rimless glasses, good double-breasted suit only three years old. He looked almost exactly as anybody might, at one time or another. Average.

"Mmmmm," he mmmmed once more.

"Jack Sprat!" a man barked at him, slapping his hand into Blaine's.

Mr. Blaine choked on his cigar.

"Jack Sprat!" the man barked again. "Out of Chicago! Peskill, Incorporated! Get the Ants Out of Your Pantry! Ha ha ha!"

Blaine felt his hand being pumped up and down.

"We're booming in the Midwest!" the man shouted, slapping Blaine on the back. Blaine choked again. "You out of the Midwest, neighbor?"

"I'm out of—Apalachicola," Blaine squeaked, wildly; the name had leaped idiotically into his mind, the only possible reason being that he had looked it up once to see how to pronounce it. He

was still dazed. Jack Sprat? *The Jack Sprat?* With the fat wife? No, no, he told himself; easy, easy. He felt eerie.

"Allypatchy—yeh. Fine town," Jack Sprat shouted. "Hey, neighbor, you forgot your card! What did you say your name was?"

"Blaine," said Blaine. "Thomas J. Blaine."

"Fix you right up," Jack Sprat shouted, and gave instructions to one of the women at the typewriters. Vaguely, Blaine saw he was standing next to a convention registration desk.

Jack Sprat pinned a small card, in a transparent plastic holder, onto Blaine's lapel. All the men had little cards.

"Tom Jaybanes," Mr. Blaine's card said. "Delegate, N.A.E.P.M."

"This way, fellows," shouted Jack Sprat, who wore a card and a ribbon that shouted: *OFFICIAL!* "This way!"

Mr. Blaine was swept up the stairs, along the mezzanine and into a large room with many chairs. He sat down because everybody else sat down. A speaker was introduced. Mr. Blaine stared numbly. The speaker looked intently at the crowd.

The speaker squared his shoulders. The speaker waited until the hush fell.

The speaker said dramatically:

"Fellows, we have come a long way since creosote. But—we still have a long way to go!"

"I am reminded of a story . . ."

It was some eight hours later when Mr. Blaine entered his small apartment,



just slightly tipsily. He was a man overflowing with happiness and good will, a gratified man, a man among men.

His hours at the national convention of the National Association of Exterminators and Pesticide Manufacturers had been hours full of happiness.

He had enjoyed the companionship, the talks, the forum, the banquet; he had basked in the warmth of the informal cocktail parties in the hotel rooms.

"Tom, you know the business," one of the delegates had said, in the room of

an exterminator from Shreveport. "Tell us frankly—what's the future?"

It was the first time anybody had asked Blaine a question like that since he retired.

Somewhat carried away, Blaine replied, "Boys—I'll sum it up in one word. Quality! That must be our watchword. Quality of sales approach and quality of service. If a customer can depend on you he's a *repeat customer*."

In retrospect, Mr. Blaine decided that was probably an inconsistent statement—quality termite extermination hardly seemed the best way to insure repeat customers. However, his fellow delegates had seemed to feel the observation was not only sound, but downright shrewd.

At any rate, Mr. Blaine had had a wonderful time that night at the convention—and he had learned a hell of a lot about the termite game.

It was only with considerable difficulty for several days afterward that he managed to shake off the feeling that he was an exterminator from Apalachicola.

Now of course Thomas Blaine meant to leave it at that—he intended to regard the convention episode as merely a happening which would make an entertaining story.

(But, he thought sadly, sitting on the park bench, a story to tell to whom?)

He went back to his orderly, dull life. He found the routine more boring than ever. He realized how gray his life had become and what a plateau he lived on, his horizon unbroken by beckoning peaks.

He sat in Central Park and wondered how a man could be so lonely in such a huge city. And a thought came peeking. He pushed it away. It came back. It kept coming back.

He tried to make it go away.

He fed some pigeons and watched some girls and argued some politics and hummed hard. But he was an honest man and he couldn't sidestep the thought.

He knew what he wanted to do, what he honestly wanted to do.

He wanted to go to another convention.

So he did. He went to lots of conventions. All the time. It was easy.

Across the land they are readying—as always—for the conventions. They come from everywhere, the delegates, and they go everywhere. They pass in the night, Atlantic City to Los Angeles. In Kansas City they all go out for a steak. In St. Louis they go out for a drink. In New York the speaker is reminded of a story. In Miami they cheer and groan at Hialeah.

The delegates often take their wives, although they warn them it will be terribly dull in New Orleans with nothing but three days of business, business.

The delegates, on the other hand, sometimes go by themselves, or with

somebody. Many of them carry briefcases. Some briefcases crackle importantly; others gurgle for joy.

Convention schedules are always crowded. Hotel managers are always smiling, but their stomachs are nervous.

Convention agendas are always packed, because there are many important matters to take up. Specialized, significant, important matters. Some persons even come back from conventions knowing a great deal about these important matters, or at least they appear to know.

Some conventioneers don't know what the hell is going on and care less. These play their own highly important role in maintaining the heritage of conventions. One might even suspect they were in the majority.

Mr. Blaine was not one of these latter. He took his conventions seriously, once he got started.

For he found that attending—crashing, if you must—conventions actually renewed his life and gave it sparkle, not only because of the companionship he found at conventions but also because of the sense of adventure.

Sometimes it seemed as if he really belonged.

And so he became a dedicated man—an expert on conventions. In fact, in the course of becoming an expert on conventions, Mr. Blaine became a spur-of-the-moment expert on everything.

He could talk, or generalize, on anything and everything, as time wore on. Pulpwood, peanut butter packaging, undertakers. (The term "morticians" is preferred.) Actuarial curves, bank management, public transportation, Garment retailing, cigar manufacturing, antibiotic chicken feed.

All the things he had never been, he could be at the conventions. All the places he had never been, came—in a way—to him.

And, most important, nobody suspected he didn't really belong.

During the first few weeks and months, he was nervous. Later, he saw how useless that had been—anybody at a convention was accepted at face value.

As for the actual mechanics of attending conventions, they were little trouble. Mr. Blaine adhered to his own code of ethics, and a very strict code it was.

For instance, he would never forge the little lapel cards by putting his own name on them.

"I wonder if you would type a card for me," he would say to somebody at the convention desk. "The name is Blaine. Thomas J. Blaine. Out of Chicago."

"Yes sir, Mr. Blaine!" they would invariably say. "How're things in Chicago?"

"Booming," he would say. "A little slow through the summer, but going great guns now."

Identification was seldom required

anyhow. If a special badge or ticket was needed for some special event, Mr. Blaine simply wouldn't go.

Also, he refrained from attending the obviously costly banquets—eschewed, as much as possible, any type of freeloading. It was the conversation he liked, the feeling of being accepted.

In addition, he was a man intensely interested in everything. There was never any difficulty in attending the type of event he liked best: the symposiums, panels, and technical talks. There was always plenty of room at these.

He listened with fascination to "The Master Plumber: His Responsibility to the Community"; "Stress Ratio of Hollow Aluminum Rivets"; "Are You Getting Your Share of the Winter Moth-proofing Dollar?" "Greeting Cards: Their Past, Present and Future"; "Fight Back Against Hidden Soda Fountain Losses," and a multitude of related subjects.

Occasionally—as was the case at the personnel managers' convention when he waxed eloquent on office management, he got carried away and *forgot* he didn't really belong.

Once, during a question and answer session on matters pertaining to the inventory of auto parts, he corrected the expert and barely escaped being made a two-year director of the organization.

His most persistent problem, and his toughest one, was not in becoming accepted—it was in the fact he got himself altogether *too* accepted. He made friends, who returned to conventions.

"Hi, you old son of a gun!" a druggist from Dubuque called to him across the lobby one day as a druggists' convention opened at one of the large hotels. "Come up to the room and meet the little woman—she's from Miami, too."

With sorrow he begged off—sorrow not only because he had never been within hundreds of miles of Miami but, primarily, because of the brush with hard reality: He would have *liked* to be what his card said.

Despite such passing heartaches, Mr. Blaine, like any other professional, garnered unto himself, as time passed, the things which make a career worth while.

He was proud the day a Mr. Blevins, a wire man from Tucson, wrung his hand heartily and said, "Tom, I'm glad to see you, boy! That bookkeeping shortcut you suggested has been a blessing—don't see how I operated without it, and, believe you me, if I can ever throw any business up your way in Idaho, I certainly will."

Once he brought down the house when called upon, frighteningly, to deliver his views at the burlap and sacking shindig. (He said to return to the fundamentals of free enterprise.)

A whole roomful of book publishers told him his off-the-cuff views on literature might well influence the mainstream

of American letters, if they had their way. (Of course, Mr. Blaine conceded, when he thought about the publishers' convention, it *had* been 3 A.M.)

Blaine regretted terribly that he could never ask the gang over to *his* room for a drink—but, of course, he had no room to ask them to; he would go to his small apartment by himself, but with the ache of loneliness wonderfully eased.

And so went the life of Thomas J. Blaine, convention-goer and expert on everything—retired park-sitter who felt



compassion for the lonely men he saw in the parks.

He was accepted at any convention, the quiet man in the corner who obviously knew whereof he spoke.

He walked into a hotel one morning, in the sixth year of convention-going, and nodded pleasantly to a couple of acquaintances in the lobby. For two days he had been a parking lot man from Racine and had bitterly opposed municipal ownership of parking lots. He bit down on his cigar, annoyed at the very thought of municipal ownership of parking lots.

"There's an interesting meeting starting right now in 3A," said a pleasant-looking delegate. "Let's catch it."

"Right," said Blaine.

"I'm Quincey," the man said. "Out of New York."

"A New Yorker?" said Mr. Blaine in mock surprise, according to the ritual. "*Nobody's* from here in New York."

"Ha ha," said Quincey. Together they got in the elevator, got out on the second floor, ambled into Convention Room 2G. There wasn't much of a group. They sat down. A speaker was introduced. Mr. Blaine felt content. His day was under way. What would the day bring? He savored his cigar, happily.

The speaker looked out at the assembly. A hush fell. The speaker said, dramatically: "Fellows, we've come a long way. We've still got a long way to go."

Mr. Blaine nodded in agreement.

"As most of you here fully realize,"

the speaker said, "our annual convention is the highlight of the year. The agenda is terribly crowded. However, it is my pleasure at this time to officiate at the most important event of the entire conference—the introduction of a new member!"

Mr. Blaine joined in the applause and looked around, waiting for somebody to stand up. Nobody stood up. The applause mounted in volume.

"I take pleasure in introducing—" the speaker said "—Thomas J. Blaine!"

It sank in slowly but with excruciating pain. And it was terrible.

"They've found me out, finally," Mr. Blaine thought, and a scalding ache of mortification rose in him. *They've been watching me all along—how long?*

He rose and stumbled toward the exit. Two men blocked his way. Are they going to arrest me? he thought wildly. He didn't care through the despair; for the worst hurt of all was knowing that his convention-going days were over.

Professionally, even then, with one part of his mind, he noted that their lapel cards said nothing about Parking Lot men—the cards said merely C.G.A. I've been lured in here, he thought.

"**D**elegate Blaine," the speaker boomed, as Mr. Blaine stood defeated before the blocked exit. "In recognition of your firm, if unknowing, adherence to the ethics of this organization and in recognition of your consistent, praiseworthy furthering of its purposes, please accept this official Certificate of Membership."

Somebody pushed a piece of paper into his hand. He stared at it.

It said:

TOP SECRET
Thomas J. Blaine
Delegate, C.G.A., Ltd.
You Belong
(Official seal)

CONVENTION GOERS OF AMERICA

"Many happy conventions!" bellowed the speaker.

Mr. Blaine stared into all the amused faces.

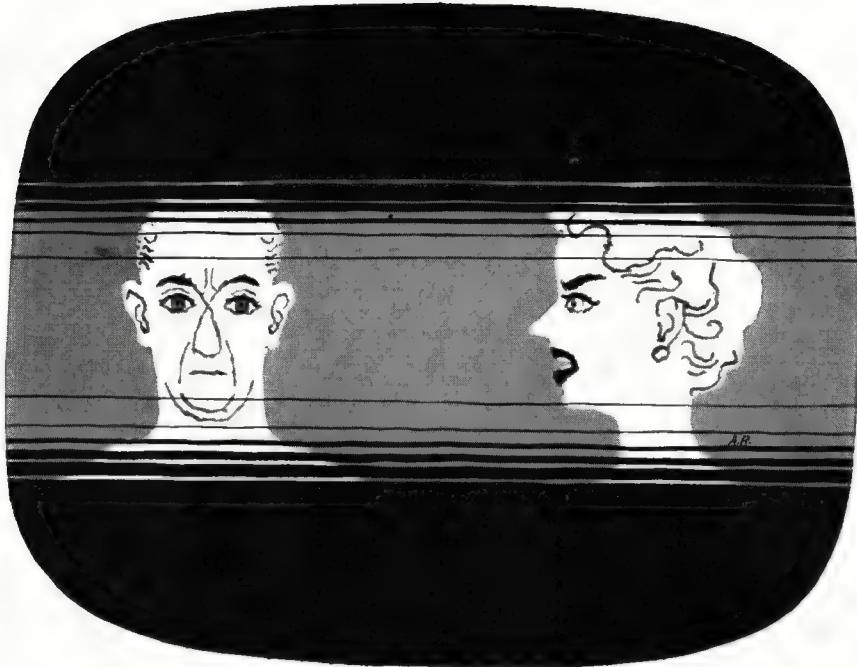
Then he understood. He even vaguely recognized some of them. A wonderful feeling flooded through him, and he wondered how in the world, in the greatest convention land since time began, he had ever thought he was alone.

He didn't know, for a second, what to say. But it came to him—for he was, above all, a professional.

He looked at them and, with his eyes moist and warm with the feeling of belonging, he said, "My fellow members—let's all drop over to *my* room for a drink!"

They gave him a standing ovation, and Mr. Blaine knew he had come home.

THE END



"Twiddle your own thumbs," she shouted. "I'm going to bed!"

When the Picture Tube Went Out

Though wed to the most irritating man alive, Queenie loved him—so long as they had the television set to stave off their boredom. But when the set went blank the devil, naturally, found work for idle brains to do

BY WILLIAM IVERSEN

If it had been a Monday night instead of a Tuesday, if the television hadn't gone on the blink, and if Tim Haggerty hadn't picked up one of his wife's magazines—none of this would have happened. But the number of *if's* is enormous, and the wonder of all is that Tim didn't fall asleep on the sofa, since he was as bushed as usual after a day at his desk, managing the shipping department of Snappy-Style Shoes.

It wasn't that the work was hard, for he'd been at the same job for seven years,

and had everything down to a system. There were rush seasons, and seasons so slow it seemed that half the people in the country were going around barefoot. Rush or slow, Tim took it in his stride.

But there were times when the monotony became so unbearable that he might have gone out of his mind with boredom if it hadn't been for the baseball pools, the bowling tournaments, and the daily coffee breaks. And once a year there were new-model cars to be discussed.

At lunch hour, Tim and eight or nine

of his colleagues would get down on their hands and knees to look underneath a new hardtop parked at the curb. It was a harmless hobby, and Tim indulged it to the hilt, while stringing along with the same old sedan.

Tim's car was fifteen years old. His wife, Queenie, was more than twice that, and what with five rooms and two kids to take care of, and the trotting back and forth to the stores, it was a safe bet that Queenie had more mileage than the car. Still, Queenie Haggerty loved her family, on the whole, and was as happy as any decent woman could rightfully expect to be. She and Tim weren't rich, but they had something else between them that enabled them to tolerate each other's faults in silence—namely, television.

They were already on their second set, having burned out the first in five short years, and there were no longer any squabbles about which program to watch. As far as Tim was concerned, it was

wholly immaterial, as long as the picture was clear and he had six cans of beer on ice.

On this particular evening, however, Tim was dozing on the sofa while waiting for the next commercial so he could go out and replenish his glass, and Queenie was putting her hair up in pins as she watched the screen.

"Look at that!" she exclaimed suddenly, and Tim jolted wide awake. "Well, what do you know?" Tim muttered, as he studied the screen. It looked like a shot of outer space at one of its emptiest spots.

"Don't just sit there, do something!" she urged. "They're visiting with a movie star, and she's going to show her living-room drapes!"

"All right," Tim grumbled, pulling himself to his feet. He yawned and tinkered with all the knobs, but he couldn't get the picture back. He gave the set a thump with his fist.

"What are you doing?" Queenie gasped, as though the blow had struck her square in the middle.

"Quiet, now," Tim muttered. "It just needs a little adjustment." And he gave it a couple more good whacks.

"That's fine, now you've lost the sound, too!" she informed him. "I'll get a repairman tomorrow."

"I'll not have one of those crooks in my house!" Tim said, picking up a wrench. "Step aside and let me at it!"

"No!" Queenie said firmly. "If you go messing around inside, there'll soon be nothing left to fix!"

Tim studied her sadly for a moment, deplored her lack of faith. Then he tossed the wrench aside and slowly rolled down his sleeves.

"Very well, then," he said in a huff. "You can just sit and twiddle your thumbs!"

"Twiddle your own!" she replied. "I'm going to bed!"

She slammed the bedroom door behind her, and Tim went into the kitchen and got himself another can to keep him company on the sofa. It was the first night of peace and quiet he'd had in seven years. Staring at the set out of habit, he wondered how he had spent his evenings before the thing came into the house. There had been the radio, of course, and friends and neighbors dropping in for an evening of gab and cards. And now and then, when the spirit moved him, he used to read a book.

Musing over the many hours he'd spent absorbed in the printed word, he picked up a magazine and started flipping through the pages. An ad caught his eye: it was a series of slow-motion pictures of a young blonde leaping around in her girdle. And over on the opposite page was one for Crimples, the whole-grain breakfast food that was supposed

to put muscles on the whole family.

Instead of the usual table scene, showing Mother and Dad and all the kiddies grinning and waving their spoons, it showed a truck backing up to a house and dumping a ton of money in the middle of the front lawn, while the man and woman who owned the place danced and shouted for joy.

Win a Gold Mine! the ad said. *Full ownership of the Dream Bonanza might be yours for simply telling why you like Crimples in twenty-five words or less!*

Well, that seemed fair enough, Tim thought. But on reading the fine print down at the bottom, he found that there was a catch to it—every entry had to be accompanied by a boxtop from a package of Crimples. Even so, he reasoned, it wasn't a bad proposition. Besides, there were other prizes, like a trip to Europe for two, and a pack of pedigreed hunting dogs with the horse and the get-up thrown in free, together with a book of instructions on how to bag a fox. Tim decided to give it a try.

But the game wasn't as easy as it looked. After an hour of doodling and chewing the rubber off his pencil, all he had was the head start they had given him—*I like Crimples because*—plus the three words he'd added before he'd gotten stuck—*they are so . . .* So what? he wondered. Tasty? Tempting? Good for the morning-after shakes?

Since he always had bacon and eggs for breakfast, he'd never eaten a mouthful of Crimples, and didn't know what their appeal might be. So he took himself out to the kitchen and looked around for a box. Box? There were four and every one had been broken open, with not a boxtop left in the lot!

He tiptoed into the bedroom and switched on the lamp. "Queenie, listen—it's me, Tim! What happened to all the Crimble tops?"

"The what?" she moaned.

"Crimple tops," he repeated, and she sat straight up in bed.

"Now, see here, you!" she began. "You've no right waking me up just to make fun of my curlers! If I could afford permanent waves, like every other woman, I wouldn't look like this, and you know it! Crimble top, am I?"

"Now, now," he said soothingly. "It's the cereal I'm talking about. What happened to all the boxtops?"

"How should I know?" she retorted. "The kids use them to send for things, whistles and badges and flying saucers, one piece of junk or another. Now, shut up, will you, and let me sleep?"

Tim retreated to the kitchen and shook some Crimples into a bowl, adding sugar and enough milk to cover the little mound. Spoon in hand, he listened carefully to hear if the flakes made any lively sounds, such as he'd heard some

cereals did. But the Crimples never made a peep. They just lay there soaking up milk, as quietly as blotting paper.

Well, that was an advantage, he thought, since any doctor would tell you the best way to cure indigestion was by avoiding all fuss at the table. So he added the virtue to his sentence, which now read, *I like Crimples because they're so quiet.*

Now he was getting somewhere, he figured, and he scooped up a mouthful and started to chew. What else were they besides just noiseless, he was asking himself, when he chanced to notice the price on the box. Only eighteen cents!

They were *cheap*, he realized! And all in a flash, his entry was finished. He cut out the coupon and read it over, imagining that he was one of the judges coming on it for the first time.

I like Crimples because they're so quiet and cheap!

"Stop the contest, I've got the winner!" he muttered to the kitchen sink. "Tell the boys at the Dream Bonanza to get in there and start loading the truck, and the rest of you judges help fill these suitcases with money for Tim Haggerty."

Tim wanted to waken Queenie and read it aloud to her, but he restrained himself. He slipped the entry into his wallet and tucked it under his pillow till morning, when he could get a Crimples boxtop and send it off in the mail.

That night he dreamed he was sitting in the Last Chance Saloon, laughing and buying drinks for the house, with all the prospectors gawking at him, and a dancing girl on each knee. One was the lovely Lolita Lopez, the Mexican spitfire, who reminded him of Agnes Callahan before she married Kenneth Doyle. But just as the fun was at its height, and Lolita was kissing his cheek, the other girl started to scream and make an awful scene. It was Queenie, he realized! And he started right out of bed. Six o'clock, the alarm clock said.

He was waiting at the grocery store when Jimmy the clerk opened at seven, and he got a stamp and an envelope from the druggist across the way. But as soon as he had dropped the letter into the mailbox, he began to have his misgivings. What if his entry got lost, he wondered? So he hung around for twenty minutes until the truck came to empty the box, just to make sure that the envelope got off to a safe start.

"Mind you take care of that one now," he said confidentially to the driver, when he saw his letter go into the bag.

"I'll give it my personal attention," the man replied with a wink.

"Well, if it ain't Tim Haggerty!" said the night watchman at Snappy-Style Shoes, when he let Tim in at ten minutes to eight. "You haven't been so

early to work since the day they gave out the Christmas bonus!"

And when Mr. Brophy, the big boss, came through a half hour later, he stopped at Tim's desk and blinked his eyes, like maybe he wasn't seeing right.

"Good morning, Haggerty," he said. "What brings you in so early? Nothing wrong at home, I trust?"

"No, nothing wrong," Tim chuckled. "I just had a little matter of business to take care of this morning."

"Good for you!" said Brophy, for he naturally assumed the business had to do with getting out a shipment of shoes.

"Nothing like an early start," he said, as he waddled off. "I see you brought your breakfast in with you."

Tim put the Crimples in the wastebasket and tilted back in his chair, the better to consider the problem of how he was going to spend his money.

After setting aside enough to take care of Queenie's shopping, he'd buy a new car—a custom-built convertible, about the size of a Mardi-Gras float, with all the latest gadgets. And then, of course, he'd need a garage, since you couldn't leave a thing like that parked out in the street. And if he built a garage, he might as well tack on a house—a split-level ranch house with a large porch, and a swimming pool for the kids, and his own little private rumpus room with a bartender.

As for something to do during the day, after he quit his job, he thought he might take up music again, having once had a very nice touch for the player piano. He was wondering where he might get one made up in the shape of a baby grand, when all of a sudden the whistle blew, and it was time to knock off for lunch.

"What do you think of them Dodgers?" little Mac from the mailroom asked, when the sixteen of them gathered around a table for two in the cafeteria.

"What a bunch of bums!" Reilly snorted. "Just because they won a World Series, they're acting like prammer domers!"

"They need a strong hand always over them to snap the whip when they start to slump," Tim remarked democratically, for he was determined that owning a gold mine would never come between him and his friends, or cause him to lose the common touch in discussing current events. "Now, if I owned that club," he began, and they all roared with laughter.

"You owning the Dodgers!" Reilly hooted in his ear. And when they started to laugh again, Tim picked up his tray and went over to sit with an old lady.

Let them laugh, Tim thought to himself, scowling back at the lot of them.

As soon as the first suitcase arrived, he'd make a down payment on the Dodgers and take an option on Ebbets Field! And just wait till that pack of hyenas came crawling to him for free passes!

"Beat it!" he muttered. "All of you! You're banned from Ebbets Field!"

"I beg your pardon?" the old lady said.

"Not you, Mother," Tim replied. "You're welcome to come in any time. I meant that bunch over there!"

By the time Tim got back to work, he realized how foolish it was for him to think of buying the Dodgers. It was ridiculous for a man like himself to consider buying a second-hand team, when he might just as well purchase a new one. The Bonanza Boys, they would be called, and he'd build his own stadium, too.

It was ten minutes after quitting time when he finished drawing the plans, showing the layout of all the bases, and where he wanted the bleachers put.

"Still here, Haggerty?" a voice inquired. And there was the big boss, Brophy, grinning from ear to ear.

"Yes, I am," Tim acknowledged. "I was just working out the problem of how to get in ten extra boxes."

"Splendid!" Brophy exclaimed, thumping his brief case with delight. He naturally assumed the boxes were to be filled with shoes.

"Well, don't work too late, now," he advised, as he went around turning off lights. "Tomorrow's another day, you know, and we don't want to overload the truck."

Tim put on his hat and headed for home, and when he transferred to the bus, he found himself wondering how much buses cost.

You're late. Where have you been?" Queenie asked, as though he'd spent the extra ten minutes leading a double life.

"I stayed over a while at the office to do a little thinking," he said.

"Why can't you think on the subway, like other husbands do?" she demanded.

"Well," she said, when they all sat down to dinner, "the man came and took it out. The picture tube is shot."

"Oh, the television!" he said with a smile. "You should have told him not to bother. We'll be getting a new one soon."

"A new one, indeed!" Queenie said. "If there's anything new comes into this house, it's going to be a washing machine!"

"Don't worry, you'll get that, too," Tim assured her. "And one of those automatic dishwashers that spin the cups and saucers dry."

"Daddy, can I have the old television

set for my room?" little Kevin asked.

"Sure, you can," his father agreed. "And another one down by the swimming pool, just like a drive-in movie."

Queenie just sat and stared for a minute. The worst of it was, he seemed cold sober.

"What happened?" she asked tentatively. "Did you win the baseball pool?"

"Better than that," he said cryptically. "Just you wait and see. In a couple of weeks the bell will ring, and two men in uniform will be at the door to see me."

"Saints preserve us, the police!" Queenie gasped, thinking he'd held up a filling station, which accounted for his coming home late.

"Not the police," Tim told her. "These boys will be guards. I'm just tipping you off ahead of time, so you won't be too surprised."

"I certainly won't!" Queenie said with a sigh, for what with his talk of new washing machines and a swimming pool, she was sure his buttons had come undone. She could just see the two guards coming in, pretending that they were tailors, and asking would he try this jacket on so they could see how it fitted. It was bound to happen, she realized now, for didn't he have an old aunt someplace who thought she was Myrna Loy?

All that week Tim kept dropping hints—till Queenie thought she was losing her wits, too. But what came nearest to cracking her nerves was the way he'd sit there and chuckle, then get up and peek in the cupboard and murmur, "Quiet and cheap, that's the word, boys! Quiet and cheap wins the day!"

"What's quiet and cheap?" she finally asked, on Sunday afternoon, thinking that if he talked about it, some of the cobwebs might blow away.

"Crimples!" he said, with a gleam in his eye. "Wouldn't you say they were quiet and cheap, if somebody was to ask you?"

"I don't know . . . I might," Queenie stammered, circling slowly toward the door.

"You don't know?" he suddenly shouted. "What are you trying to do, anyway—make me lose out on the Dream Bonanza?"

"What's the Dream Bonanza?" Queenie found courage to ask.

"Oh, nothing, it's only the gold mine that Crimples is giving away!"

"Gold mine?" Queenie murmured. "Do you mean the one in the slogan contest?"

"I do!" Tim replied with a scowl. "I have the bonanza all sewed up!"

"Oh, Tim, that's wonderful!" Queenie said in all sincerity, figuring, from the way he talked, that he must have some

As Lolita kissed his cheek, he realized with dismay that the other girl was Queenie.



I like
Bumple
because they
are so quiet
and

ALEX. ROSS.

inside information. "What was the slogan you wrote?"

Tim quoted from memory: "I like Crimples because they're so quiet and cheap!"

He watched her as she slowly sat down and the faucet dripped ten drops of suspense.

"Well?" he asked eagerly. "What do you think of it?"

"It's fine, Tim, it's just fine," Queenie said. "What other prizes do they have—besides the gold mine, I mean?"

"Oh, lots of stuff, like a trip to Europe for two, clear down to the lowest of all, which is fifty pop-up toasters."

"Well, we could use a new toaster," she said thoughtfully.

"See? I never should have told you!" he roared. "That's just like you and your family—putting me in the toaster class, when I might have walked off with a gold mine!"

"But you still might," Queenie told him. "I only meant that if you won the trip for two, who would we get to mind the children?"

"Arrr!" Tim growled, stomping out of the room in disgust. "What chance does a man have of ever amounting to anything, when his own wife is against him?"

By the time the end of the week rolled around, he was as restless as a man expecting his first pair of twins. He got up at six every morning and went off to the job, just for the sake of something to do, and Brophy, the big boss, was getting so chummy that Tim almost regretted the necessity of having to go in and punch his nose the minute he won the Dream Bonanza.

On the Wednesday after the contest closed, he was sitting at dinner as usual, waiting for the doorbell to ring, when Queenie chanced to inquire if he remembered her cousin Fred.

"The one who used to read gas meters by the light of a match?" Tim asked.

"No, that was poor Pete, Lord rest his soul. Fred used to drive for the diaper service before he went out West."

"Ah, yes," Tim recalled.

"Well, I thought I might drop Fred a line, since he's got a good job with the company, and may be able to put in a word with the contest judges."

"What company does he work for?" Tim asked.

"Why, Crimples, of course," Queenie said, beaming. And Tim rose out of his chair with a groan.

"I knew it! I knew it!" he wailed in agony. "That family of yours is bound and determined to keep me from getting ahead!"

"What do you mean?" Queenie said in dismay. "I'm sure Fred would be glad to help. You can't expect to win a gold mine unless you have a little pull!"

"I can't expect to win it at all, with

your cousin working there!" he retorted. "The rules of the contest plainly state that everyone is free to enter, except employees of Crimples, Incorporated, and the members of their families!"

"But you're not a McGurn!" Queenie protested.

"Of course I'm not, as anyone with two eyes can tell, seeing my ears don't flap!" Tim shouted. "But I made the mistake of marrying one, and according to law, that's the same thing!"

"Mistake, you say?" Queenie screeched, and then she burst into tears. "Too bad you didn't marry that . . . that fibbergibbet Callahan!"

"All right, forget it," Tim growled, for now that he'd lost all hope of winning, he wanted to get some sleep.

The following morning he got up late, and had to race like mad to beat the blast of the starting whistle. And wouldn't you know, old Brophy himself was waiting there at his desk, checking to see what time he came in.

"Ah, there, Haggerty!" he boomed. "I was beginning to think you weren't coming today, and I can't say I would have blamed you. You could probably use a day off, what with the way you've been driving yourself."

Tim stared at the man with open mouth, trying to catch his breath.

"But since you're here," Brophy went on, "I'd like you to come along with me, so I can show you the ins and outs of your new job in Gentlemen's Sneakers."

"New job?" Tim gasped, like a winded echo. "Gentlemen's Sneakers, you say?"

"Why, yes, we need a good man up there to keep an eye on production. You're just the chap to put things right, and once they're humming smoothly. I've got something even better in mind. The pay is only half again more than you've been getting down here, but as time goes on we'll remedy that."

"I see," said Tim, following after, every bit convinced that this was all a dream.

But as the day wore on in Gentlemen's Sneakers, and he showed no signs of waking up, he figured it must be real enough, and his spirits rose with the passing hours. With 50 per cent added to his pay check, he'd be able to make good on some of the things he'd planned on doing with the Dream Bonanza. There would be no servants and swimming pools, but he could at least buy a washing machine, and later on, if all went well, perhaps a little house in the suburbs.

He was feeling as gay and chipper as a young man of twenty-one when he transferred to the bus that evening and stopped to give an old lady a hand with her bundles.

"Well, if it ain't 'Poochy' Haggerty!" the old lady said, when they got aboard.

Tim nearly fell in the driver's lap when he realized who she was—no one had ever

called him "Poochy" except Agnes Calahan! She almost chewed his ear to a pulp, filling him in on the aches and pains she'd suffered during the past ten years. With seven children and arthritis, she looked and talked like her own grandmother, cackling at the top of her lungs.

Tim could hardly wait for the bus to reach his corner so he could escape the embarrassment. When Queenie came to greet him, as he put the key in the door, he realized how lucky he was. She wasn't as flashy as Agnes had been, but she'd stood up under the test of time.

"**G**uess what?" he said. "I got a promotion!"

"You didn't!" Queenie said joyously. "Kids, come here and kiss your father, he's had a busy day!"

"Easy, now!" he warned them, as they started to overdo the affection by clobbering him with all their might. "Treat your father gently, for he's got a big future ahead of him as a supervisor for Snappy-Style Shoes!"

"Oh, Tim dear, that's wonderful!" Queenie said, smiling. "It's almost as good as winning the contest!"

"Well, it's no gold mine," Tim said proudly. "But it ain't exactly a salt mine, either, and more in line with my character, which is sober and industrious. Every man must do his own digging," he added, with a wave of his hand. And seeing a box on the table, he paused to inquire, "What's that?"

"Oh," said Queenie, getting all flushed. "It's just something that came today. I thought you might like to open it."

"A pop-up toaster!" Tim said in surprise, as he lifted it out of the box. "Now who would be sending a thing like that?"

"Maybe it was...you know, Crimples," Queenie suggested. But when Tim saw the price tag on it, he knew that it wasn't from Crimples. He opened the closet and took down the jar where Queenie kept her savings, and found it was empty except for a button.

"On the other hand, maybe Queenie went out and bought it," he said. "And then maybe she forgot to take off the price tag."

"Did I?" she said, wheeling around. "Oh, darn, and I wanted to make it look like it was a prize for your slogan, just to make it up to you for marrying a McGurn."

"If there's any making up to do, I'm the boy for the job," Tim said, giving her a big hug. "I've prize enough for any man, and she's not a McGurn—she's an angel!"

A few minutes later, Kevin appeared with two cap pistols to hold up the kitchen. "All right, break it up now," he said, climbing into his chair. "Dad, sit down. Mom, dish it up. The chuck wagon's ready to roll."

THE END



What one act can make even a godly man wish to kill another? Matthew Summerfield's wife—a beautiful and devoted mother—learned the answer

BY GEORGE LOVERIDGE

At the beginning of the present academic year, there appeared among the students of a leading divinity school in New England a man named Matthew Summerfield. That he was in his middle thirties and that he had a wife and a small daughter, both very comely, interested his fellow students, who were, for the most part, much younger; and they were not long in learning that he had had a curious history.

For one thing, he had been a student at the same university seventeen years before, but had remained only a year. Giving up the goal of becoming a clergyman, he had gone into business and had prospered. Since financial achievements even more substantial had been plainly ahead of him, it was reasonable to suppose that some considerable crisis had turned him away from the world and back to the ministry; indeed, his very aspect—he was a tall, strong man, but his body and his bony face were emaciated, and his eyes burned with a singular intensity—hinted at an ordeal and a

conquered agony, or, perhaps more accurately, an ordeal that renewed itself each day, an agony that would never quite be overcome.

Matthew Summerfield was the youngest of four children of the Reverend Peter Summerfield. The two older boys became clergymen and the one daughter married a clergyman. Matthew, too, seemed destined for the church. At eighteen he began studies leading to the ministry, to the profound satisfaction of his father.

But at some point in the following year Matthew began to doubt that he had a true vocation.

"I just can't keep on, Father," Matthew said. "I feel the call, but not strongly enough. I don't like to pain you, father, but my heart isn't in it."

"Perhaps," his father gravely said, "it is too much for me to expect all my sons to wear the cloth. Follow your own conscience. Matthew, I'd rather have you a wholehearted Christian businessman than a half-hearted Christian minister."

Matthew then transferred to another

college to study business administration.

His first position was as a salesman for a company that manufactured woodworking tools. His intelligence, his energy, and his good nature made him successful almost at once. In his second year out of college, he married the girl who had been his sweetheart when he was an undergraduate. Her name was Shirley Bonner. She was a girl seductively proportioned ("sexy" was the word commonly applied to her), with full lips, high cheekbones, well-arched brows, steadfast brown eyes, and brown, abundant hair that she let fall below her shoulders.

After his marriage Matthew went to work for another company, which manufactured jewelry, and he made such progress that he was certain to become sales manager.

Still he was not completely happy. He still regretted, from time to time, that he had not persisted in his course to the ministry; and he was troubled by the very success that caused him to be envied by others. Looking about him at his paneled rooms he would remember the bare parsonage where his mother and father, and he himself, had been happy.

To achieve his success he had had to make exceptions to the strict views he had been nurtured in. His business was selling jewelry, something that nobody really needed. And as a salesman, he had become accustomed to drinking more than was good for him, with his



customers and prospects and with other salesmen. He possessed a good constitution and a judicious mind, and he never allowed drink to overpower him; but he felt the strength and craft of it.

Another circumstance dimmed his happiness. He worried about it, even though he felt it was not his affair, in the beginning. It concerned the character of his employer, Ted Bigney. Bigney, a man of almost sixty, was not prepossessing, being short, with a flabby, oval face, bulging eyes, and a large nose.

"He's a hell of a shrewd operator in business," one of Matthew's associates, Henry Bell, informed him. It was not long after Matthew had joined the company, and he and Henry were growing companionable over Martinis on Henry's terrace. "And he's a hell of a shrewd operator with women. You wouldn't think so, he's so ugly, but he gets the women. That's how he got his start. His wife had the money, he didn't." Henry laughed. "I'll say one thing for him, he's democratic. He doesn't care whether they have money or not. Not now. Two or three years ago, there was a sixteen-year-old kid drank a bottle of poison right on the street in front of the shop. Died from it. They say it was some kid Ted had on the string. He probably showed her a good time and got her in trouble and tried to buy her off and she got panicky."

"Do you believe that?" Matthew asked.

"I saw the kid lying in the street myself. You know his brother, Bill Bigney, the lawyer? They say half his practice is settling things with parents or husbands or whatever it might be of Ted's women."

Occasionally, Matthew heard more about Ted Bigney's exploits, as he became acquainted at the office. He was invited to Bigney's home for dinner, he and Shirley and half a dozen other rising young men in the firm, with their wives.

Afterward Shirley said, "I don't like that man. He makes you feel uncomfortable, the way he looks at you."

"I guess he doesn't mean anything," Matthew replied. But he was disturbed.

Returning from a business trip to the Middle West a month later, he learned that Mr. Bigney had called on Shirley.

"Last Wednesday night," she said. "About eight o'clock. Diana was in bed and I was reading when I heard the chime. I went to the door and it was Mr. Bigney, with a basket of grapefruit. So he came in and he said some relative of his wife's had sent them two baskets from Florida, and he said his wife said, 'We can't possibly eat all that. Why don't you take one over to the Summerfields?'

"I had to invite him in, didn't I? He said he thought you would go somewhere in the company, if everything worked

out right. What do you suppose he meant by that?"

"I don't know. What do you suppose?"

"How should I know? All I know is I'd just as soon buy our own grapefruit."

Twice more, in similar circumstances—once when he had "forgotten" that Matthew was away and again bearing some samples of new jewelry that he was "asking a few ladies' opinions about"—he called on Shirley.

"He made a big point," she said, "of telling how he did this kind of thing himself, sampling the public."

"Is that all he was selling?"

"Probably not."

"See here," he said. "You've probably heard the stories about him. I'm beginning to believe they're true. Maybe we'd better pick up and go. I can get another job all right."

She smiled. "Oh, Matt. You know you don't want to do that. You'd have to begin lower down again, I suppose, in a new company. I don't imagine Mr. Bigney's so dangerous as they say. I know he exerts very little charm on me."

"That may be. But a man like that has many ruses. I don't want you to be exposed to this sort of thing."

"You look so severe when you frown, Matt. I can just see you in a pulpit, laying the congregation low."

"Don't joke about such things, darling," he said. "Maybe that's what I ought to be doing, instead of just making money."

"Just making money? Is that so bad? But seriously, if you want to give up right now and become a preacher. I'll go right along with you. So it's up to you."

For the next few nights, he studied the Bible more seriously than ever.

But the mood passed. Now that he was home with Shirley, where he could protect her, his misgivings seemed foolish. If matters went too far, he *would* leave. He could do that any time. There was, certainly, no present reason. And he did like a good living.

At the end of July, he and Shirley were invited to Ted Bigney's birthday party. His wife Shirley had never looked more beautiful than on that evening. Standing on needle heels, in sandals of a clear yellow brocade, she turned slowly for Matt's admiration.

Matt whistled. "The Queen of Sheba," he said. "You take my breath away."

The party took place at the Bigney's summer estate on Lake Mechaug. Ted Bigney and his wife, seldom seen together on any other occasion, made everybody welcome.

Nobody attracted more glances than Shirley Summerfield. Matt, as he danced, smiled when they passed each other, and he saw other men watching her, evi-

dently talking about her. Early in the evening, Ted Bigney had cut in on Matt once, but that was the only time he had danced with Shirley.

"Don't drink any more, will you, darling?" he said to her once, half jesting. "You don't have the capacity some of these girls have."

"Don't worry," she said. A young man came to request a dance and she left with him, smiling over her shoulder at her husband.

He did not want to dance again, or to drink, so he went into the library and looked at some of the fine bindings and first editions Bigney had collected.

When he glanced at his wrist watch, he saw that half an hour or more had passed. It was after one o'clock. In the ballroom, Matt looked casually for Shirley. Not seeing her, he went onto the terrace, then down onto the lawn.

He was going toward the dock, when a servant approached him and said: "Mr. Summerfield?"

"Yes."

"I have been asked to tell you, sir, that Mrs. Summerfield is in the car and would like to see you. She isn't feeling well, sir."

"Thank you."

Matt walked around the edge of the lighted area. "I knew she was drinking too much," he thought, irritably.

He saw her sitting in the car. When he opened the door he saw that her face was bruised, her dress was torn, and her hair was disheveled.

"Shut the door," she said, in a voice that frightened him. "Drive home."

He shut the door. "But the Bigney's. We ought to say something to them."

"No, no. Go. Matt, you must."

"Did you fall down? Are you hurt?"

"When we get home," she said. She began to weep. He drove as fast as he could, frightened, still supposing that it was all from drinking too much.

He steadied her as they went into the house. Nobody washome; Diana was spending the week with her grandmother. Shirley sank into a chair in the living room.

She began to sob. "Something terrible has happened, Matt," she said. "One of the women we met there. I don't remember her name, came and said he was going to take you and me and some others . . ."

"He? Who is he?"

"Mr. Bigney. Mr. Bigney . . . take us for a ride on the lake, and you were on the boat already, and I went with her. There was a man at the wheel, in a uniform, and the motor was running. We went down into the cabin and nobody else was there. And . . ."

"On Bigney's boat?"

She nodded. "So I asked where you were and she said you'd be there in a minute. She was going to get you an'

Shirley had struggled, cried out for her husband before she fell, helpless against his lustful strength.

her husband. So she went up again, and I waited a minute, then the boat moved . . ."

He seemed not to breathe. His hands crushed hers.

She went on, after a moment, "I started to go up on deck; then I heard somebody behind me and it was Mr. Bigney. I said, 'Where is Matt?' and he said, 'Oh, he's aboard somewhere,' and I started to go up the stairs again and he held me back. He was laughing and saying, 'He'll be down in a minute. Don't go.' I tried to get free but he held onto me. He . . ."

"What? What did he do?"

"I got away from him and screamed for you, and he pulled me back and pushed me onto a bunk. I just thought he was drunk till then. I hit him in the face. He began to swear and he hit me with his fist. I fell back on the bunk. He . . . Oh, Matt, Matt!"

She leaned against him, sobbing. He sat there as stiffly as a statue.

"Afterward," she whispered, "he let me go and I got up the stairs and I . . . I was going to jump overboard. Then he said he'd put me ashore. They went to some other dock, farther up the shore. The man in the uniform took me around where nobody would see me, to the car. I said, 'Please get my husband.' He went away. Matt, I feel . . . I . . ."

She collapsed. He knelt on the floor beside her for a minute or more, his mind quite empty of any impression, any emotion.

Gradually the long, disheveled hair, the bruised face, the torn dress transformed themselves into an overwhelming image that he could not deny and could not evade. He lifted his wife and carried her into their bedroom, where he put her into bed and covered her. It occurred to him that he ought to summon a physician, but he did not want anybody to know what had happened. So he did not do anything, but simply sat beside the bed, looking at her by the thin light from a lamp on her dressing table. Again, all feeling, all thought had ebbed away from him.

It was light outdoors when he arose. Shirley had moved and muttered once or twice. He took a pistol from a drawer of his chest. The pistol was one he had bought upon learning that a prowler was active in the neighborhood. He put it into his pocket and went out to his car.

He drove rapidly, taking the inside of every curve. He knew what he was going to do but he did not think about it, any more than a stone thinks when it is falling. Turning in at the long road penetrating the Bigney estate, he encountered nobody, and the curved driveway was empty. He stopped his car, got out, and approached the house, his right hand on the gun in his pocket. The sun was just striking the upper windows. The front

door was unlocked. He shoved it open and went in. Everything was quiet. He went onto the terrace. The cabin cruiser was not at the dock.

Re-entering the house, he encountered an old woman, a servant.

"Where is Mr. Bigney?" he inquired.

"He's not here, sir. He went away. Everybody's gone."

"Where?"

"I don't know, sir."

He went upstairs and pushed into the bedrooms and bathrooms, but he did not find anybody. Taking the pistol from his pocket, he opened the doors of closets. Then he saw himself in a long mirror, and stood there, gun in hand, staring at himself, fascinated.

He ran down the stairs and drove away.

Shirley lay sleeping. As he sat on the edge of the bed, holding her hand, he could not quite be sure that he had been away. Had he been to the party, either? Had what had seemed to happen happened in the outer world, or was it a fantasy, a mental disturbance? He could not get a grip on anything.

But this was Shirley. How could he have left her—here alone in the house? How could he have allowed her to be separated from him at the party? Useless reproaches tore his mind. He telephoned the family physician.

Summerfield heard his wife calling to him. He hurried back, and told her that he had summoned the physician.

"But I don't want him to know. You didn't tell him?"

"No. We won't tell him the circumstances. But we've got to make sure you don't become . . ."

"Matt," she said, "you wouldn't tell the police? I couldn't stand the publicity."

Dr. Hammond arrived.

Summerfield waited in the living room. The front door was open. Through the screen, presently, he heard the tolling of a distant bell. He had forgotten that it was Sunday. The remembrance, like the calm of the morning, intensified his anguish. "The church," the bell seemed to mean, "was the vineyard you were called to labor in. You did not choose to, and this has happened. Can this be undone?"

Dr. Hammond came from the bedroom and put his hand on Summerfield's shoulder. "I've given her a sedative. Hadn't you better have one, too, Matt?"

"Leave me some pills."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know who it was?"

"It's my affair."

"It's your affair, but you're *my* affair."

"I'll handle it."

Dr. Hammond looked at him with sympathy, picked up his hat and went out.

Matt could not think. He swallowed two of the pills that Dr. Hammond had left for him—one had been recommended

as sufficient—and lay beside his wife. In a few minutes, they both lay as though dead.

It was evening when Summerfield awoke. His wife had already got up; she was sitting by the bed, where he had sat.

"What time is it?" he muttered.

"Seven o'clock."

"At night?"

"Yes."

Slowly, what the pills had driven away from his mind returned. He embraced his wife, in silence.

"What can we do, Matt?" she asked. "I don't know."

They went into the kitchen, presently, for something to eat. They ate without speaking. The telephone rang. They did not answer it. When it was dark, they did not put on any lights.

"What we ought to do," he said, "is tell the police and bring action against him. I try to think of us as doing what's right for the protection of society."

"I'd have to testify," she said. "I couldn't do that, Matt."

"No. I couldn't face it either. It's what we ought to do, but I can't do it. I ought to kill him."

She said, "Matt! You mustn't think of such a thing."

"I never thought I could take a man's life. I always believed that vengeance was the Lord's. But now—I could kill him. I could do it."

"No," she said. "No. Promise me."

Late at night, after she had fallen asleep, he arose and paced about the living room again.

Why shouldn't I kill him?" he thought. "It's the immemorial way. Suppose what he did becomes known? People won't sympathize, they'll laugh at me. And if I kill him, even if I go to prison or the chair they'll respect me. They'll say it was against the interests of society, but they'll respect me.

"Suppose I took him to court. Ten to one he'd get out of it. He'd have the smartest lawyers money could buy. They'd blacken Shirley. They'd say she let him. They'd say, 'Why did she go on the boat with him?' The jury wouldn't believe she thought a whole party was going out on it. They'd make a hero of him, and I'd seem like a coward. A man whose wife was raped and who went crying to the police about it."

Out of the darkness, a voice came to Summerfield, like the voice of his father, or the voice of some good man of the past whose works he had read. "To kill a man in your heart by wishing him dead is as evil as to murder him in the flesh."

How much better it must be, he thought, to be the kind of man who acts without thinking and never suffers the pain of decision. How much better it would have been if I had found him this morning and made an end of it.

It rained all the next day. Half a dozen

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**Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER**

BE SURE TO SEE

Page 3

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was the prey of some amiable aberration, induced by a long life of good thoughts and good works.

Now he too, kneeling in darkness, felt that the Jesus who had been real to him as a child was becoming real again, and that He was at hand; at one moment, Summerfield found this ineffably comforting; at the next, he feared it, as a symptom of a disintegrating mind. Another strong fancy laid hold of him: That his ordeal was a punishment for having turned from the church and run after the pleasures of the world.

Mightily he flung these self-accusations aside. Was it he who had done something wrong, or was it Bigney? And where was Bigney? Not suffering, that was certain. Probably enjoying himself as usual. He was a bold, shrewd man. He had probably conjectured that his victims would be ashamed to bring the matter into the courts, and had correctly judged that the husband, if he did not achieve a violent satisfaction almost at once, would find himself becoming more and more powerless to do so, as the enervating drugs of civilization—law, mercy, the distaste for blood—worked through his veins.

He saw Bigney grinning at him. "Kill him, O Lord!" Summerfield prayed. "If vengeance is yours, take vengeance!"

He began to despise himself. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth. Such had been the law that generations of men had lived by; and he cursed his own father and the Christian church for having left him a divided man, who could neither live by this law nor altogether reject it.

He tried to fasten his mind upon the image of his father, a man of simplicity and gentleness, enduring all things, teaching and believing that all things work together for good. "All things?" Summerfield cried in his heart. "All things?"

"Yes," said his father. "All things."

The voice of his father was as clear as though he had been in the room, and Summerfield experienced more vividly than ever the sensation of palpable forces warring around him. "Hallucinations," something within him said. "You're not far from the madhouse." And he heard laughter. The ordinary level of his mind tried to account for these things by referring to his weariness, the shock to his emotions. But the contest went on, lacerating his mind and heart, until he groaned in his soul and wished himself dead. He slipped finally into blackness.

After a time he was conscious of himself lying on the battlefield alone. He looked down upon himself as though from some considerable height, by the light of morning, and thought, "He's dead. Matt Summerfield is dead." His father too, from somewhere, said, "Matt is dead." In his voice there was no regret; contentment, rather.

Imperceptibly, the light of that place became the light of earthly morning, and Summerfield recognized where he was. He felt weak yet calm, and he knew that Matthew Summerfield, the man so beset, was truly dead.

While he was still lying there, Shirley awoke and came to look for him.

"Matt!" she said. "What's the matter?"

He got up slowly. "I've had it out with myself. I can't kill him. And since I can't kill him, I must forgive him. I've got to begin a different life. Go into the ministry. I've got to go the whole way, whichever way I go."

In order to prove that he could forgive Bigney, that he had the strength for the new life he proposed to undertake, and to charge Bigney himself to mend his evil life, Summerfield felt compelled to talk to him face to face. When he telephoned Bigney's office, he was told that Bigney would be out of town for several days. A call to his home brought the same report.

"He's hiding," Summerfield said to himself. "He doesn't know what I'll do, and he's going to lie low till he gets some indication." To his wife, he said, "I'm going to try to find him."

Some months before, Summerfield had learned that Bigney maintained a secluded camp in a small town about forty miles from the city. Summerfield drove to the town and went to the town clerk's office, where, by referring to a tax book and a map or two, he learned the whereabouts of the camp without letting his destination be known.

Presently he was driving along a dirt road shaded from the July sun by oaks and maples. He passed a farmhouse, and thought of stopping to ask the way, but decided to rely on himself. "Am I trying to cover my tracks?" he wondered then. "Am I afraid that when I do see Bigney, I'll lose control of myself?"

Two miles beyond the farmhouse there was a narrow dirt road leading off to the left. He decided to leave his car and walk up the road, for it was stony and deeply rutted.

When he had walked a quarter of a mile, he saw a cabin up ahead, though there was no sign that it was occupied.

However, Bigney was there. Noticing the figure in the meadow below him, he fetched a pair of binoculars and identified Summerfield. Bigney withdrew across a small clearing and down a path that descended through an area of dense woods and unattractive bogs behind the cabin. Bigney had not ventured far on it before.

He had had several drinks, and he took with him a glass of Scotch and soda he had just prepared. Walking rapidly along the path, he penetrated about a hundred yards into the woods.

Summerfield, meantime, reached the

cabin, found it open, and entered, calling as he did so, "Bigney. Are you here?" Hearing no answer, he looked about. On the table stood a whiskey bottle, almost empty. It was possible that somebody had been there within the last few minutes, or not for days.

Going outside and walking around the cabin, he saw a driveway that evidently led down to the road. No car was visible, and he had not heard one departing; for Bigney had been driven to the cabin in his brother's car. Coming to the path, Summerfield walked tentatively along it, stopping once to call, "Bigney."

His quarry, hearing this, hastened yet farther down the path. The voice followed him. Bigney decided that it would be better to go into the woods and hide.

Where he turned aside from the path, the earth oozed under his feet. Hemlocks grew close together there, with branches sometimes touching the ground. It was a favorable shelter. Bigney crept along, discarding his glass.

He came to a place where he could stand up, and was going to take a few steps more when, at the first step, the boggy ground gave way and he sank almost to his hips. Seizing a hummock of grass, he supported himself. But he did not dare struggle to pull himself out, for he heard his name called again.

His hope was that Summerfield would soon give up and go back. Holding to the hummock with both hands, Bigney rubbed his face on his arms to dislodge the clustering mosquitoes. But even this slight movement settled him lower into the mire, so he remained perfectly still, enduring the insects. He did not have to wait long. After calling once more, Summerfield returned toward the cabin.

When he thought it was safe, Bigney sought to heave himself onto the hummock. It came suddenly free in his hands. The mud stealthily and relentlessly sucked him down.

His belt was now below the surface. Digging under, he managed to loosen his belt and draw it free. Then, with as little movement as possible, he took off his monogrammed shirt. He tied the belt and the shirt into a rope and tried to lasso a branch above his head. On the sixth try, at the cost of sinking within an inch or two of his armpits, he brought the branch down close enough.

At the first strain, the branch broke off.

Steadying himself, rallying against panic, he made another cast, and another, and another, at a branch yet farther overhead. Each time, he sank lower.

"Help!" he gasped at length. "Summerfield! Help!" His hoarse voice carried scarcely a hundred feet.

He lay back as far as he could, to keep his face out of the mud. He was too weak to brush the bugs away. Panting, he stared up at the branch above

him. He gathered his strength to shout.

"Help!" came a harsh whisper that he himself hardly heard. "Summerfield!"

Summerfield remained in front of the cabin for about half an hour. Three possibilities occurred to him: That Bigney had not been there in some time, that somebody other than Bigney was occupying the cabin, and that Bigney was watching him from concealment and would not return until he left. It was not worth while to wait longer.

It was a week later, in early August, before a quiet search for Bigney was begun. William Bigney, going to the cabin two days after Summerfield's visit and not finding his brother, was not alarmed, because nothing was disarranged, and it was quite like Ted to have shifted his base.

When a few more days passed and there was no word, William telephoned to his brother's office. No word had been received there.

Still not wanting to raise a general alarm, for fear of opening a more serious matter, William Bigney hired three farm boys to search the woods. Not for his brother, however; William told the boys that his pet spaniel had run off after a rabbit and hadn't returned.

Toward the end of the afternoon, one of the boys, on his way back to the cabin after fruitless tramping, noticed a patch of white in the swamp. It turned out to be Bigney's shirt. A hand still showed above the surface of the bog.

There followed, of course, a considerable stir in the newspapers. Several theories were offered. One was that Bigney had trapped himself while gathering blueberries. Another was that he had been walking his boundaries. A third was that he himself had been searching for the spaniel—which, incidentally, William caused to reappear next day. An autopsy disclosed no wounds on Bigney, there was no other circumstance to suggest foul play, and the empty glass near the scene of the tragedy, as well as the depleted bottle in the cabin, supported the hypothesis of accident.

Summerfield suffered some uneasy moments. Not that he had done anything directly to send Bigney to his death, but had he done anything indirectly? There was nothing to indicate that the tragic event had occurred on the day of his visit. After consulting with his conscience and his wife, Summerfield remained silent. THE END

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THE MAN IN THE NET

He'd hidden his wife's sins too well from prying eyes of the neighbors. Now she was dead, and he couldn't prove that he hadn't murdered his sweet, innocent, loving helpmate. He couldn't even prove to their friends that she'd had it coming to her

BY PATRICK QUENTIN

John Hamilton turned off the dirt road and walked across the lawn toward his old clapboard house. In the woods with the children, he had almost forgotten the letter from Raines and Raines which had come that morning, but now that he had to face Linda and the crippling task of making her accept his decision he felt panic.

As he went around to the kitchen door, he saw Steve Ritter's jalopy parked outside the converted barn-studio. He might have known there'd be something to make things even more complicated. He found Steve alone in the living-room. The

Stoneville cop and owner of the local gas station was examining the phonograph records and tapes.

"Hi, John. All this music—don't it drive you nuts?"

His shrewd New England gaze settled on John for a moment and then flashed around the walls at John's pictures, just back unsold from the show in New York. He made no comment, but John knew by now exactly what Steve Ritter and the village thought of his paintings. To Stoneville, they were a joke, just as he himself was—"that crazy guy who threw up a big-money job in New York to sit in the

country, painting pictures nobody buys."

"Since I was passing, I thought I'd stop in and say hello to your beautiful wife. She just got back from Pittsfield." Steve hitched up his jeans and grinned, the brash, assured small-town Don Juan. "How's about offering a guy a beer?"

John brought in two cans of beer from the kitchen. As he poured them at the little bar table, he noticed the bottle of gin and the bottle of bourbon on the lower shelf and thought with gnawing anxiety: Should I hide them? It would be awkward in front of Steve, and Linda would instantly notice they were gone. No. It would only increase the danger.

He took a glass to Steve, wondering what he would think if he were told how things really were in this house. He wouldn't believe it, of course. Like everyone else in Stoneville, he was an ardent fan of Linda's. None of them would believe the truth unless they saw it with their own eyes. And it had been his job to make sure they never did.

Linda came into the room then, fresh and extraordinarily young-looking in a little off-the-rack dress with which she managed somehow to create an effect of

style. On her wrist she was wearing a gold charm bracelet which John had never seen. As so often before, watching his wife, John Hamilton marveled at her camouflage. She moved toward Steve, all honey, both hands extended.

"Steve, how sweet of you to drop by." She saw John. "Oh, hello. So you're back already. I thought you'd still be out playing with your little friends." Putting her right hand over the bracelet, she slipped it, almost furtively, John thought, off into the pocket of her dress and turned, smiling, back to Steve. "John's too darling. He just lives for those kids. Your Buck, and Emily Jones, and all of them. Stoneville ought to elect him scoutmaster."

Steve dropped into a chair, and Linda perched herself on its arm, laughing, chattering intimately with him. As John watched her, he began to think: Aren't her eyes too bright? Isn't it all a bit too much? She was always making cracks about his friendship with the children—particularly his friendship with Emily. Frustrated father, that was what she called him. But wasn't the malice in this crack a shade too obvious?

Had she had a drink in Pittsfield?

He knew it was as destructive for him as for her to have these constant suspicions, but once the worm of doubt had slid in, it couldn't be dislodged. For almost a week now, ever since the failure of the show had been definitely established, she had been on the verge.

When Steve finally left, Linda went with him to the kitchen door. Tensely, knowing this was the critical moment in his life, praying that he wouldn't fumble it through diseased pity for Linda, John heard Steve's car drive off. Then Linda came back, her forehead creased with a mock frown.

"These dreadful boring hicks! What have I done to deserve them? Darling, you'd better be thinking about changing. We've got to be at Vickie's party by six."

He'd forgotten Vickie Carey's birthday party. Should he postpone it then? No. Delay would only make it worse.

"Look, darling. Look at me." Linda was pirouetting in front of him. "Do you like my hair?" The faintest hint of thickening in her voice gave her away. It had started. He was sure of it now. "There's a new girl at Madame Helene's. She said she found some gray hairs. Darling, can you see them? Here?"

He could see the gray hairs. There were only a few of them and they were hardly visible, but they were there. So that's what had done it. A chance remark from a tactless girl had been enough.

Fighting depression, he said, "I can't see any."

"Oh, you wouldn't tell me. But she said she found some." Linda shrugged. "Well—who cares? I'm twenty-nine. Lots of women get gray before they're thirty."

She was thirty-three. He'd seen her birth certificate once, and she knew he'd

seen it. But that hadn't stopped her from keeping up the legend. Before she could drag him too far into the realms of unreality, he took the plunge. "Linda, I got a letter from Charlie Raines."

"From Charlie?" Quickly, suspiciously, she added, "But you picked up the mail before I went to Pittsfield. Why didn't you tell me then?"

"I wanted some time to think about it." "Think about what?"

"The vice-president in charge of the art department's retiring. They want me back to take over his job."

As he spoke, he forced himself to concentrate on important things—the fact that he knew, in spite of the critics, in spite of the burden of Linda, that he was gradually groping toward achievement in his painting; the fact that he was overwhelmingly sure a return to the sleek high-pressure commercialism of the advertising world would destroy in him the only thing he cared about any more; and the fact that New York was far worse for Linda than the country.

Dr. MacAllister, the only person he'd confided in, had been emphatic on that point. ("Since Linda won't come to me as a patient, John, I can only give an opinion based on my observations. But I'd say if you don't take her out of this murderous, competitive rat-race she'll be a hopeless alcoholic in a couple of years.")

He'd expected an explosive reaction, but she was watching him very quietly with the forlorn dignity of someone who has abandoned hope.

"You'll never go back," she said.

He felt amazement and gratitude and a stab of guilt for having underestimated her. "So you do see?"

"Of course I see. You're sure you can paint. The critics haven't changed that at all. And you want to paint. That's all you care about."

"I've got enough saved to go along the way we're going for five years at least." Because she wasn't fighting him, the only partially destroyed love which still kept him shackled to her welled up. "Going back would be the end. I'll go to New York tomorrow and explain, but you do understand, don't you? We made the decision together. You as much as I. You know it was the right thing. For you, too."

"What do you mean—for me?"

"You wanted to leave New York, too."

"Me? Are you out of your mind? There hasn't been an hour when I haven't been dreaming that possibly, one day, this dreary, penny-pinching exile would be over and I would be back in my apartment, with my kind of life. I've tried so desperately not to say anything. But when you claim it was just for me that . . ."

"Linda, I didn't say just for you."

"It doesn't matter." Her lower lip was trembling. "I'm not important anyway. I'm just the woman around the place to cook and clean, while you go off and lock yourself up all day in that barn, painting

your pictures. And then, when we might be together—when you might be making it better for me, you just sit blaring that phonograph or go off in the woods with those five little brats like a . . ."

She dropped into a chair, throwing her hands up to cover her face. "Twenty-five thousand a year! That's what they'd give you, isn't it? At least! And *you* want to paint!" Her voice came, husky with spite, through the covering hands. "There's something I swore I'd never tell you. You can't paint. Everyone knows that—not just the critics—everyone. Ask anyone in Stoneville. They all laugh at you. And they all laugh at me. *You*, they say, *you* who are so charming, so bright, why have you saddled yourself with that crazy, untalented oaf?" She got up jerkily like a puppet and started across the room. "I could have married many other men."

The stale, dead words which he'd heard innumerable times before fell on his nerves like water-drops. She was at the bar now. Casually, almost as if she weren't conscious of what she was doing, she was stooping for the gin bottle.

"Linda," he said.

She went on fumbling.

"Linda," he called again.

She straightened, bristling with outraged hauteur. "Why are you shouting at me like that?"

"Don't," he said. "Please."

"Don't? Don't—what?" Her face was scrawled indignation. "You're not accusing me of going to take a drink, are you? I was only arranging the bottles."

He stood with his arms dangling.

"Well, are you?" Her voice tilted higher. "Is that how you're going to justify yourself? I suppose you'll say I had a drink in Pittsfield. Oh, you're so clever. I'm here to tell you I haven't had a drink for months. I . . ."

She gave a little whimper and threw herself into his arms. "Oh, help me. Help me, John. Darling, help me."

It was a genuine cry from the heart. He knew it and, putting a hand protectively on her waist, he felt the old paralyzing pity take possession of him.

"I didn't want to say all those things, John. I didn't want to. They weren't true. I didn't want to say them. Oh, John, I'm so afraid. If only you'd help me."

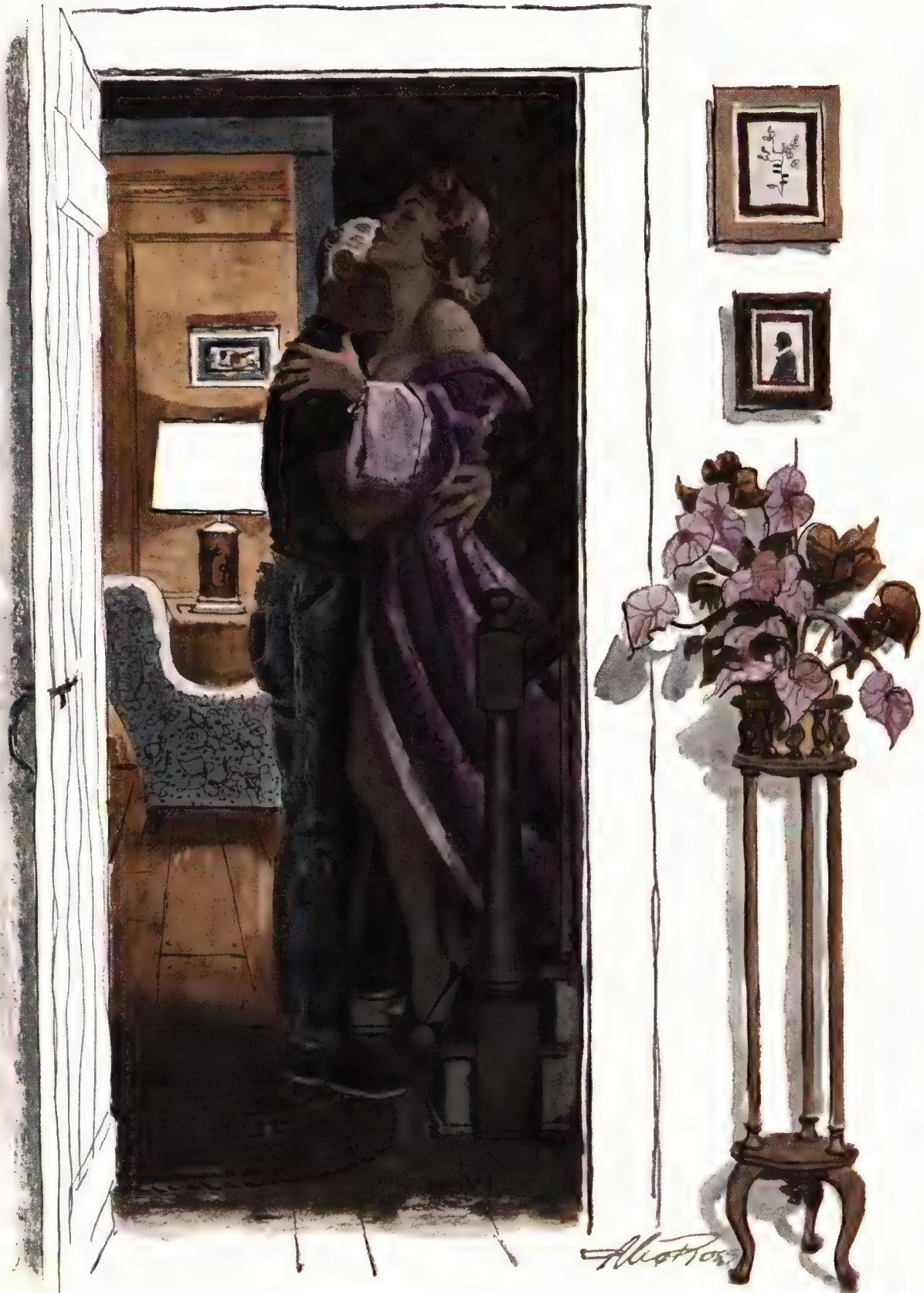
An illusion of hope stirred in him. "If you'd talk to Bill MacAllister . . ."

Her body, pressed against his, started to tremble. "No. You can't do that to me. You can't have them shut me up in a . . ."

"You know it wouldn't be anything like that. Bill's an old friend. He'd . . ."

"No. Don't talk about it. No. I'm all right now. Honestly. Of course I see you've got to turn Charlie Raines down. We're better here. Both of us. And I did have a drink. But only one. I swear it. It's nothing to worry about."

She drew away, her huge green eyes glistening. "It's just that I need time to



John dwelt on the thought that it was Steve who had been his wife's lover.

get used to it. Don't you see? Springing it on me like that. If you'd been a little more tactful . . ."

Already she was rewriting the scene in her mind, seeing herself as the sensitive wife who'd been a little unreasonable because her husband had handled her clumsily. Even now she was capable of staggering him.

"Darling, you should be leaving for Vickie's right now."

"But you're coming too?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly—not now. But one of us has to go. It's her birthday. Say I've got one of my migraines. She knows about them. I'll be all right."

The bar table was in his direct line of vision. Almost without his realizing it, his eyes settled on the gin bottle.

Linda's voice came quick and sharp. "Trust me! Just this once. If you knew how important it is to trust me."

There it was again—the cry from the heart, and the dilemma. Didn't he have to trust her and go? If he didn't, after a direct plea like that, wouldn't it be admitting the one thing he still refused to admit—the total defeat of their marriage?

"Okay," he said. "I'll go. Where's Vickie's present?"

"It's upstairs, all beautifully wrapped. I wrapped it myself."

Smiling happily now, she slipped her arm around his waist, and they started up the stairs together. John was remembering that they'd bought the tray for Vickie together three days before. The woman in the shop had gift-wrapped it.

Vickie and Brad Carey lived on Lake Sheldon about a mile down the mountain. Except for the Hamiltons' closest neighbors, the Fishers, who were in California, and Gordon and Roz Moreland, who collaborated on best-selling historical novels, the Careys were the only local family with pretensions to the grand way of life. Old Mr. Carey, Brad's father, owned one of the longest-established paper companies in New England. Brad was vice-president and heir apparent and, five years before, had married Vickie, a wealthy girl from California.

Driving his old black sedan past the empty Fisher house down the thickly wooded mountainside, John felt the anxiety in him tense as a clenched fist. Apart from Brad and Vickie, who were simple and friendly, although Brad was almost slavishly under his father's thumb, the fanatically exclusive Carey set meant nothing to him. He found old Mr. Carey a boring bully and the much-traveled Morelands silly and pretentious. But the fact that they had accepted her without the slightest suspicion was an all-important prop to Linda. Twice already he'd had to use the migraine as an excuse. Would it work a third time?

The Carey family was gathered at the back of the house on a long flagstone terrace commanding a view of Lake Sheldon which, although one shore belonged

to the township, was considered by the Carey set to be their own private lake. Old Mr. Carey, bland, vigorous and formidable, sat holding a Martini like a gavel. His wife sat by his side, while the crew-cut, cheerful Brad stood at the bar mixing drinks. When John presented the gift and Linda's apologies to Vickie, her odd, irregular face, which was almost homely, clouded with genuine concern.

"Oh, no. Everyone, isn't it a shame? Poor Linda's got another migraine."

"What a pity," said Roz Moreland. "And we've brought our slides from Sicily. Aren't people who travel dreadful, persecuting their friends? But Mr. Carey insisted."

The typical, banal Carey-set party was under way. As the Martinis were drunk and the trek made to the dining room, John tried to be adequate. He tried to share the general outrage when the talk led inevitably to the "wickedness" of the progressive selectmen who were plotting to push through the sale of the lake's north shore to a summer hotel prospector at the next town meeting. But he was thinking tautly of Linda lying in their dark, bare bedroom.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars a year." That was what would be tantalizing her now. She'd be whipping herself up into neurotic hatred of him—thinking of the money lost—and of the bottle of gin downstairs on the bar table.

Suddenly he wondered if, after all, he wasn't just an obstinate, self-deluding egomaniac. Was he only kidding himself that a return to New York would be fatal for Linda? Perhaps, if she had a lot more money and the confidence that went with it . . . Dinner dragged on and soon they were in the darkened living room watching the Morelands' slides. He was back in the grip of guilt and soul-destroying doubt, and then, from the hall behind him, he heard a suppressed giggle and a voice calling, "Yoo-hoo, everyone. Don't stop. It's only me."

A light was snapped on. Someone called out, "Linda darling." John turned to see his wife in her new green evening dress, coming into the room.

"Happy birthday, darling Vickie. I walked. All the way down the mountain. I had to come—to say Happy Birthday."

Her brilliant smile was only a fraction too strained, but instantly, with a sinking heart, John recognized the symptoms. She had reached the most dangerous stage in the cycle where she was still in control of the liquor but where her malice was at its most destructive. *Trust me!* Would he never learn it was fatal to trust her?

Then, as he jumped up and started with the others toward her, he noticed a purplish swelling under her left eye. So she'd fallen, too. She'd crept downstairs and started to gulp the gin, plotting in her devious mind how to get back at him for Raines and Raines . . .

Knowing that, whatever he did, she'd

be washed up with the Carey set, John said, "Linda, should you be out with that migraine?"

"Migraine?" For a second her eyes, flat and hard, met his. "So that's what you told them, is it?" She gave a tinkling laugh. "Don't be fooled by John, my darling Careys. I never felt better in my life. John wouldn't let me come because we had a fight. That's all." Deliberately she raised her hand to the swelling under her eye. "Poor dear John, he didn't mean to do it, of course. But once it had happened—well, he felt it wouldn't be the height of dignity to bring me to a Carey birthday party—with a shiner."

There was an outraged gasp from both the Morelands. Vickie and Brad looked excruciatingly uncomfortable.

His face dark as a thundercloud, old Mr. Carey barked, "He struck you?"

"Oh, I don't blame poor John. It's me I blame. I'm such a selfish monster."

None of them had got onto it yet. They were so used to Linda's pretense of never drinking that they hadn't made the jump. Very carefully she moved through them to John, slipping her arm around his waist, ostentatiously aligning herself with him against his would-be detractors. He could feel her body quivering with malicious satisfaction.

"You see, Raines and Raines want John back as head of the art department. At twenty-five thousand a year. To materialistic little old me, after skimping and saving and existing on the edge of poverty here, it seemed divine to be able to live decently again in New York the way you people live decently here." (It's all rehearsed, thought John. She's been practicing, coming down the hill, to the last gesture, the smallest catch in the throat.) "But that's just my own selfish point of view. I realize that now. It's John's life that matters. If he wants to go on painting, if he doesn't care about the critics . . . Well, it's settled anyway. Tomorrow he's going to New York to turn them down and—and why should I complain? After all, I've got my dear friends, haven't I? I've got Vickie and Brad, the Morelands, the dear Careys."

With a little whimper, she ran to old Mrs. Carey and threw herself against her capacious bosom. "Oh, I'm so ashamed. I should have stayed home. But when I was left there alone I got to brooding and my eye hurt and—and I took a drink. That's what's the matter with me. Linda's stinking drunk."

Her voice, muffled against Mrs. Carey's bosom, disintegrated into racking sobs. Perfect, thought John. She'd even exploited the drunkenness, just when it must finally have become obvious to them all, and turned it into yet another claim on their pity. He needn't have worried. She wasn't washed up with the Carey set at all. She had made them her allies forever, and forever to them he'd be pigeonholed as

an impractical idiot and a wife-beater. He could feel the antagonism in the room. Mr. Carey was loathing him; Mrs. Carey had become a formidable, protective mother. The Morelands were bristling. Dimly he reflected that there had once been a time when this sort of thing had hurt him the way Linda wanted it to hurt. All there was now was a kind of dull disgust, contempt for her and contempt for himself and for the life he had let them drift into.

Wearily, ignoring the hostility around him, he went to Linda. "Okay. You've made your speech. Let's go."

Mrs. Carey clucked like a flustered hen. Mr. Carey cried, "You're not going to take that poor child away and brutalize her. She's going home with us."

Slowly Linda disengaged herself from Mrs. Carey. She was smiling ruefully. "Darling Mrs. Carey—everyone—I'm so terribly sorry. I've ruined the party. How can you ever forgive me? But of course I'm going with John. He's my husband. I had no right . . ." She started for the door. "John, dear, I'll wait in the car."

Vickie said, "Brad, go after her."

As Brad hurried out, John said into the glacial silence, "Well, good night."

Vickie came with him to the front door where Brad joined them from the car.

"She's all right, I guess." He watched John awkwardly. "Is this really true? You're going to turn down the job?"

"I'm turning them down."

Unexpectedly Vickie kissed his cheek. "Don't let them interfere between you and Linda. It's none of their business."

"That's right," said Brad.

John looked from one to the other, feeling surprise and a flow of gratitude. Had he two improbably acquired allies?

Neither he nor Linda talked on the drive home. When they reached the house, she hurried out of the car. By the time he'd parked and gone into the living room, he could hear her moving around upstairs. Feeling infinitely old and tired, he went to the bar table and looked at the bottles. Their levels hadn't gone down. Had she watered the gin? Or did she have a bottle hidden upstairs? Probably the bottle upstairs. That's why she'd gone straight to the bedroom.

Soon she came down again. She had combed her hair and put on more lipstick. The swelling under her eye was darker, but she was smiling a bright, offhand smile as if nothing at all had happened.

"Darling, I can't imagine why I said you hit me. Crazy, wasn't it? I just thought I had to explain about the eye. But I told them I'd had a drink. It'll be easy to explain I got all mixed up."

He got up. "For Pete's sake, Linda, let's go to bed."

She was still smiling but the smile was different, excited, secret. Numb though he was, the danger signals alerted him.

"We'll go to bed soon, darling. But

there's something I've got to tell you first—something important. After you'd gone, I lay there thinking and thinking, and I know I'm right. One day you'll be grateful. I called Charlie Raines. I said you'd meet him tomorrow for a drink at six. I told him you were terribly excited about the job and that—you'd take it."

John looked at her, momentarily stunned. So this was the reason she hadn't gone to the party. She'd had it all worked out. The moment he'd left . . .

"Please, darling." Her voice was prettily coaxing. "You must see. There are times when you're too close to things. That's when it's my duty to help you. I understand your pride. You'd rather die than admit the critics were right. But really, deep down inside, you know you're not going to make the grade. You just don't have it in you. And to turn down the only good offer you may ever get just because of your foolish pride . . ."

The anger in him was suddenly out of control. He slapped her hard across the cheek. She threw up a hand to her face, watching him from eyes full of astonishment and fury.

"You hit me!"

"Yes. Now you don't have any apologizing to do at the Careys."

He crossed to the bar and poured himself a shot of bourbon.

"John!" Her voice, sharp and uncamouflaged, came from behind him. "You're still not going to take the job?"

He swung around. "What do you think?"

"But you must!" Panic was mingled now with the indignation in her eyes.

"John, you've got to listen to me. We can't stay here any more—not in Stoneville." She clutched his arm. Her face, with the puffy, red swelling under the eye, was only a few inches from his. "You see, there's something else. Something more important. It's—it's Steve."

"Steve?" he said blankly.

"I didn't want it to happen. I swear I didn't. You know it's only you I love. But all the time, when you're away, when you're out with the kids, Steve comes. I told him I didn't want him. But it's—it's something too strong for me. Even today, when I came back from Pittsfield—oh, John, it's like a disease. You've got to get me away from here. Mrs. Ritter will find out. They'll all find out. Oh, please."

Steve Ritter! The image of Buck's father swaggered through his mind, the jeans hanging low on the lean hips, the brash blue eyes watching him with their special quality of sardonic amusement. So Steve Ritter . . . almost before the anger, the humiliation, the disgust, came the thought: She's lying. This is just a trick. Since all the others failed, she's been mad enough to invent this.

But then he remembered the gold bracelet she'd been wearing that afternoon, the bracelet he had never seen before and which she'd slipped off her

wrist the moment she realized he was in the room. Could Steve have given her that? And if he had . . . No, don't go into it now. What was the use? Either it was a lie, or it wasn't a lie. It didn't really matter any more because he knew now what he had to do. At last, after all these months of crippling indecision, she had forced him beyond pity and the vestiges of his love into action.

"Okay," he said. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go to New York tomorrow. I'll turn down the job, and then I'll go and see Bill MacAllister."

"No, no. John, no."

"I'll tell him the whole story. And then either he'll recommend a good psychiatrist around here or we'll move to New York and Bill can help you himself. Those are my terms. If you don't like them—you can get the hell out of here."

The panic was still on her face but there was also a look of incredulity, as if she couldn't believe that her perverse power over him was weakening.

"But you know I'm not going to a doctor. I've told you."

"You're going, or else."

"But there's nothing the matter with me. It's only you all the time, pressing, distorting, trying to make me that way. If you go on talking that nonsense about a doctor, I'll go upstairs. I've got a bottle hidden. I'll drink it all."

He knew then that she'd played her last card. Never before had she admitted her secret drinking. And now that she'd done it, it was meant to shatter him. It was pitiful if you looked at it that way.

"Okay," he said. "Go drink your bottle."

She collapsed then. Slowly, like an old woman, she sank into a chair.

"So you won't leave here—not even because of Steve?"

"I don't believe you about Steve."

"You don't believe me?" She gave a wrenching little laugh. "That's really funny. You don't believe me."

"And you'll go to a doctor, either here or in New York."

She started to sob softly, hopelessly. "All right. I'll go to anyone. I'll do anything. But you can't throw me out. Where could I go? I don't have anyone, no family, no one. I'm all alone."

Her voice babbled on and, as he listened more to its sound than to its words, he felt the net narrow again. There had been a moment when, wildly, improbably, he felt he might be free of her forever. But he saw that it couldn't be that way—yet. He had to give her the chance of the psychiatrist, or she'd be on his conscience to his dying day.

He went to her, putting his hand on her shoulder, feeling exhaustion smothering him like a blanket.

"Okay, Linda. Now let's go to bed."

When he awoke next morning, Linda was already up. The phone was ringing, and he went downstairs to answer it. It

was Brad, wanting to know whether he was still going to New York, because old Mr. Carey was sending him down to handle an important client who had arrived from the Midwest. Having promised to meet him on the train, John went out into the kitchen. Through the window, he saw Linda dragging a plastic hose from the old cow-barn below his studio, which, in a recent spurt of gardening enthusiasm, she had turned into a tool-shed. Forcing himself, he went out to join her. She was wearing sunglasses and greeted him with a brisk smile.

"Good morning, darling. So you're up. I've been up for hours. After I'm through watering, I'm going to give the living room a thorough cleaning. By the way, Emily called. Apparently you promised the kids you'd go swimming with them. Why don't you go? You've plenty of time before the train and you'll be out from under my feet."

So that was how she was playing it this morning. No recriminations. Just the efficient, self-effacing housewife. Well, why not go swimming? The more he and Linda kept out of each other's way the better.

The bend in the creek which the kids used as their swimming hole was only a half mile down the road to Stoneville. Except for Leroy, they were all there, splashing in the water. Buck Ritter, Timothy Moreland, and the widowed post mistress's two daughters, Emily and Angel Jones.

As usual, the children's magic worked. As he watched them and listened to their clear, happy voices, he felt the poison of Linda draining out of his veins. Just after eleven, Leroy joined them. Vickie Carey had taken him bass fishing on the lake. They'd got up at dawn and Leroy had caught three fish. While the other children crowded around him, the sensation of peace seeped through John.

It was only later that it all went bad. Emily and her younger sister, Angel, were lying with him in the sun on the bank.

Suddenly, Emily announced, "I'm going to tell John the secret."

"No. No, you're not. No." Like lightning, Angel hurled herself on her sister,

beating at her with her fists. "It's my secret. You mustn't tell John my secret. John's wicked. He hits his wife."

Emily cried, "That's a lie."

The other kids had all crowded tensely around. Bleakly thinking: So it's even got to the children, John pulled Angel off her sister. She struggled in his arms, her round, pudgy face red with fury.

You do! You hit your wife. Timmie heard his father say so. She came to the Careys' with a great big beat-up eye and she said so."

He put the battling Angel down and glanced at the other children. They were all awkward and shame-faced, even Emily. The spell was broken. The shadow of Linda had stepped among them.

He left soon and walked home.

Linda was as brisk and bright as ever, still wearing the sunglasses. She had lunch ready for him and, not eating herself, sat smoking, chattering artificially about trifles. She went upstairs with him while he packed an overnight bag.

"You don't mind driving yourself to the station?" She touched the glasses. "I don't want to go to town like this."

That was the only reference she made to what had happened. When he started off, she was standing at the door, still smiling brightly, and waving.

He found Brad on the train. They both went to the same hotel in New York, and after John's short but embarrassing interview with Charlie Raines, Brad insisted on taking him to a show. He never mentioned the episode of the night before, but his tactful sympathy was comforting. Next morning, after John discovered from Bill MacAllister's nurse that the doctor was inaccessibly off on a three-week fishing trip in the wilds of Canada, he was tempted, in a mood of black depression, to confide everything to Brad. But at the last minute his loyalty to Linda was too tough-fibered.

When they returned that evening, Vickie was waiting for Brad at the station. As John left them and started home in his old black sedan, he felt the familiar anxiety crowding in again. He'd achieved virtually nothing in New York, and he'd been away for thirty-six hours. He had

never left Linda alone that long before. How would she be?

When he reached home, she wasn't in the kitchen. He hurried to the living room. For a moment he could hardly believe what he saw. All the records and boxes of tapes had been hurled out of the cabinet onto the floor where they lay, smashed and unwound, in a chaos of destruction. The phonograph and the tape recorder too were sprawled among them and, flung on the top of the heap, their canvases slashed over and over again, were his paintings which had been hanging on the walls.

Almost in the same instant, he saw his typewriter. Usually he kept it in the studio, but it was standing on a corner table. Propped on it was a sheet of paper. He picked up the paper. The message on it was all typed, even the signature.

YOU NEVER THOUGHT I'D DO IT, DID YOU? WELL, THAT'S WHERE YOU FOOLED YOURSELF. AT LAST I'VE FOUND THE COURAGE TO ESCAPE. SO—GET YOURSELF ANOTHER WOMAN TO SLAVE FOR YOU, TO STICK PINS IN, TO TORTURE. FIND ANOTHER ONE IF YOU CAN. IT'S A CINCH YOU'LL NEVER FIND ME. BAD LUCK TO YOU—FOREVER.

LINDA.

He stood looking at the note, hardly reacting to the insane, distorted spite of the words, just registering the fact that she had left him. But, beyond the shock, his reasoning processes queried: Why had she typed the note? He'd never even known she could type. Why had she gone all the way out to the barn to get his typewriter and . . . ? He looked down again at the chaos on the floor and a sudden image came of her, mad, gibbering, plunging around the room with a knife. And he thought: She hasn't really gone. This is just another devious trick.

Searching through all the rooms he saw she wasn't there, but he found her new suitcase gone and quite a few of her clothes, including her new green evening dress, missing from the closet. Then she *had* left. On foot?

He sat down on the bed and lit a cigarette. He knew this was the greatest of the many crises of his married life, the



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moment for which he should have strength in reserve, but paralyzing torpor had him in its grip. She'd gone with a suitcase. With no money? Or could she have been planning this for months and hidden money away? But where could she have gone? To New York? For all her boasting about "her kind of life" she had no real friends there. To the small Ohio town where she'd been born? Her parents were dead and she'd severed all connections there years ago. Then where?

But if she's insane! he thought. The panic image of her, mad and wandering around the countryside, shocked his thoughts into some kind of coherence. He must call the police. But—in Stoneville—the police was Steve Ritter. If he called Steve Ritter of all people! Suddenly he thought: What's the matter with me? Of course she hadn't run off; she'd gone to one of her "dear, dear friends."

He hurried downstairs and called the young Careys. Vickie answered.

Cautiously, remembering the party line, he said, "Is Linda with you?"

"Why, no. I haven't seen her since the party. John—is anything wrong?"

"Could I come over right away?"

"Of course."

"And, Vickie, I wonder if you or Brad would call the Morelands and your in-laws and ask if she's with them."

"I'll do it right now."

When he reached the Careys', Vickie met him at the front door.

"She's not at Father's, John. And the Morelands don't answer."

Brad was in the living room. He made John a drink.

John said, "When I got home, she wasn't there. She'd left a note."

He was, of course, conscious of the great gulf between the Linda he knew and the Linda the Careys had been presented with, and he realized that somehow the gulf would have to be bridged. But at first he just blurted out what had happened. It was only gradually that their reaction began to dawn on him.

It was Brad who broke in first, his voice politely incredulous. "But Linda, John! Linda writing that note, ruining your pictures? It can't be Linda."

"She loves you," said Vickie. "And the pictures—they're almost sacred to her."

"Sure," cut in Brad. "She was over here the day after the reviews came in on your show. I'd never seen anyone so indignant. To hell with all the critics, she said. He's going to be a great painter."

They weren't accusing him of lying. They just couldn't believe it had happened, and suddenly he could picture the Linda he'd never seen, Linda acting for the Careys the outraged champion of misunderstood genius, and then, Linda in another role, the woman in love with her husband.

Realizing it was essential, he forced himself then, in spite of a still-lurking perverse sense of loyalty to Linda, to tell

them the whole truth. But as he talked, in spite of their efforts to conceal it, their embarrassment became obvious.

Eventually Brad broke in. "So the other night, when she was here, you hadn't hit her at all?"

Wearily thinking: I did hit her later, John said, "I hadn't hit her. She'd fallen down because she was drunk, and it's the drinking she wants to hide."

"But she admitted she'd had a drink."

"One drink, yes. Just because she knew you'd realize something was wrong. That was her complicated way of covering up."

"So to keep us from knowing she was on a drinking jag, she was ready to lie and accuse you of having hit her?"

"Sure. Something like that wouldn't faze her at all." *Be careful. That sounds bitter. It'll only antagonize them more.*

There was a long flat pause. Then Vickie said awkwardly. "So all we've seen of her has been an act?"

"Almost everything, I'd say."

"Then—is this an act too? Is she just pretending to run away, to punish you?" That question, coming from Vickie, made everything he'd tried to explain seem completely preposterous. What was the use? It wasn't his business to convince the Careys anyway—it was to find Linda.

Brad said gruffly, "You'd better call the troopers."

"But if it is just an act," Vickie was watching John. "If she slashed the pictures, then got scared and ran off in the woods, think of the scandal. Couldn't we try to find her ourselves?"

"At night?" Brad was almost hostile now. "Do you know how many thousands of acres of woods there are around here? You'd need search parties even in the daytime. You'd . . ."

The phone rang. Brad hurried to answer it. "Yes . . . no, she isn't. but John is." He cupped the receiver. "It's Gordon Moreland."

"Is Linda . . . ?"

"He didn't say."

John took the phone. Gordon Moreland's voice, high, affected, glacial with dislike, said, "John? Linda isn't with you?"

"No."

"Where is she?"

He had to say it. "I don't know."

"Then join us here at once. Us—and Steve Ritter. I'm calling from a house near the dump. That's where Steve and Roz are—at the dump."

"The dump? But what's happened?"

"You'll know when you get there. Hurry." He hung up.

John swung his car recklessly down the Careys' drive and along the road toward the dump. The world for him was now completely a world of nightmare. Linda was lying on the dump? No, she couldn't be. How could Linda be lying . . .

Two cars, with their parking lights on, were standing outside the turn to the dump. As he ground his car to a stop

and jumped out, Steve Ritter's voice sounded from down the dark track. "John. Is that you, John?"

He started up the track toward Steve. The darkness seemed to engulf him. Fireflies, winking and bobbing under the great shadowy branches of the trees, added to the illusion of fantasy.

"Here, John, this way."

A flashlight beam sprang out of the darkness, high up at an odd angle. He turned toward it and stumbled over cans and bottles which slithered away under his feet. Just as he scrambled up to it, the flashlight went out.

"The kids found it, John." Steve Ritter's voice sounded deliberately, menacingly casual. "Timmie told the Morelands. Buck told me. Then Mr. Moreland called me. He thought we ought to investigate. We're pretty sure what it is. But you've got to identify it and maybe explain to us what it's doing here."

Suddenly, dramatically, the flashlight pointed downward. There, sprawled across the top of the mountainous trash pile, was Linda's new suitcase. It was open and the first thing John saw was Linda's green dress, its skirt full and neatly pleated, trailing over the side across the edge of a rusty oil drum.

"It's Linda's new dress." Roz Moreland's clipped, cultured voice sounded from behind the lighted cigarette. "They're Linda's best things. She'd never throw them away. Never."

"Kind of funny, ain't it?" said Steve. "Throwing out all them good things?"

The sour smell of decay trailed around them. *If the suitcase is here, then Linda's here.* The thought sounded in John's mind like a roar. There was no way now of avoiding what had to be faced.

He said, "I've just got back from New York. Linda wasn't home. She'd left a note to say she'd gone."

"Are you surprised?" cried Roz. "After that spectacle the other night . . ."

"Hey. Hold it a minute." Steve's voice was crisp, the official voice of the village cop. "You and Linda had an argument, John? She walked out on you?"

"I guess that's about it."

"Okay," said Steve. "We're going to search this dump."

They moved to the left behind Steve's flashlight beam. They were looking. John knew, for Linda's body. He knew, too, that already the Morelands' sharp, novelists' minds—and maybe even Steve's, too—were suspecting that he had killed her.

As they inched forward, threading their way past rusty iron bedsteads, oil drums, heaps of bottles, he was intensely conscious of Steve's big, quiet body next to his own. Once he tripped, half falling against Steve. He could feel the warmth of the other man's hard arm under the shirt sleeve and, with a vivid repelling awareness of the sensuality of the body, the thought came of Linda's confession.

And then gradually, just when the

tautness of nerves had become excruciating, the tension began to relax. She isn't here, he thought. He knew it with vivid certainty, almost as if, in some mad, special way, Linda—wherever she was—was communicating with him. The ultimate moment of horror, when they all turned from the thing on the ground and looked at him, wasn't going to come.

And they didn't find her. After about three-quarters of an hour, Steve abandoned the search and, neatly packing the clothes back into the suitcase, carried it down to the car. The three of them drove in two cars to the Ritter gas station and ice-cream parlor.

They went into the tiny office off the fountain where Steve handled the gas station accounts. Steve shut the door and dropped onto an old couch, lighting a cigarette, while Gordon Moreland hovered importantly.

Okay." Steve was watching John over a trail of smoke from eyes which were unfathomable. Hostile? Friendly? Knowing more than they were admitting? Or knowing nothing? "What happened when you got back from New York?"

John made himself bring out the bald facts which even to the Careys had seemed false. When he mentioned the pictures, Moreland broke in sharply.

"Linda? Slashing your pictures? That isn't possible. That . . ."

"Hold it, Mr. Moreland," Steve's voice cut in. "Okay, John. Where do you think she was planning to go? New York?"

"I doubt it. There's no one she's friendly with in New York."

"But that's ridiculous," exploded Gordon Moreland. "She has dozens of friends in New York. She's continually mentioning them."

"Okay, Mr. Moreland." Once again Steve interrupted him. "You may think you know Linda and so may I. But John here's her husband, ain't he? Okay, John, if not New York, how about Ohio? But her folks are dead, aren't they? She wouldn't go back there."

So he's been intimate enough with her to know that, thought John.

Steve was shrugging. "Kind of a mystery, ain't it, John, boy?"

"But the suitcase." Gordon Moreland's voice was shrill. "If it was on the dump, something must have happened."

"Sure, sure." Steve pursed out his lower lip. "Looks like, whatever she was planning, something happened all right." With lazy physical grace, he got up from the couch. "Well, John, here's where we call the troopers, I guess. Traffic cop on weekends, checking up that the church door's locked—that's about it so far as my authority goes. Is it okay, John, if I call Captain Green?"

"What else can we do?"

"I mean there isn't nothing you haven't told us?"

"What else could I know?"

"Okay, John. Okay." Steve put his hand almost affectionately on John's shoulder, and with the other reached out for the phone. "Now don't you worry, boy. We'll find her. We're all of us friends of Linda's, aren't we, Mr. Moreland? In Stoneville we're all of us just crazy about her."

When the troopers drove up outside, Steve and John left Gordon Moreland and followed the police car to John's house. The troopers climbed out.

John led them to the living-room door and turned on a light. The chaos of ripped canvases and smashed records, seen again after all that had happened, brought back to him the panic sensation of madness ready to spring.

Steve gave a low whistle. "Wow!"

The police Captain said, "Your wife done all this, mister?"

"Yes."

"Steve says she left a note. Let's see it."

John got the note from the typewriter and handed it to the Captain who read it slowly, his eyebrows puckering.

"Okay, you guys, cover the house. Mister, is there somewhere we can go—somewhere where it isn't all tore up?"

John took him and Steve to the dining room. The Captain brought out a notebook and asked slow, routine questions. Then he picked up Linda's note and read out ponderously,

"Get yourself another woman to slave for you, to stick pins in, to torture . . . Looks like things have been pretty bad between you two.

"It's all exaggerated. You see, my wife's not normal. She's a neurotic. In fact, she's an alcoholic. She . . ."

"Hey, wait a minute, John, boy." Steve was watching him with a wondering, half-amused incredulity. "Ain't you forgetting I'm a pal of Linda's? Linda a drunk? Cripes, man, you know better than that."

"I've covered up for her. I . . ."

"Okay, okay," cut in the Captain. "She's a drunk. She isn't a drunk. Okay. But she's disappeared. All right, mister. There was a quarrel. What was it about?"

As the two pairs of blue eyes fixed his face, John told them about Charlie Raines' letter. He knew that to them his attitude in turning down a job at twenty-five thousand a year would seem just as incomprehensible and suspect as everything else, and he was ready for Steve's sardonic grin and the Captain's expression of bovine astonishment.

"So you went to New York to turn down this offer?"

"Not only for that. I went to consult a psychiatrist about her too."

"A psychiatrist?" the Captain repeated, breaking into a guffaw of laughter. "A psychiatrist for the missus on account of she got riled when you turned down twenty-five thousand a year?"

"I told you. It's far more complicated than that."

"But she got mad at you. And she tore the house apart and walked out? Is that

your story? That all you've got to say?"

"That's the truth."

"And this note? She wrote it?"

"Of course."

"It's typed, isn't it? Even the signature. Why didn't she write her signature?" Suddenly, with all pretense of formal politeness gone, the Captain leaned across the table. "Where's your wife?"

"I don't know."

"Did you type that note?"

"I told you I didn't."

"Did you bust all those records, slash those pictures?"

"No, I didn't."

"How come that suitcase was found on the dump?"

"I don't know."

The rain of accusing questions stopped as abruptly as it had begun. The Captain picked up his notebook again.

"Okay. When did you go to New York?"

"On the afternoon train yesterday. Brad Carey went down with me. We stayed at the same hotel and came back on the same train together this evening."

The Captain took it all down and Charlie Raines' address and the address of Dr. MacAllister's office.

"So that's all you know?"

"That's all I know."

The Captain flipped the notebook shut and glanced at Steve. "I'll get the description on the teletype right away. If no word comes in, search parties in the morning. You can fix that up?"

"Sure." Steve was still watching John, a white, enigmatic grin stretching his lips. "There won't be no difficulty getting volunteers. We're all crazy about Linda in Stoneville."

One of the troopers opened the screen door. They all went out. As John stood listening to the cars drive away, he heard Steve's laugh, loud, derisive, ringing out through the darkness.

He hadn't eaten since lunch. He forced down some milk and because being idle was worse than anything, started to clear up the destruction in the living room. The pictures were hopelessly beyond repair, but, except for smashed tubes, the phonograph and tape recorder seemed all right. He had only recently bought the recorder, and the seven or eight tapes which he'd taken off the radio were his special love. He located all of them except the most recent one, the Mendelssohn "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage Overture." Probably it had rolled under the couch or one of the chairs. But it didn't matter. They were all torn and tangled, completely useless anyway. He threw them down again and then, gathering up the debris, took it, armload by armload, outside and stacked it with automatic neatness along the studio wall.

When he was through, he stood by the studio doors, gazing across the lawn toward the great hulking darkness of the woods. Suddenly he knew he couldn't

go back into the house. The house meant Linda, madness, the danger that had come out of nowhere to strike him. He went into the studio, stripped to his underwear and dropped down on an old couch. For hours, it seemed, he lay there thinking of Linda's description tapping out on the teletype, thinking of the village, seething now with gossip, thinking of Steve Ritter. When finally he fell asleep, Steve was in his dreams, hunting him through the woods, galloping on all fours like a hound.

A voice, calling his name, awakened him. "John? Hey, John. Shape up there, John, boy." It was Steve's voice.

He swung off the couch and crossed to the peg where he kept his old painting blue jeans. They weren't there. He put on the pants of his city suit and shoes and went out of the studio door.

Steve Ritter and several other men from the village were standing in a group on the lawn. A brown and white mutt with a long fluffy tail was gamboling around them. While the men kept silent, avoiding his gaze, Steve, with the white, affectionate smile which John had come to dread, explained that no lead had come through on the teletype.

"There are a couple of other search parties, but we'll cover this area."

They treated him with elaborate formality. Steve even insisted that they wait while he fixed himself some breakfast, and the men flopped down impassively on the lawn. But, as they started off, silent and intent, into the woods, John could feel the antagonism. The search wasn't for Linda alive. It was Linda dead they were looking for, and not only that, but Linda buried, murdered by him.

They searched all morning and then, after a brief lunch break, all afternoon. It was about four when the great circle had been completed and they came out again on the Archertown road only a few hundred yards from John's house. The dog was running ahead of them. Suddenly it stopped and started to yelp. All the men dashed toward it. Feeling his stomach turn over, John ran after them.

The dog was standing in a small area of charred grass, sniffing at something.

Steve picked it up and shook it out. It was a pair of blue jeans. Both legs had been burnt off to the knee. The rest was intact and spattered with stains of various colors of paint. Instantly John recognized them as his painting blue jeans—the jeans which had been missing from the studio.

As if they'd received some inaudible word of command, the men eased away into a circle, leaving Steve holding up the jeans and looking directly at John.

"So someone's been burning jeans on your property, John. Jeans with paint on 'em—like a painter's jeans. Who'd be doing a thing like that?"

All the men's red, round, blue-eyed faces were watching John.

Steve held the jeans higher. "About your size, would you say?"

One of the men called, "Have him try 'em on, Steve," and the others laughed and took it up. "Yeah, Steve, have him model 'em."

John said, "They're mine. But someone must have brought them out here . . ."

"Have him try 'em on, Steve. How can a guy be sure? Maybe there's another painter around here burns up jeans."

The circle contracted again. The hostility, the tension, the almost sexual excitement which had been mounting all day was all but out of control.

"Try 'em on, Mr. Hamilton. What's the matter? You modest? You scared of stripping down in front of a bunch of guys?"

One of the men sprang forward, grabbing John's belt. John swung at him. Steve shouted, but his authority over the men had snapped, and all of them plunged onto John, sending him sprawling to the ground. He was smothered in their hard, sweaty bodies. He felt hands groping for his belt and then tearing at his pants. Three of them were sitting on him; two others were tugging his pants down and then pulling on the jeans. Then they were all clambering off him.

Sick with anger and disgust, he got up.

"Perfect fit!" cried one of the men. They all started to laugh in a pulsing male roar and then, just as suddenly, were silent. John pulled off the jeans and put his pants back on.

The fever had left the men now. They moved awkwardly from one foot to the other and when Steve, his face hard with anger, ordered them back to the parked cars, they ambled obediently off. Steve picked up the jeans again.

"So, John." The white smile came. "These jeans go to the troopers. They got a laboratory, you know. If there's something on them that shouldn't be on 'em, they'll find out."

"I've told you I don't know anything about the jeans. And I've told you I have no more idea than you what's happened to Linda."

"Okay, John. Just relax. But if I was you, I'd stick around the house and wait for the troopers. Don't go down to the village. Those guys down to the village, they're not so levelheaded as you and me. Wouldn't like it—would we?—if they was to get out of control again."

He turned abruptly and started away across the meadow.

When John reached the house, the phone was ringing three times—his number on the party line. Anger and panic still warring in him, he went to answer it. It was old Mr. Carey.

"No news of your wife, I understand, Hamilton. I'm sorry to hear it, and I realize this isn't the easiest of times for you. But I'm calling to let you know the town meeting's tonight at eight. Both Mrs. Carey and I are sure you feel as strongly as we about this disgraceful

hotel project. I want to be sure you'll be there tonight to register your vote against the sale of the north shore."

Before John had completely recovered from his astonishment at the old man's gall, Mr. Carey had rung off.

John went into the living room and sat down. Now news of the jeans would be crackling through the village. He killed her. He was wearing the jeans. He tried to burn them. He faked the note. He slashed his own pictures. He packed her suitcase, to make it look like she'd left, and threw it on the dump. He went to New York with Brad as his unwitting dupe to stage an alibi. He tried to make the troopers believe she was an irresponsible, neurotic drunk. That was what they were saying. He thought of the town meeting, of the whole village gathered, and terror of the mob—a mob of red faces, heavy, sweating bodies, a huge magnification of the men in the meadow—overwhelmed him.

Get away, he thought. *Get in the car, drive like hell.* But that was what they wanted him to do. Let the victim run. Then the hunt could begin. Suddenly the anger, rising up, overwhelmed the lethargy. Why should he let them infect him with a guilt they had invented for him? Stand up to them. Don't run from the town meeting. March right in there.

The phone rang, and when he picked up the receiver, he heard Vickie's voice, hoarse with indignation. "I've just heard what Father did. I'm absolutely disgusted. He's so hepped on that lake thing he doesn't even stop to think how other people might be feeling. John, I apologize for the whole family."

"I'm going to the meeting," said John, his mind suddenly made up. "I've nothing to hide. Why should I act as if I did?"

"But—but, do you realize what they're saying?"

"Sure. I realize. To hell with them."

"Okay, then. Go with us. You might as well have some support."

Incredulous gratitude and affection came. "But, Vickie, what about Brad? He's not too sold on me."

"Don't be silly, my dear. Whatever he thinks, he wouldn't dream of letting you go there alone. We'll pick you up."

It was just after eight when John and Vickie and Brad arrived in the village. People were streaming in through the doors of the Assembly Rooms or standing around in little groups. It all seemed just an ordinary village evening.

When they had reached the nearest group of loafers, he noticed Steve Ritter in his cop's uniform, beyond them in the center of the main street, directing the traffic. In the same instant, the men at the door saw him and stopped talking. Automatically, as if imitating the other men in the meadow, they drew closer together, forming a semicircle. John heard

a woman gasp and soft, sexless whispers began to rustle in the air.

"It's him . . . It's Mr. Hamilton . . . Hamilton . . . Hamilton . . ."

Brad, glancing uneasily at him, murmured, "Maybe this isn't so good an idea."

"It's okay," he said.

They passed through the silent semi-circle of men into the Assembly Rooms and there it all was exactly as John had pictured it, the wooden voting booths along the wall, the two officials, neat and important, at a long table, and, massed in front of them, the inhabitants of Stoneville—old men, husky farmers, youths, housewives, girls in bright summer dresses.

For a moment no one noticed him, but the people pressing in from outside brought the excitement with them. "Hamilton." His name was whispered. "Hamilton." And then, almost as one, everyone turned to look at him except the old Town Clerk whose voice was droning on. "Well, I guess pretty near everyone here knows why we're assembled tonight and I guess . . ."

He glanced up and saw John too. His voice trailed off, and his eyes became identical with all the other eyes.

To John it seemed then that there was nothing but eyes, watching him, boring into him—steady, bright, menacing in their lack of expression. Yet oddly, by being here, by challenging them, he felt immense relief and a new, exciting sense of power.

The Town Clerk, recovering himself, tapped the table with a gavel.

"And so, ladies and gentlemen, before we proceed, if there are any questions . . ."

"I got a question." It was yelled in a rough male voice from near the door. "Where's Mrs. Hamilton?"

Instantly the roar was unleashed. "Where's Mrs. Hamilton? Where is she?"

Shout clashed with shout until all sound was merged into a zoo-like, unintelligible babble. Vickie caught his eye and smiled at him. That helped, and so did his anger, and the new feeling of power. He could handle this. Just as the roar faded from its peak, he threw up both arms above his head. Like magic the tumult subsided.

"All right," he said. "I didn't come here to answer questions, but if anyone wants to ask any—okay, go ahead."

They hadn't expected that. There was an ensuing moment of confusion and old Mr. Carey's voice boomed out. "This is an outrage. We are a civilized community. We have come here to . . ."

But the man by the door shouted him down. "Where's Mrs. Hamilton?"

In the sudden ominous silence which descended again, John said, "I don't know where my wife is."

A young man called, "Then why was the suitcase on the dump?"

"I don't know that either."

"And why did you burn your blue jeans in the meadow?"

"I didn't burn them."

A woman's voice, thin and piercing, shrilled above the others. "Mr. Hamilton, did you murder your wife?"

The room went mad then. One of the men near John lunged at him. Brad hit him before John could. The crowd was a pitching, lurching mass. A woman screamed. Brad grabbed John's arm.

"We've got to get out of here."

In the grip of his savage, exasperated excitement, John wanted to stay and fight them all, but he knew Brad was right. Somehow the three of them managed to battle their way out the door. "The animals," Vickie said. "The disgusting animals."

As she spoke, Mr. and Mrs. Carey hurried out from the hall. Old Mr. Carey's face was a purplish pink.

"Vickie, Brad . . . what are you two doing?"

"We're driving John home," said Vickie.

"Without voting? Are you out of your minds? Go back in there, both of you. Stay for the vote. I demand it."

"What right have you to demand anything?" Vickie returned his glare. "If it hadn't been for you, John would never have come."

Mr. Carey stared at her for one icy second and then swung around to his son. "Brad, get back in there."

The crude, tyrannical fury in Mr. Carey's voice was astonishing to John. As he caught the anxious, white-lipped expression on Brad's face, he said, "Go on back, both of you. I'll be all right."

"I'll be damned if we'll go back." Vickie put her hand on Brad's arm.

Immediately Mr. Carey grabbed his son's other arm. "Brad, I'm waiting."

For a moment Brad teetered between his wife and his father. Then, with a miserable grin at Vickie, he said, "Well, baby, after all, with the voting so close . . . Maybe if you drive John home . . ."

With a disgusted shrug, Vickie turned her back on him and hurried away toward the car. John followed her.

As they drove off, she cried. "Never marry a father's boy. Only half of him's married to you! By now Brad must own half of that wretched company. We could easily sell out and get away. But Brad wouldn't ever do it. He's mad for the old man, for the old ancestral firm, for the whole shooting match. If only you knew . . ." She broke off. "I'm sorry. This is a hell of a time to be pouring out my woes. You were wonderful with those rats—just wonderful."

When she left John at his door, she held out her hand with a shy smile.

"Can I tell you something? Until tonight with Father and the Morelands and everyone saying all those things—I wasn't sure, I was like Brad. But now I believe

you. I mean about the way Linda is and everything. And whatever happens, I want you to know I'm with you."

As he watched her drive away, breaking the only remaining human link, it was as if a huge, invisible net, deadly as a spider's web, were swinging around the house, encircling him. . . .

All day he had hardly thought of Linda. She had been drifting further and further away into unreality for him, but, when he went to bed, she returned to haunt him. Could it really be Linda who had done all this to him? Until then, because he'd been too stunned to think beyond the moment, he'd clung to his original assumption. But now, as he lay in the bed, the other, vaguer, more ominous possibility, which had been lurking in the back of his mind, sprang up to challenge him. Didn't it have to be someone else? Some improbable enemy, not only his enemy but Linda's too? Someone—not Linda—tossing the suitcase on the dump where it was bound to be discovered? Someone—not Linda—burning the jeans in the meadow by the house where they were certain to be found? Someone! But who? Why?

Because he'd murdered Linda, of course.

For hours he had been living with the probability that Linda was dead, but now the probability had become a conviction and new terrible images of her came to torment him. Linda backing away from someone, screaming, her face distorted with panic . . .

After he fell asleep it was Steve Ritter who dominated his dreams again. Once more, Steve was hunting him through the woods, but this time the whole population of Stoneville was crashing through the underbrush, bellowing like hounds.

The next morning he was awakened by a child's voice, calling his name. He dressed and hurried downstairs to find Emily Jones at the kitchen door. In her hand she clutched some letters.

"I snuck your mail out of the post office." Her face was flushed and her eyes were very bright. "John, you mustn't go down to the village. They're all there, the men. All at the store. They're saying not to wait for the troopers. They're saying . . ." She threw herself against him. "Oh, if you knew what they're saying! I hate them. I hate them."

"It's all right, Emily. It's just talk."

"And Angel—she's just as bad. She says you killed Mrs. Hamilton. You didn't, did you?"

"No, Emily. I didn't."

"Then why do they say it?"

Gently he drew her toward the kitchen. "Don't worry about it, Emily. Come in and I'll fix you something to drink."

"No, no. I can't come in. Not now. When I feel like this, I've got to be alone." Muffling a sob, she twisted away and jumped onto her bicycle.

He watched her pedaling furiously

away and then sorted the mail. It was the end of the month and the letters were all bills. There was one from a hardware store in Pittsfield whose name he didn't recognize. Mechanically, he slit the envelope and pulled out the bill. Printed under his name and address, he read:

August 29

3 100-lb. sacks, ready-mix	
cement at 1.95	5.85
1 cement trowel	.79
<hr/>	
	6.64

For a moment he sat staring at it. August 29. That was the day after Vickie's birthday party, the day he had gone to New York. But he hadn't bought any cement. He . . . suddenly he felt the suffocating nightmare quality returning. He ran inside and called the store.

"This is John Hamilton. I just got a bill from you. I never ordered any cement."

There was a moment of silence; then the man's voice came, dour, without expression. "I took that order myself, Mr. Hamilton."

"You took it? When?"

"On the phone. Real early, just around nine. You said you wanted it to repair a dam for a kid's swimming hole. You said not to stop at the house because you wouldn't be home but just to dump it way past the house where the creek bends close to the road."

It was as if the net had suddenly become visible and was sagging over him, inescapably intricate.

"It wasn't I," he said.

Dropping the receiver, he ran out of the house and up the dirt road. In less than a minute, he had reached the spot where the creek curved in from the meadow. There were no cement sacks there, but the weeds were mashed down and, stretching away from the creek, biting deep into the grass, was a single wheelbarrow track. A thin white curling line paralleled it for a few feet. He jumped the creek and, even as he bent to examine the second trail, he recognized it. It was cement from a sack that had broken open.

That had broken open? That had been broken open! The cement trail and the wheelbarrow track were obvious—they had been deliberately staged that way.

The trail wound away from the creek toward the studio. It was so clear that a child could have followed it. As he started up it, the insane illusion came that he wasn't himself any more. He was that other person, his unknown enemy, pushing the load of cement, carefully breaking a sapling here, letting a thin stream of cement ripple there.

The back of the studio loomed ahead. The trail was leading directly to the old cow-barn in the basement beneath it. He ran to the cow-barn, pulled open the sagging doors and dashed into the gloom inside. At the threshold, he saw Linda's

garden tools and the plastic hose arranged around an old disused ice-chest. Beyond them, he could make out the wooden cow-stalls, stretching down each side of the walls. Something gleaming caught his eye, thrusting out from one of the stalls.

He ran forward and there it was, his own wheelbarrow, tilted on one side and heavily coated with cement. Making an immense effort at control, he forced himself to investigate one stall after another.

It was the last stall on the right. Its floor wasn't, like the others, caked with dirt and ancient hay; it had been completely done over in new, smooth cement.

As he stood gazing down, feeling as dead as the thing which he knew lay there under the cement, he became conscious of a furtive scurrying sound. He looked up at the window. It was grimy and crisscrossed with gray, dirty spiders' webs, and there were dozens of yellow butterflies. Some were beating against the window pane. Some were caught in the webs, flapping spasmodically. Others lay dead on the sill, bound with gray silk.

Nausea welled up in him. He ran out of the barn and toward the house.

As he crossed the lawn, he heard the telephone ringing. It was Vickie, her voice hoarse with urgency.

"Thank heavens. I'm at the store. John, Steve and all the men drove off five minutes ago. They're coming to get you."

He stood, listening, staring through the curtains at the road outside.

"The troopers found blood and cement stains on the jeans, and a hardware store reported that you bought cement. You buried her in the cellar; that's what they're saying. They're coming to dig up the cellar. They've got picks and . . ."

He heard the cars then distinctly—the wasplike drone grew steadily louder.

"John? You understand? Get over to our house at once. I'll join you. It's the only hope. If they catch you in the mood they're in, they'll . . ."

"Yes, Vickie. Yes, I see. Yes."

He put down the receiver. At that moment a horn blared and then another. Through the window, he caught a glimpse of the first automobile in the lynching cavalcade. It was too late to get to his own car. Then—what? The woods! Curve through the woods to the Careys'.

He ran through the kitchen and out onto the lawn, zigzagging toward the overgrown slope which dropped down to the woods. As he came to the top of the slope, there was a yell and the sound of a car door slamming. They'd seen him.

Dazedly, without looking back, he dashed down the slope toward the pines which guarded the threshold of the woods. He reached them and ran through them. There, ahead of him, was a huge, familiar beech. Behind it, he knew, was a thick grove of hemlocks he could use as a screen.

Stumbling over underbrush, he ran to

the beech and around it. Just as he came to the brink of the gulley, with the hemlocks visible below, a voice yelled:

"There he is."

Slithering down the steep incline, he reached the hemlocks and plunged into them. The thick-growing, elastic branches were suddenly like a cage. Almost hysterical, he beat his way out on the other side of the trees, staggering into a dim, narrow clearing with the rock wall directly in front.

Behind him were the shouts. No, not just behind him but on both sides, too. A morbid end-of-tether sensation came that he had lost all identity, that he was merely something that belonged to the men pursuing him, their puppet, their thing.

His breath wrenching painfully in his chest, he started along the rock wall. It swerved to the right with the screen of hemlocks still paralleling it. He made the turn and there suddenly was a figure.

In the first second, it was just a figure, a faceless, shapeless thing, part of the horror that was pursuing him. Then it wasn't just a figure. It was Emily.

Her finger was up to her lips in a strange ritualistic gesture which brought the sensation of nightmare to a climax. Then she held out her hand for his and was drawing him forward along the rock wall. Abruptly she dropped to her knees and disappeared, it seemed, into the face of the rock. He bent and made out a narrow, semicircular hole. Flattening himself, he squeezed through it after her. Inside, in the cave, it wasn't completely dark. There was a sort of twilight.

"It's all right here, John." Emily's whisper sounded faint as the ringing in a seashell. "Nobody knows this cave except Angel and me. It's the secret."

He stood close to her as if she as much as the cave itself meant safety. He could hear the shouts and the crash of running bodies as if there were nothing between him and them but a sheet of paper.

"You mustn't be scared, John. You can shout in here and right outside you can't hear a thing."

The voices and the crashes were fainter.

"After I left you, John, I came here to be alone. And I heard the shouts and people running and I knew what it was. I went out. Then I found you."

Emily's hand touched his.

"You'd better lie down. Here . . . on my bed. Not on Angel's. She won't let anyone lie on her bed. They're not beds really; they're only blankets with pine needles under them."

John obeyed the gentle tug at his sleeve and stretched out on the blanket, sinking into the soft embrace of the pine needles.

"We've got furniture and everything. It's our house. Mother never knows. We climb out of the window and we're back when it's light. We practically live here."

This world of the children's cave was as unreal to him as his panic flight through the woods. And, with the shock

of what he'd found in the cow-barn still raw as a wound, his mind had only the feeblest power to plan. But he was safe for the moment.

"John, you ran away because of what they'd do to you, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"But you didn't do it."

"No."

"John, are you going to stay here?"

"I don't know."

"Angel will be mad that you're here because it's her secret. She found it. And then—it's the other thing. What she says—like all of them. You did it, she says."

From high in the shadowy area above them, came the faint hoo-ing of an owl.

"It's our owl signal. She's up at the window. She'll come right down."

John jumped up.

Emily jumped up, too. "Where are you going?"

"Out in the woods again."

"But they're still there. You can't. No, John. Stay. I've thought. We can fix Angel. I'll pretend to be mad and to want to give you up. Whatever I do, she takes the opposite side."

For a moment he hesitated, thinking, Has it come to this? Am I more scared of a seven-year-old child than of all the men in the woods? Then he said, "Okay," and soon Angel came wriggling in through the hole. She was clutching a paper sack and, when she saw him, the round slack eyes in the pudgy face shone like sequins.

Emily ran forward. "Angel, he came in. He came and spoiled the secret. And they're all after him because he did it. I'm going out to get the men."

Angel stood holding the paper sack, looking first at John and then at Emily.

"He's bad," she said prissily.

"Of course he's bad. Spoiling the secret, beating up his wife."

"But Mrs. Hamilton is bad, too." Angel was glaring at Emily now, her face flushed with perverse excitement. "Yes, she's bad, too, and sneaky, saying, *Dearest Angel, it's our secret, isn't it, and I'll give you one just like it.*"

Suddenly from outside John heard a man's voice shouting. Almost immediately another voice called back, so close that it seemed only inches away.

Emily's eyes flashed to his; then she started running toward the hole in the wall. "I'm going to get the men."

"No." Angel flung herself on her sister. "No. It's my secret and I say No."

With a simulated whimper, Emily said, "So John's got to stay? For as long as he wants? And we'll have to help him?"

"Yes," said Angel.

A dead branch snapped outside. John, holding his breath, heard the rustle of the hemlock twigs as a body pushed through them. Outside, a man's voice, farther off, called, "Okay, Fred. Back to the road then."

The men had gone. Improbably he had

been saved—at least for the moment. In the relief from tension, his mind was preternaturally alert. *Mrs. Hamilton is bad and sneaky, saying, "Angel, it's our secret."* Angel had said that. It may not have meant anything, but she'd said it.

Emily brought a lighted candle, and Angel started taking things out of the sack—a box of cookies, two bottles of soda pop, sandwiches wrapped in napkins, a chocolate bar. Meticulously she arranged them on the floor, a large pile for herself, smaller piles for Emily and John.

Cautiously, John said, "Why do you say Linda's bad, Angel?"

Angel started to unwrap the chocolate bar. "She's bad and sneaky. Hiding in the Fishers' house when they're away."

John said, "You found her hiding in the Fishers' house?"

"She was there and someone else had been there with her. I saw the car driving away as I came up the road. And there she was, and I said, 'Hello, Mrs. Hamilton,' and she promised to give it to me."

"Give you what?"

"The bracelet." Angel curved her wrist in an absurd gesture of chic. "The gold bracelet with Angel written on it, each letter on a little gold thing that wobbles."

"But why was she going to give you a bracelet?"

"Because it was like the one she had on. She was standing there at the Fishers' side door, and she knew I'd caught her being bad, and she smiled and smiled, and when I said, 'What a pretty bracelet,' she said, 'If you promise not to tell John or anyone you saw me here, I'll give you one just like it,' and I said, 'Thank you'—but she never did and that's two weeks and two days ago, but anyway I don't want her stinky old bracelet."

For a moment he couldn't believe it. It seemed beyond the realm of reason that now, when the shadow of the nightmare still hung so close, this could have come to help him. But the golden charm bracelet did exist. He had seen it, and Linda had tried to hide it from him. Why would she have tried to hide it if she hadn't felt guilty about it? Here, suddenly, where there had been nothing but chaos and confusion, was a possibility, at least. Linda meeting a lover for a furtive rendezvous in the Fishers' empty house, Linda receiving presents, and then what? Linda, being Linda, pressing, constantly making more and more intolerable demands until . . . Until he had killed her? And, having killed her, fabricated the net to trap a substitute victim—the trap of the slashed pictures, the note, the suitcase, the jeans, the cement?

With bitter satisfaction, he thought, *Steve. So when she had made that confession, she hadn't been lying after all? Steve Ritter!* With this to go on, he wasn't just a helpless fugitive. Now, perhaps, if he could only prolong this strange sanctuary for a while, he might

somehow break the net or, better still, turn it back to entangle its own creator.

But how? He was a virtual prisoner. For a while at least, it would be madness to leave the cave. If only there were someone . . . Vickie? But how could he get in touch with Vickie? Suddenly, he thought, *the children.* Not just Emily and Angel, but the boys, too—his allies.

He turned to Emily. "Do you think you could get the other kids here?"

He saw Angel's face go thunderous the moment he said it and he realized his mistake. But Emily covered for him. Quickly, she cried, "Bring the boys here? Oh, no, I'd never let them in my cave. I'd never . . ."

"Your cave. It isn't your cave. It's mine." Angel flung round to John. "Yes, they can come. Yes, they can all come."

Flashing Emily a grateful glance, he said, "You think you could get them right away, Angel?"

"Emily can go get them. Emily's just a slave anyway, a big, fat slave. No." Angel got up. "No. We'll both go. Right now, Emily!" She pointed imperiously toward the hole in the rock. "You go first, slave."

While Emily scurried obediently in front, Angel started toward the hole. Then she turned back.

"Why are we bringing the boys? Is it a kind of a game?"

"Yes. It's a kind of a game."

"I'll play it. If it's a game, I'll play it. But I'm the head of the game because it's my secret cave." Angel simpered. "And if I'm not, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to Steve and those men and I'm going to say, 'You want dopey old John Hamilton? I'll give him to you. I know where he is!'"

In a crazy, skipping dance, Angel ran to the hole and wriggled away.

Alone in the quavering candlelight, John stood by the wall, his thoughts jostling each other. Where had Linda kept the bracelet? Wouldn't she, with her devious, secretive nature, have hidden it as she had hidden the gin bottles? And, if there was one gift, why not others? And why not, perhaps, even letters too? Wasn't that like Linda? If Steve or someone else had been her lover, wouldn't she inevitably have seen to it that somehow or other he should be in her power? It must have been that way or why would he have killed her?

Maybe, then, there was a secret cache of letters and gifts! Of course, the murderer might have found it and destroyed whatever should have been destroyed. But if he hadn't . . . If he could figure out where she would have hidden it . . .

Not in the house itself. Not in the studio. He thought of the cow-barn. Ever since she had taken up gardening, the cow-barn had been her special place. A memory came of the old ice-chest where she kept her tools. Could it be . . . ?

It was Emily who wriggled in first,

then Angel, then the boys—Buck Ritter, fat and red-faced. Timmie Moreland, tense and slim, Leroy Phillips, small, golden-brown, beautiful—all wearing the same awed, round-eyed expression.

"We told them," said Emily. "And we made them swear the oath. Swear it again, swear it in front of John."

"We swear . . ." began Leroy, then the other boys joined in, all of them half whispering, half chanting. "We swear, cut our throats and hope to die, that we're on John's side through thick and thin. And Angel is head of the gang."

The boys shuffled awkwardly. Leroy said, "It's a beautiful cave."

Buck Ritter said, "Gee, they were hunting all through the woods, and they didn't find you."

"Daddy was with them." Timmie Moreland blurted it out and flushed. "Daddy was with them running through the woods and everything and he called Mummie and he said you'd got away."

An image came to John of Gordon Moreland, precise, keen-eyed, enormously civilized, running through the woods with the farmers.

Suddenly, in a high, singsong voice, Angel announced, "They found Mrs. Hamilton. She was in the cement. They dug her up out of the cement."

All the other children turned to watch her, appalled and fascinated by her daring in putting into words what they all obviously knew and had been keeping back. Slowly, eerily, Angel started to dance around the cave.

"They dug her up. And I guess she looked awful—awful starey eyes . . ."

"And blood," broke in Buck Ritter, clumsily trying to share the spotlight. "Blood everywhere."

Quietly John said to Emily, "They've really found her?"

"Yes. The troopers came right after the others, and they looked in the barn, and they found the new floor. They . . ."

She broke off. Oddly, although long ago his wife had become quite unreal to John, this definite, final news brought a shock. She was really dead. He tried to bring a memory of her alive in his mind, but nothing came except the children's horror-movie image.

"Have they taken her away?" he asked.

"Yes," said Timmie. "Daddy said yes. They took her away in an ambulance."

"But there's a trooper up at the house," said Buck Ritter. "Pop said so. All day and all night, there's gonna be a trooper on guard."

Buck, of course, thought John. Buck was the obvious choice. Buck was Steve's son. Buck probably even knew all the troopers. Later, after it was dark, he could send Buck slipping up to search the cow-barn. But he shouldn't say anything now. He knew the children. For all of them, even Emily, the real horror and the real danger didn't quite exist. It was just a game and, once they knew

of the "mission," all of them would be pressingly, perilously, eager to go.

He glanced at his watch. It was just after three. "Okay," he said. "A council of war."

They clustered around him.

"First, you all realize how important it is to keep this secret?"

"Yes," they said. "Yes."

It's later, there'll be plenty for you to do. But at the moment the main thing is to keep anyone from suspecting I'm here. That's what you've all got to do—go home now, act just like you always act. I want you all here tomorrow morning early, and this evening one of you must bring me some food."

"Let me." It was Buck who spoke up. "With Mom working at the fountain and Pop all tied up with this deal, boy, they don't know whether I'm coming or going. And I can swipe stuff from the fountain."

Here was his opportunity. "Okay, Buck, that's fine. Come between six and seven."

"Yes. Okay. Yes. Oh, boy!"

But he'd forgotten Angel. Just when it all seemed settled his way, she shouted, "No. I'm the Queen of the Game. I'm going to come. I'm going to bring food."

"But, Angel, we can't." Emily flashed a warning glance at John. "Mother's home at six, and I have to fix supper. We've got to be there."

"I don't care. I'm going to come."

"No, Angel," said John. "Emily's right. It's too dangerous. You've got to leave it to Buck."

For a moment Angel stood glaring at him, her lower lip pouted out. Then she flounced away and threw herself down on her bed. The sense of danger sprouted again. Whatever happened, he had to propitiate Angel. Warily, he moved over to the bed.

"Angel, dear, listen to me. You and Emily come here to sleep every night, don't you? Let Buck bring me the food. But then you come later and spend the night and keep me company."

She threw him a sidelong glance.

"Maybe," she said. "Maybe I will." Then a sly smile spread over her face. "John," she cooed. "It's me you love, isn't it?"

"Of course, Angel."

"And you hate Emily, don't you? Say you hate Emily."

Over her small dark head, he looked at Emily. To his astonishment, her lips had tightened into a hard, jealous line.

"John doesn't hate me," she said.

"He does so. Say it, John. Say you hate Emily."

"I hate Emily."

He tried to catch Emily's eye, but the moment he said the words she turned sharply away. The boys had dropped to the floor. One after another they were wriggling out of the cave. He thought with a stirring of alarm: Surely Emily can't believe I meant that. She had been

handling Angel so expertly herself it seemed unbelievable that she should still be child enough to misinterpret so transparent a ruse.

"Emily," he began.

But she had dropped to the floor, too, and was scrambling out through the hole.

"She's mad." Angel giggled. "But I'll come tonight, and I'll make the stupid, dopey old slave come too."

She tripped away from him to the hole, and, pausing before she flopped down, waved her fat little hand at him.

It was six-thirty when Buck came with the food. John had planned to wait until dark before sending the boy up to look in the ice-chest. But Buck had come by way of the house and, brashly, had even talked with the trooper on guard.

"George-Porgie? My old pal? Gee, it's a cinch. He's sitting right there in the car, anyway, listening to the radio. Go up to the cow-barn? Boy, I could go right up now and he'd never see me."

"All right," said John and, in less than twenty minutes, Buck was scrambling back into the cave. There was a broad grin on his face and he was clutching in his hands a flat, red, leather box.

"Boy, was that a cinch! Old George-Porgie didn't even see me. And it was right there where you said, in the ice-chest."

His fingers clumsy with eagerness, John took the box and lifted the lid. The bracelet was the first thing to catch his eye. It was exactly as Angel had described it—a broad gold band with five little gold plaques dangling from it, each with an engraved letter of Linda's name. There was other jewelry too. Earrings, a necklace, a gold ring with a large gleaming stone. A diamond? But he merely flashed them a glance because of the other thing which lay in the box. It was a spool of the tape he used on his tape recorder.

He picked it up and turned it over. A piece of paper was stuck on it and, on the paper, in his own neat script, was written: MENDELSSOHN—CALM SEA AND PROSPEROUS VOYAGE OVERTURE.

For a moment he gazed at it blankly, thinking: This is the tape I couldn't find in the living room. Then excitement seeped through him. The Mendelssohn only ran about ten minutes. There had been almost twenty minutes of unused tape at the end of the spool.

So, in his knowledge of Linda, he'd almost hit the mark. Not love letters, but a record on tape. A record of what? Some compromising conversation? That must surely be it. When had he recorded the Mendelssohn? About a week ago. Then, some time during the last week, after the bad reviews had come in on the show . . .

Wasn't it all clear now? Linda with a lover. (Who? Steve? Think of it as Steve.) Linda deciding after the failure of the show: *John's no good to me as a*



Suddenly their excitement burst and they swarmed over him. He was helpless, sick with anger and disgust.

husband; I'll get someone far more profitable, if I can swing it. Linda arranging a compromising scene and stealthily flicking the switch of the tape recorder.

He picked up the ring. Wasn't the square-cut stone a real diamond? And weren't the pearls, if not real, at least cultured? How possibly could Steve Ritter have afforded such extravagant gifts?

No, Steve hadn't been her lover. The confession had been a lie after all, or rather a half-lie, an admission that she did have a lover but that the lover wasn't Steve.

Then—who? One of the Carey set? Surely, it had to be Brad? No, not Brad. Brad had been in New York with him all through the period of the murder. Mr. Carey? How could it be Mr. Carey who, during the key months when the affair must have been going on, had been hospitalized after his automobile accident? Then Gordon Moreland?

Gordon Moreland running through the woods with the villagers! Gordon Moreland, implacably hostile from the beginning. Yes, Gordon Moreland, of course.

But there wasn't any need to speculate. All he had to do was play the tape.

Excitement was making him feel almost drunk. He turned to Buck. "Do you think you could talk the trooper into letting you into the house?"

"Old Georgie-Porgie? You kidding? I could talk him into buying my space-suit for, say, twenty-five bucks when it cost only nineteen eighty-five."

"Then, listen . . ."

He told the boy where to find the tape-recorder in the living-room and sent him off. In an absurdly short time, he was back with the machine.

"Boy, that goon! I made like I was scared of the House of Horror and he bet me a quarter I wouldn't have the nerve to go in alone. I just put the machine out of the window and went back and collected my bet and picked up the machine and . . . Whew, boy, anything you want, just ask me."

He couldn't do any more tonight; the tubes in the recorder were smashed. But tomorrow he could send one of the kids to Pittsfield and, once he had the new tubes, he could play the tape. Where? At the Fishers' empty house. Why not? And once he had heard it, he would know. He would be able to go to the troopers, and the nightmare would be over.

After he had sent Buck home and while he was waiting for Emily and Angel, he put the recording machine down by the wall and dropped onto Emily's bed. Surely, he could reconstruct it all now. Sometime, just before Charlie Raines' letter had arrived, Linda's plan to force Gordon Moreland into marrying her had been put into action. She'd confronted him, almost certainly, with the tape. "Divorce Roz and marry me or else." And probably Gordon, who would never have exchanged Roz, a profitably

collaborating wife, for a neurotic, penniless woman, had pleaded for time. Then Charlie's letter had come and changed everything for Linda. If she'd been able to force John into accepting the job, she would have stuck with him after all. But she'd failed and so, once more, she had turned back to put the screws on Gordon.

And there, of course, had been his perfect opportunity for killing her. She'd told the world that John had quarreled with her and hit her. How easy to weave the net which would inextricably incriminate John.

His mind was still working feverishly when Angel and Emily arrived. The candle had gone out, and the cave was in impenetrable darkness. First he could just hear the scuffling. Then Angel's voice, preposterously haughty, called, "Emily, slave, light the candle."

There was no sound from Emily, but soon candlelight flickered behind him. Angel was standing by the hole, clutching a large doll, a Mickey Mouse, and a brown and white wool cow.

Emily came from behind him. He turned to her, but Angel said instantly, "Don't talk to her. She's a slave, and we hate her. She's got to sleep outside."

Suddenly the set mask of Emily's face collapsed. Her mouth quivered out of control. "I can't bear it," she whimpered.

She threw her knuckles up against her mouth and, her braids swinging, spun around and disappeared through the hole.

As John started after her, Angel's voice tilted threateningly upward. "You're not to go to her. If you go, I'll scream and the trooper will hear."

He scrambled out through the hole into the vague, dappled moonlight. He saw Emily ahead and, running to her, gently put his arms around her.

"Emily, why do you pay any attention to her?"

"You hate me." Emily's body was stiff with misery. "You said it."

"Emily, you know I only said it because of Angel. She can give everything away. We've got to play it her way for a while."

Emily started to sob. "If only you knew! She's after me all the time. John hates you. Stupid, fat, drippy old slave. All the time she's after me."

"But it won't be for long. Emily, dear. I promise it'll be over tomorrow. Of course she's a spoiled, jealous, mean little brat, but . . ."

A twig snapped behind them. He turned just in time to catch a glimpse of a small crawling figure. Then a high piercing scream echoed through the trees. The sweat breaking out on his forehead, he lunged forward onto Angel and threw his hand over her mouth just before she could scream again.

"Quick, Emily. The trooper. Get back to the cave."

As he spoke, there came a long mournful hoot of an owl. It sounded so natural

that it was some seconds before he realized Emily had made it.

"There." Emily's voice was happy and excited again. "The trooper will think it was an owl and a rabbit. It's all right."

They got Angel, fighting and struggling, back into the cave.

"I heard. You called me a mean, spoiled brat. And I'll tell. You can't stop me. You've got to let me go back to Mother tomorrow. And I'll tell. *Emily's hiding John Hamilton in the cave.*"

"Oh, no, you won't." Her eyes blazing, Emily ran forward and snatched up the dolls from her sister's side. She thrust them into John's arms.

"Keep them. Don't let her get them."

As Angel jumped up, wildly stretching out her hands for the dolls, Emily cried, "You see? John's got them. And he'll keep them and if you tell, he'll kill them. He'll kill Louise and Mickey and Cow. So swear—swear on Louise and Mickey and Cow that you'll never tell—never."

Her face puffy with frustrated rage, Angel glared for a moment and then flopped down defeated onto her bed. "I swear. I swear on Louise."

Emily turned triumphantly to John. "It's all right now. We can go to bed. Just be sure tomorrow, when we have to get up, that she doesn't get the dolls. You take my bed. I'll sleep with her. She'll be all right now. She's not bad—really bad. It's just that she's mean—so terribly mean."

Later, after the candle was blown out and John was lying in the darkness, he heard a faint rustle and a small hand groped for his.

"John."

"Yes, Emily."

"I'm sorry I was so dopey. John."

"That's okay, Emily. You've been wonderful. Two times you saved the day."

"John."

"Yes, Emily."

"I love you."

He didn't sleep. He was too keyed-up. He lay on the pine needles and gradually his plan for tomorrow began to form. A trap. That was what he had to figure out. A foolproof trap which would catch Gordon Moreland so that there could be no doubt at all of his guilt, even in the troopers' minds. He must have slept for a while, but he was awake again at five when Emily went off with Angel, promising to return with the other children at nine.

Linda's tape, of course, was the bait. Gordon Moreland must know of its existence and must be desperately eager to get it. Plant the tape—no, not the actual tape, a substitute tape—in some place which could convincingly seem like Linda's original cache. Where? Not at his own house because of the trooper. But why not at the Fishers'? That had been the lovers' meeting place. Linda, logically, might have kept her cache there. Plant the box with substitute

tape, say, under the steps of the Fishers' back porch. Then, through the children, let Gordon Moreland know it was there. Then, when he went to get it, be waiting to trap him with the actual tape and the repaired recorder—and yes, with a witness. With Vickie, of course.

It was just before nine when the children started to arrive. Buck came first, then Emily with a sulky, silent Angel, and then, later, Leroy, scurrying anxiously in with the news that Roz Moreland had decided Timmie was "over-excited" and was keeping him home.

The moment John heard that, the last link fell into place. Yes. It was perfect.

And by four the preliminaries had been carried out. Buck had sneaked A to the studio and brought one of the other tapes from the pile of slashed pictures and broken records. Leroy had gone to Pittsfield and come back with new tubes for the recorder. Emily had slipped through the woods to the empty Fisher house, planted the box with the substitute tape and the jewels under the steps of the back porch, and opened one of the windows of the living-room.

The timing had to be carefully gauged. At exactly four-thirty, John sent Buck off to contact Vickie and tell her to meet him at the Fishers' at five-fifteen. A few minutes later, he gave Leroy one of the initialed plaques which he had taken off Linda's bracelet. Leroy was to go to the Morelands' and, in Gordon's presence, show Timmie the little plaque, telling him it had come off a bracelet from a wonderful treasure trove which the children, playing around the Fishers' house, had found under the back porch steps and been too scared to take. Surely, Gordon would recognize the plaque and rush to the Fishers'. And then . . .

At five o'clock, Leroy, solemn and important, slipped out of the cave, and John, leaving Emily to guard the smoldering Angel, took the repaired recorder and Linda's tape and hurried through the woods to the Fishers' house, coming up to it from the back.

The house from behind looked completely deserted, as if the Fishers had been away for years. First he investigated the porch steps. The box was there. Then he slipped into the living-room through the window which Emily had left open. His pulses tingling, he plugged the recorder into the wall socket and put on the Mendelssohn tape.

Then he heard his name called from the lawn outside.

He ran to the window. Leroy was standing there panting, his face taut with distress.

"It's all gone wrong."

He lifted the little boy into the room.

"I did everything like you said. But all the others were there. All the Careys. They'd come to tea. And Mr. Moreland was there with Timmie so I showed Timmie the little thing like you said and

told him what you said and—and he got overexcited, I guess. He said, 'Is it true? Or is it just part of John's game?' And once he said *John*, they all crowded around and finally they made him tell. 'John's in Angel's cave in the woods,' he said, and they were all dashing about. Mr. Carey called Buck's father. Mr. Carey was saying on the phone, 'Get a posse. John Hamilton's in the woods' . . . I ran for my bicycle and I came, but they're out already . . ."

As the boy stopped speaking, a man's voice rang out far off in the woods. In the same instant, John heard a car drive up outside. Hurrying to the window, he saw Vickie and Buck outside. He ran out to them.

Buck said, "Gee, she'd gone over to the Morelands, but I got her. When none of the others were looking I got her to come out on the porch."

John said, "Park the car farther up the road out of sight."

When she came back and into the house, he poured everything out to her. The sounds of the posse, nearer now, were ringing terrifyingly out in the woods beyond. Had they got to the cave yet? If they had, the implacable Angel would certainly give him away.

" . . . so Gordon will have to come and get the tape, Vickie. And once we've seen him . . ."

"John!" Buck's voice came, hoarse with excitement, from the front window. "A car's coming."

He hurried Vickie to the back window which commanded a full view of the porch steps. Excitement was balancing his panic fear of the men in the woods. In spite of everything, the trap was going to work.

"He's stopped farther down the road." Leroy's voice, high and wobbly, sounded from the front window. "Now I can see him. He's going right round to the back."

Tensely John moved to the other rear window and peered out behind the curtain. He could see the man clearly now, running across the lawn toward them.

And it wasn't Gordon; it was Brad.

Feeling faintly sick, he slipped back to the first window and put his arm around Vickie's waist. Brad was only a few feet from them. For a moment he hesitated, looking furtively around; then he went straight to the porch steps and dropped down beside them.

But how conceivably could it have been Brad? He had been in New York when it happened. . . .

Brad had brought out the box. He was opening it. Quickly he took the decoy tape, put it in his pocket and, dropping down again, replaced the box behind the steps. Then he started running down the lawn in the direction of the shouts in the woods.

Slowly John turned to Vickie, crippled with embarrassment for what he'd done to her. Her face was stricken. She looked

crumpled and old. In a low, fierce whisper, she said, "Play the tape. Then we'll know."

He plugged in the recorder and flicked the player switch. The tubes lit up, the tape whirred, and then the serene opening bars of the Mendelssohn floated through the room. For a moment he stood returning Vickie's haunted gaze; then, from the rear window, Buck cried, "They're coming. It's Pop with Mr. Carey and . . . gee, they've got guns."

John moved to switch off the recorder. "No," said Vickie. "Let it play."

Together they ran to join the children behind the curtain at the window. Fifteen or twenty men were streaming up from the woods with Steve and old Mr. Carey and one of the men in blue jeans in the van, all carrying shotguns. Behind them in the group John saw Gordon Moreland and Brad and, yes, running among them, Emily.

John Hamilton!" It was Steve who roared his name and the others took it up, bringing a faint echo of the nightmare as they drew nearer.

John said, "I'm going out."

"No. Are you crazy? They'll shoot."

Vickie spun away from him out onto the porch. Soon she was running across the lawn to the men. He could see her talking rapidly to Steve and old Mr. Carey. Then, while the music from the recorder behind him soared to a climax, she started back to the house with Steve, Mr. Carey, Brad, Gordon Moreland, and a couple of the villagers coming after her.

The room was full of music when they all crowded in. Gordon Moreland avid, old Mr. Carey stern and forbidding, Brad with his eyes fixed on the ground. Steve Ritter, smiling his white, sardonic smile, stood watching John.

"So you and the kids fooled us! What d'you know?" He jerked his head toward the recorder. "And what's the payoff on this tape? Vickie says it proves you didn't do it. I don't get it. How could a record prove anything?"

The drums were thundering. The overture was building up to the finale. John's eyes flashed to Vickie. Had she told about Brad? Wasn't that expecting too much?

"Wait," she said. "Let it play, Steve. Then we'll know."

The full orchestra roared above the drums. Then it subsided and the music stopped. There was a whir of empty tape. John turned to Brad. For a moment there was total silence except for the whir of the machine; then, suddenly, there was a little giggling laugh. It sounded so realistic that it could have been someone laughing in the room, but it was Linda's laugh, and then, softly, caressingly, Linda's voice said. *Relax, darling. He won't be back for hours. He never is when he's out with the kids . . . Oh, darling, the ring is so beautiful.*

But you're crazy to spend all that money.

And then, behind the faint surface scratch of the tape, Brad's voice came, *If it makes you happy, that's all I care about. When I think of the dreary life you have to lead . . .*

It's not dreary, darling, now I have you. If you knew how I need you.

Not as much as I need you.

Darling, do you mean that?

Linda laughed again. The laugh's cozening intimacy was terrible. John was keeping his eyes from Vickie, looking straight past Steve at Brad.

But it's different with you, Brad. You've got Vickie.

Don't talk about Vickie.

But how can I help it when you're married to her?

Linda, please. You know the deal on Vickie. From the first it was nothing at all. I told you. It was Dad. The mill was in a desperate way, hopelessly in debt, and Dad had done everything, straight and crooked, I guess. And then Vickie came along with all that money. Dad said she was a gift from heaven. If I married her, he said, we could save the company. If I didn't, maybe we'd both end up in jail. So, when it meant so much to Dad and everything . . . Linda, you must believe me. I never loved her. I . . . I didn't . . . believe me . . .

With a violent movement, Vickie sprang across the room and snapped off the recorder. She spun around. Her eyes, bright in a dead white face, settled for a long moment on Brad; then they moved to Steve.

"Now you see why Brad had to get that tape. And John fooled him. He set a trap with a substitute tape and Brad fell into it. We saw him. Both of us." She ran across the room, plunged her hand into Brad's jacket pocket and brought out the decoy tape. "There." She threw it to Steve. "Now you know."

The men, transfixed by silence, looked from Vickie to Brad. Finally Steve moistened his lips.

"So it's that way? Brad got kind of tangled up with Linda, out of his depth, and when it all got too much . . ."

Mr. Carey had been standing perfectly still. Now, his face thunderous, he turned to Steve. "Can't you see how preposterous that accusation is? How could my son have killed Mrs. Hamilton and buried her under that cement floor? He was in New York all the time with Hamilton. Ask John—he knows perfectly well that Brad couldn't . . ."

"But he took the tape," The words came explosively from Vickie.

"And you can tell them why." Mr. Carey swung around, glaring at her with a malignity which was terrifying. "Can't you, Vickie? You can tell them. Or do you want me to?"

The two of them stood watching each other, the antagonism evident.

In a very quiet voice, Vickie said, "I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about."

"You didn't realize it, did you? But—I was listening just now at the Morelands when you drew Brad aside and told him to come here for that tape." Mr. Carey flung out an accusing finger. "You killed Linda because she broke up your marriage, and now you're trying to put the blame on my son."

In the general uproar, John felt excitement pulsing. So that was it. Fine. It was going to be all right now.

"Okay, Steve," he said. "We might as well get this over."

"Over? With Vickie . . ."

"One thing is certain, isn't it? Whoever killed Linda has to be the person who ordered the cement from the store in Pittsfield."

"Sure, John. I guess—"

"He called at nine in the morning. The man in the store remembers that clearly. Even if you imagine that Vickie could fake a man's voice, she couldn't possibly have made that call. That morning she'd been on the lake with Leroy fishing since dawn. They didn't get back until after ten." He looked around for Leroy and saw him hovering with Buck behind the alert figure of Gordon Moreland. "That's right, isn't it, Leroy?"

"Yes. We were out on the lake. Yes."

"So much then for that fantastic accusation of Vickie. But you know now, don't you? Everyone knows. There's no doubt about it now."

Slowly, savoring this moment which, against all expectations, had finally come, John turned to Brad with contempt: "Are you that much under his thumb? Are you going to stand there and let him accuse Vickie without doing a thing about it? Linda decided to force you into marrying her, didn't she? That's why she made the tape. She threatened you with it and you were scared, far too scared to get out of your own mess yourself. But there was always Daddy. There'd been Daddy to fix your rich marriage for you and to save his crooked company, and now there was Daddy to rescue you from the clutches of Linda. You went to him, didn't you? You confessed the whole miserable foul-up. *I'm in a terrible jam. It's not only my marriage. It's the company. I let her know the company had been crooked and that you used Vickie's money to get you out of the hole.* You were terrified, weren't you? But Daddy wasn't. *Just leave this to me, Brad. You go down to New York, out of the way, and when you come back . . .*"

Anger and contempt were merged now with his excitement.

"So you left it to him, didn't you? And when you came back, you couldn't be sure what had happened. Had I miraculously done what you wanted to be done, just when you needed it to be done?"

That's what Daddy told you, wasn't it? I'm sure he said he hadn't any idea what had become of Linda. But you must have had your doubts. Wasn't it possible that Daddy had framed me, that he had killed her himself to save the company and the family name? Mightn't that have been why he persuaded me to go down to the town meeting, hoping I'd be lynched and it would be all over before any investigation began? Yes, you must have had your doubts. And then, tonight at the Morelands, you knew, didn't you? You had to know."

He crossed the room and grabbed Brad by the arm. "Tell them. Go on. Don't you see? If you don't tell, you'll be as guilty as he is. But, if you do, you can put up a good fight in court to prove you had nothing to do with it. So, go on. Tell them. Who sent you from the Morelands to get the tape out of the box?"

Brad looked up. The disintegration of his face was pitiful.

"I didn't know, John. Honestly, I didn't—"

"Brad." Mr. Carey's voice rang out in a harsh travesty of authority. "Brad, don't let him—"

"Who sent you to get that tape?"

Brad's eyes shifted between his father and John. Then he hung his head and whispered, "It was Dad. He said he couldn't go himself because he had to head the posse with Steve. But I didn't know what it was all about. I swear it. He just told me to go get the tape from the box."

Steve and the farmers had closed in around Mr. Carey. Brad turned to his wife and put out his hand. But she swung away from him in disgust and ran to the window, turning her back on them all.

It was over, thought John. With the demoralized Brad in the witness stand against him, Mr. Carey was as doomed as if he'd made a confession.

All the men were milling excitedly around, but John felt completely removed from them. He went to Vickie. She was still at the window. He put his hand on her shoulder and, as she turned her head slightly toward him, he felt the pity and affection in him growing and expanding into a sensation of kinship. Linda . . . Mr. Carey . . . He'd been a monster's victim; so had Vickie. It had been the same for them both.

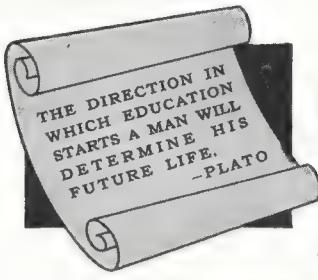
"John." A hand was tugging at his sleeve. He looked around and there was Emily gazing up at him from black, anguished eyes.

"Angel told. I tried, but I couldn't stop her. When they came to the cave, Angel told them you were here. Oh, John, is it all right?"

His hand was still on Vickie's shoulder. With his other arm, he drew Emily toward him.

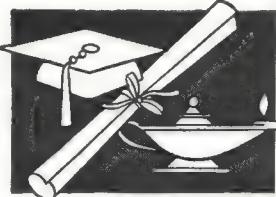
"Yes, Emily," he said. "It's all right now."

THE END



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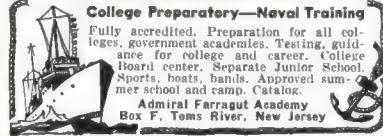
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“Man Talk” About Women

For the last word on beauty, a galaxy of opinions from some famous males

John R. Powers
Director of Powers' Model Agency



The outer glow is the window dressing, the inner glow is beauty from within which is the real beauty. I don't think that women are ever unattractive; it is only that they make themselves unattractive to others. Georgia Carroll (married to Kay Kyser) is the best example of natural beauty I know; her great beauty lies in her unawareness of being beautiful.



Toots Shor

Restaurateur

Mrs. George Davis, of Philadelphia, whose maiden name is Peggy Kelly (she is Grace's older sister) is the best example I know of a woman who has everything that makes a girl beautiful to a man. She is very pretty, has lots of warmth in her character, enjoys laughing, has a wonderful smile, is honest and sincere in the way she speaks and acts. Another important thing about her being beautiful is that Peggy is also a wonderful wife and mother.

Erwin Blumenfeld
Photographer



What makes a woman beautiful? Only our imagination. What makes a woman desirable? Only her imagination. The most beautiful woman I ever met: The smiling angel of Rheims.



Jon Whitecomb
Artist

In my opinion, beauty requires good grooming, good manners, and most of all an interesting personality. The most beautiful girl I've ever seen is Liz Taylor.

Bernard Baruch
Elder Statesman



You know what difficulties even Jupiter found. Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, foolishly entered into competition with Juno and Venus for the prize of beauty. But Discord tossed a golden apple amongst the guests with an inscription "For the fairest." The result of it was the Trojan War. Being a man of peace, I must ask you to excuse me from making a reply.



Milton Caniff

Cartoonist

There is only one kind of beauty: that which assaults all the male senses at once. Whether this is achieved by artificial, spiritual, or collusive means, all parties know it when it happens. Measuring feminine beauty by total relative impact, the most beautiful woman I have ever met was a girl I knew in the fifth grade of grammar school in Redlands, California.

I have never seen her since, but the bright image remains, uncomplicated by the abrasives that dilute such considerations in later life.

Sherman Billingsley
Restaurateur



In my opinion, a woman's physical beauty is enhanced by the sparkle in her eye, a warmth in her smile that reveals genuine sincerity. She has a confident carriage, an excellent taste in choosing her wardrobe, and a radiant personality.

The one person who fits each and every one of my qualifications is a little lady who passes through the Gold Chains at the Stork Club every day for lunch—my daughter, Sherman Joy Billingsley, eleven years of age.

Ed Sullivan
TV Star



Beauty, it seems to me, is something far beyond physical dimensions. There is a certain spark in a woman such as the late Suzan Ball, Elizabeth Taylor, or Lily Pons, and invariably there is something in her voice that is most arresting.



Philippe Halsman

Photographer

Fortunately for most of us, beauty is not a quality which exists in the object—it is an aura which the eye of the onlooker creates. The most beautiful women I have photographed are not the ones with the most classical features but the ones who surround themselves with this aura, which consists of desire and suspense, of temptation and promise.

Alex Ross
Artist



The measure of a beautiful woman is countless variations on a theme of loveliness, physical, mental, and spiritual. Thank God there is no single beautiful type; otherwise everyone would look like Grace Kelly, and even I would get tired of that.

Max Liebman
TV Producer



For me, what makes a woman beautiful is not what I see. Of great significance is what I hear. A woman's voice can be a deciding factor in my determination of whether she is beautiful or not. If her voice resembles the tones of a cello, I almost don't have to look. She is beautiful. The most beautiful woman I have met is Greta Garbo. She has everything, including the cello voice.

Looking into the July Issue

A DAY IN THE WHITE HOUSE—the first eyewitness account of Ike's minute-by-minute schedule

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